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FELICIA.

XVI.

FELICIA walked rapidly, as if with definite purpose. By degrees she entered a region that gave evidence of more prosperity and comfort. Still going westward, she came at last into a fashionable neighborhood of showy dwellings, ambitious in architecture and finish, the abodes of the wealthy class of the city.

The quick-coming winter twilight was already at hand. Snow was again falling, sifting delicately down, incidentally as it were. Lights had sprung into many windows; the round dimpled faces of children looked out sometimes. In front of one of the large houses a florist's wagon had drawn up to the curb, giving suggestions of impending festivity. Before a great stone church stood a number of carriages; and presently there was a stir among the expectant groups on the sidewalk, as a bridal party emerged from the arched doorway. And at the next corner was a procession returning from the cemetery: a hearse with sombre plumes, and vehicles containing black-robed figures with chilled, grief-marked faces. The muffled drivers urged their tired horses. Darkness was gathering fast. The still, snow-covered city of the dead lay miles away in the dusk.

She had no sympathies, no reflections, no deductions, half acquiescent, half philosophical; no "*bonheur, malheur, tout passe,*" as a mental comment. In certain states of feeling one's own grief dwarfs

the universe, annihilates joy and sorrow, save as factors in one's own fate.

She had reached that very desirable corner and the new big double house. She paused suddenly. The window shades had not been drawn, but the gas was lighted. She seemed to have stood thus in front of the building many times, and looked in at the glowing room, so vividly had she imagined the situation. It was all exactly as she had pictured it,—the chandeliers, the paintings, the upholstery. And here was John; just in from dinner, no doubt, for he threw himself into an easy-chair, and caught up the paper with his own inimitable, long, visible, post-prandial sigh. And here was Sophie, sinking into her rocking-chair, with the baby in her arms. The baby—no, another baby. Ah, changes of which she was never apprised came in their family life, from which she was excluded. The old baby, the superseded baby, her namesake, little Felicia, was walking sturdily across the floor in her dainty white dress, with her soft fair hair about her brow, holding out her dimpled hands toward—Oh, why had she come,—why had she come! Suddenly she saw her father, unchanged, save perhaps that his hair had a more silvery gleam. He stooped and took the child in his arms; he kissed the delicate cheek. Did he call her "little daughter"? Did he say in his old, tender, peremptory tone, "Felicia"? Did he never remember another Felicia, whose heart was breaking?

She got back to the hotel as best she could. She was so white, so rigid, with the effort at self-command that, as she met Kennett in the hall, near their room, he looked at her in alarm.

"Has anything happened?" he exclaimed.

She entered the room, and he followed her. Then, as she closed the door, she confronted him with haggard eyes.

"Can I endure it longer?" she cried, wildly. "Can I live like this? Live! Am I living? And yet I am not dead. I could not suffer so if I were dead."

He saw it at last. She was suffering poignantly. He attempted to soothe her.

"Don't try to comfort me!" she said. "Don't tell me it does n't matter. We must face it; we must meet it."

"Now be calm, Felicia," he said, in that reasonable voice of his which could once control her, but which now, in some moods, irritated her beyond endurance. "Tell me what you mean. I promise beforehand to do anything possible that you desire."

She tried to control herself, to subdue her heavy panting and the strong trembling that had seized upon her, to steady her shaking fingers as they convulsively unfastened her wrap and removed her gloves. One of her rings was accidentally drawn off and fell upon the floor. As her husband bent to recover it she stopped him.

"What does it matter!" she cried. "It is only a bauble. But when our happiness, our priceless happiness, slips away from us, you make not the slightest effort to get it back. You never see it. You never stoop for it. You don't even know it has gone. You never miss it."

Her slim fingers tightened on his arm. Her agitation communicated itself to him. There was a responsive tremor in his voice.

"Are you reproaching me?" he asked.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "I will not reproach you."

Again she put a strong constraint upon herself. She removed her hands from his arms, and crossed the room. She laid aside her wrap and bonnet, and as she came back she stooped, picked up the ring, and placed it on her shaking finger. With marked deliberation of gesture she seated herself, and when she looked up he saw how much her forced calm was costing her; her strength was spent.

"Don't be angry," she said, piteously.

"I am only distressed," he replied, gently.

"I want to be reasonable," she went on, more firmly, "and I will try not to distress you."

"What is it?" he asked, as he seated himself.

"Hugh, it is the life we live. It is a terrible fate to be excluded from everything of value, from all the world, from all appropriate surroundings; cut off, exiled, interdicted, denied, yet tantalized with the sight of it, so close to it! Is there nothing — is there nothing we can do?"

He looked at her in silence.

"It is such a false position," she went on passionately, her meagre stock of calmness already giving way, "that you, with your nature and your talents, should have for your best friend that — that — venomous man! He is your equal in station, and yet he is *not* your equal any more than a drunken tramp; and his wife is not my equal."

"I ought not to have asked you to go there," he said. "Yet what does it matter to us? Why do you care for Abbott's manner? He can be very disagreeable, but he has some good qualities. At any rate, he is nothing to us."

"Oh, facts are — facts! He and his wife are our friends, our circle, — the only circle we have. Think of it! That is the only woman with whom I have exchanged a dozen words since — since Mrs. Morris was so kind and polite, last summer."

She broke into a bitter laugh that ended with a gush of tears. She brushed them away hastily.

"And such a home! so ignoble, so grotesque! such rudeness, such unkindness, such loutish indifference! too stupid to be even unhappiness. It is not the poverty; it is the dreadful, dreadful tone; it is almost disreputable. And there are other homes so different. I see them through the windows as I go along the streets. Homes where husbands respect their wives, and children love their parents; where I see serenity, and security, and tenderness, and veneration. Oh, Hugh, Hugh, I passed John's, and — oh me — papa — papa!"

Her voice broke into cries; her figure was shaken by convulsive sobs; the tears trickled through her fingers. He could only look at her miserably, forlornly, helplessly.

By degrees the violence of her emotion expended itself, and she leaned back in her chair, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. He took her other hand, cold and nerveless, in his, but he said nothing.

"I did not intend to tell you that," she went on, after a long pause. "I only wanted to tell you what I was thinking on my way back. I went over the whole ground. I reasoned it out calmly. I feel that we must get out of this false position, away from this odious association with unendurable people. If we would, we could take the place we ought to have in the world, — a solid, valuable place. We would not be rich, perhaps not more than comfortable; but we could live, we could be very happy, and very — very" —

He stared at her in such unfeigned amazement that she faltered. Was she seriously proposing that he should relinquish his career because Mr. Abbott was ill-natured, and lived shabbily, and had a commonplace family, and because she had given up, as she had expected to do, the associations of her girlhood?

"It seems to me that you are talking very wildly," he said, with coldness.

"Hear me out, Hugh!" she cried, placing her other hand on his with a firm grasp, and looking at him with earnest eyes. "You wouldn't mind it after a little. You were satisfied last summer. We were very happy. We could be everything to each other; could we not, Hugh? Once we were. Oh, you know we were once! As it is, I do not share your life. I have none of my own. I merely exist, like a parasite, — a poor, useless, insignificant appendage. And you, — are you not worthy of a better niche than that which Mr. Abbott and Mr. Preston aspire to fill? You could get into something intrinsically valuable. A man of your capacities can do anything."

He marveled that she could be at once so quick and so dense.

"Capacities count for nothing in any line," he said, "without special training. I have had training in only one direction."

She looked at him vaguely. "Is n't there *something*?" she asked.

"If I should give up the stage," he went on, — "the mere idea is preposterous, — how could we live? Do you think it would be well for me to devote my life and talents to giving music lessons because you consider that more genteel?"

"Are you going to be sarcastic to me — *again*?" she cried, with a sharp ring of pain in her voice.

His sense of irritation had been asserting itself over his dismayed surprise. Now it received a check. He resolved that, say what she might, he would speak no words that could rankle as those words which he once spoke in his wrath had rankled.

"My only opportunities lie in the line of music," he continued. "I might do something in the way of composing songs, but in my case that would be too precarious to be considered. A man

could not rely for a living on lucky inspirations which would sell. They might not present themselves."

Was this all? Could life hold out to him, with his mind and his character, no other fate than such a meagre uncertainty as writing songs, or the ill-paid drudgery of music lessons, or the opportunity of singing in tights and with a painted face for the well-to-do, well-placed people who held themselves immeasurably his superiors?

She spoke suddenly, with a new firmness.

"You *can* give up the stage," she declared. "We can live perfectly well on my property that my mother's father left me. You remember, when I finally decided to be married, my brother sent a lawyer with settlements for you to sign, and you signed them, and the income is to be put aside for me. Why can't we live on that property? Why need you do anything? How can two people who love each other say about money, 'This is yours,' or 'This is mine'? Will you weigh my happiness against your pride?"

He made no reply, but his face expressed strong displeasure. She broke again into entreaties. Her loss of self-control was rare. With perfect health and strong will, she was intolerant of nerves, and tears, and weakness. The utter relinquishment of her wonted composure added to his difficulties.

"It is not that I am a snob," she persisted. "I don't want you to misunderstand me. I don't value the opinion of rich and great people. I don't care for their money or their approval. I don't care for poverty; that is not what I fear. I don't want a fine house, and carriages, and horses, and *carte blanche* to spend as I choose. Once I thought I did, but I know myself better now. I did myself injustice. That is not what I value."

He looked at her vaguely. "Then what is it you value?" he asked.

"My pride, — my sacred pride."

He said nothing.

"It is stabbed every day, — every hour. My portion in life is humiliation. It is not because the people who have a valuable position think ours an unendurable position; it is because I myself think it unendurable. And so I want to give up this life which offers nothing that is truly of worth, — nothing but the praise of your singing from a foolish public which does not know anything about singing. I want to go to the plantation, and live there unostentatiously, and quietly, and suitably. Promise me, Hugh. We could have a home. It would not be fine, but it would be our own home." She glanced at her little belongings, that so vainly simulated that altar before which every woman's heart prostrates itself, sooner or later. "We could live for each other there. We should not need to have these odious misunderstandings as part of our lives. Promise me, Hugh."

There was a long pause while she sat clasping his hands, her eloquent eyes on his face.

"The thing is impossible," he said at last, "even if I were to consent, which nothing would induce me to do."

"Why is it impossible?"

Again he hesitated. "I prefer not to tell you."

"But I insist, — I insist."

"I hope you will not force this upon me," he said, rising and walking in indecision about the room.

"I do force it. I will know."

"Why, Felicia, you evidently don't understand that the income of that property would not support us in even the plainest style. The property is at present utterly unsalable. Much of the land is heavily wooded; much of it has been denuded of trees, and is covered with cypress stumps, and besides is cut up by bayous and is under water nearly half the year, — it is unfit for cultivation. The rents of the small portion

that has been cleared are not enough, I should judge, after the taxes are paid, to do more than compass your dressmaker's bills. The property may have a future, when railroads are built and the country is developed, but at present it is unavailable from many points of view. I would not live as you propose if it were possible; as it is not possible, you had better dismiss the idea from consideration."

She looked at him blankly.

"I never was there, but I thought it was a fine plantation. I thought we might go there and live quietly, — as happily as we did last summer."

"There is no house on the place except a few negro cabins; and if there were a house, we should die of malaria. Neither of us is acclimated to the swamp. And there is practically no income."

A long pause ensued.

"But I have always been called an heiress," she said, piteously.

"You have been called an heiress more on account of your expectations from your father than because of what you actually possess," he replied.

She was bitterly disappointed; in surprise he saw that she was bitterly humiliated. She had sunk in her own estimation.

It was not, perhaps, to his credit that he stood on higher ground in certain regards than she. He owed it rather to his Bohemian method of living than to any innate nobility that he cared for money because of what it would buy. While she did not sufficiently prize, in one sense, money, she definitely prized wealth, its subtler as well as its practical values. Her fortune, her consequence, her expensive social training and education, and her position had all been a part of herself; she had adequately, perhaps unconsciously, appreciated them; she had appreciated herself much because of them.

She lifted her dismayed eyes to his.

All at once she held out both hands with an expressive gesture of despair.

"If I am not rich," she said, in a tense, low voice, "what am I? I have no talents, no occupation, no hopes, no friends, no home. And no money as well? I am indeed a poor thing, — a parasite, mean and insignificant."

In some respects hers was the stronger nature; under her influence he saw her sorrows with her eyes. It might have occurred to a different man to suggest that she was, instead of this, a wife, who held in trust her husband's happiness as well as her own.

Suddenly she cried out sharply: —

"And we have no choice? You are sure? We must live on this way, in this repulsive atmosphere — with these men we know, and these — these women? Can't you see that it is killing me? I am dying by inches! I am torn to pieces! I am broken on the rack! To breathe the same air that she — that they do! To see you — to see you look as you did last night when — when — you spoke of — Oh, what am I saying! And she calls you — calls you 'Hugh'! She dares to call you by your name! And last night — when you spoke of her you looked — you looked — Oh, how can I remember it and live!" She rose and walked wildly about the room, striking her hands frantically together. He sat motionless, staring at her, the amazement in his face canceling all other expressions. For the moment he was possessed by the idea that she had lost her senses. Then there flashed into his mind the thought that there was something deeper than the grievance of their mode of life, — something more bitter than merely external conditions, bitter though he knew they were to her. In his surprise and agitation he had hardly followed what she was saying.

"I — I don't understand you" — he began.

In a moment there came to him a vague realization of her full meaning.

He rose and confronted her. "Tell me," he said, catching both her hands in his, and bringing her irregular progress to a stop, — "tell me what it is you mean."

She stood panting, and looking at him with dilated, terrified eyes. For all at once she was afraid of him. That latent ferocity which was so seldom called to his face expressed itself now in the stern eyes, the strong lower jaw brought heavily forward, the set teeth, the intent frown. She shrank away from him. "I don't know what I meant!" she cried, piteously. "It is all folly. I am ill. I am nervous. I don't mean anything!"

"What did you mean by what you said?" he persisted. "Look at me, Felicia. Tell me what you meant."

His deep gray eyes, lit by that unwonted fire, constrained her. In what broken words she could command she told him what had been in her thoughts for the last twenty-four hours. She interrupted herself sometimes by cries and hysterical sobs, and more than once declared wildly that she had been nervous and ill; she had not been herself; she had been frantic with a delusion. In her agitation she did not see that she had taken all the blame to herself; she only saw that he was intensely angry, and her arraignment seemed to her now strangely inadequate.

He heard her through without a word of reply. When she had concluded, he stood motionless a moment; then he threw her hands from him. It might have been a sarcastic commentary upon the habit of mind which had, through years of training, come to be his second nature that, at this moment of supreme earnestness, the gesture was one suggestive of finished feigning, — the accepted stage expression of renunciation. He caught up his overcoat, tossed it over his arm, and looked about for his hat, still ominously silent.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh," she cried, catching at his hand, "you are not going without a word to me?"

"Such discussions do no good," he said. His voice was cold, but it trembled; his hands were shaking.

"You are angry with me! You will say nothing — give me no assurance" —

"You want your husband to assure you that he is not a scoundrel? I cannot find words for that."

He opened the door and made his way along the hall, striving to quiet his nerves and master his agitation. He walked downstairs instead of ringing for the elevator. As he passed through the office, the current of his thoughts was sharply altered. His eyes chanced to fall upon the big clock. He took out his watch, and hurriedly compared the two timepieces. There was no mistake.

These complicated family discussions require time. It was past eight o'clock.

He encountered a messenger in red-hot haste, as he neared the theatre. When he arrived, he met black looks, swift reproaches, and eager injunctions. He heeded nothing. He absorbed himself, mind and body, in the feat of changing his clothes in the least possible time, and, without an instant's intermission, he who had so ordered his life that for twenty years he had not permitted himself to be hurried, or agitated, or derelict, who accounted serenity of soul and mastery of the physique the first elements of artistic excellence, walked upon the stage into the presence of a large and critical audience, dazed, panting, breathless, dinnerless, — prosaic consideration, but of primal importance to a singer, — his limbs trembling, his nerves shattered, his memory and his voice at the mercy of the accidents of the evening.

It seemed as if the long anguish of that performance would never drag to its conclusion. His previous habit of self-command was as if it had never existed; it had prepared him for no such emergency, no such tumult of feeling,

as this. During the waits he struggled frantically for composure. "You're all right now, dear old boy," Abbott said to him again and again; and was that the voice so often heard in bitter satires, and in taunts that stung like the lash of a whip? Venom? It was so gentle and mellifluous, so fraternal and cordial, that Kennett found himself relying on it as he had never before relied on any power outside of his own control. While he was on the stage, he would, without warrant or precedent, change his place that he might feel the strong support of a friendly proximity; a sympathetic hand laid on his shoulder when it might be; a few words in an undertone; the glance of eyes that he had often known as mocking, often quizzical, but now kind — kind.

This influence helped him to regain in some degree his tranquillity. To the general public there was as yet nothing unusual. To those versed in the minutæ of theatrical matters a hurry was perceptible, an eagerness; the lack of polish, assurance, control, that usually characterized him. Perhaps his modicum of self-possession came to him a little too early, bringing with it a relaxation of the intense strain that had served him in lieu of his wonted calm equipoise.

In the last scene of the last act he had a solo, through which ran, as an accompaniment, a series of pianissimo phrases by a chorus of female voices, — a nice effect and very popular. It occurred at an important moment, — the culmination of the act, and indeed of the whole work. What was the matter with it? Was the orchestra to blame, the chorus? In another instant the fact was evident. The voice of the soloist was not only faulty of intonation, but false, — glaringly, grotesquely false; by turns flat and sharp, completely out of tune. The most unmusical auditor could not fail to notice it; it was an affliction to connoisseurs. The volume and robustness of tone only intensified the discord;

the anguish on the singer's face pointed the disaster.

"This is the beginning of the end," said Abbott to Preston, off at the right wing.

"Fee, fo, fi, fum,
I smell the blood of an American man,"
returned Preston, smothering his laugh.

The English tenor also smelt the blood of an American man; he kept, with what decency he might, his elation out of his face, but his eyes were gleaming.

Kennett was calm enough at last; the worst had happened. He dashed aside the icy drops that had started upon his brow; he moved with ease; his voice was itself once more. There was little after this for him to do. He did it smoothly and mechanically enough. As he took his way to his dressing-room, he passed, near one of the wings, the manager, who did not look toward him, and whose face wore a certain absolute neutrality more expressive of intense anger than the most indignant glance.

"Go and get drunk, Kennett," said Abbott, bitterly, — "go and get drunk. That's the only thing for you now."

He made no reply. He composedly changed his clothes, and took his way to the hotel.

He hardly looked at Felicia. In his preoccupation, he did not notice, as he entered the room, that she was coming toward him with outstretched hands, — that her face was eager, her eyes appealing. She stopped abruptly as he spoke.

"Does it never occur to you," he said, crossing his arms on the back of a chair and leaning on them, "that you undertake a serious responsibility when you use your influence on a man to frustrate his ambition and nullify his talents?"

"What has happened?" she asked, tremulously.

"I made a bad failure to-night, for the first time in my life." After a pause, he added, with a short laugh, "A few

more such unnerving scenes as we had this evening, and it will not be a question of *relinquishing* the stage."

He had intended to say much in reproach; he did not relent, but in a moment all the fire of his indignation seemed spent. He was leaning heavily on the chair, his tired eyes on the floor, his listless hands hanging before him.

She took one of them in hers: it lay unresponsive in her clasp for a moment; then he withdrew it.

"I must get into the air!" he exclaimed, abruptly.

He went out without another word.

He walked far that night, — at first irregularly, spasmodically; his heavy feet hardly dragging along in obedience to his languid will; his deadly fatigue a trifle less potent than the torture of restlessness that had taken possession of him. Gradually the reserve force of his splendid physique began to assert itself; his step grew more firm and rapid; he made his way doggedly through the thickly falling snow, which stung cruelly as it fell, for a blizzard was blowing. And from the vague haze of his mental processes consecutive thought came to him, — dreary thinking. He went back over many years of toilsome endeavor and patient purpose. It had been hard to compass his present place; he had expected to go much further; he had felt that the end justified every labor and relinquishment. If it were indeed ungentle, according to superficial standards, what did that matter? Little points of spurious worldly value were not to be considered. It was his calling, for which he was fitted by the gift of nature and half a lifetime of effort, — a possession of intrinsic value, æsthetically and practically.

And now, what of the result, — what of his future?

That he should retrace lost ground, bitterly won; retrieve his prestige; recapture the favor of the exacting public, easy to offend, hard to propitiate;

overcome the eager and insidious disparagement which follows so hard upon failure or partial failure, and fatally difficult to confute when the point at issue is anything so intangible as purity of tone, pitch, quality, — this was his immediate future. And for the rest, — his ultimate future? In one brief interval to-night he had been grieved by his wife's grief; his heart had been more cruelly stabbed by the affront of her jealousy. Now these considerations were in the background; already they had taken their place only as an element affecting the development of his ambition and his capacities. So it was that he asked himself what, if hampered by the influence of an unhappy domestic life, was to be his future. It was to enter into a race handicapped; to essay to soar with clipped wings; to drag down to the plane of mechanical, unlighted drudgery the delicate and ethereal achievements of inspiration and talent, and a most artistic school. It was to convert his life's ambitions into a life's failure, — not tame, inconspicuous failure, but public, absolute, ludicrous, pitiable, egregious.

XVII.

One of the distinctive qualities of a woman's grief is its possibility of duality. During Kennett's absence at the theatre, Felicia, reviewing the scene between them, feeling vicariously all that he had felt, the pain, the repulsion, the amazement, the shocked realization, was also acutely conscious that he had not uttered one word of vindication, of denial. She endured for him as well as for herself: the poignancy of his wounded pride and affection as a wronged and insulted man; her doubts and despair as a wretched and jealous woman.

And when he returned, instead of the reproaches she feared, the reconciliation she hoped, he told her of his failure. That seemed a minor matter until she

noted the change in his face. The expressions he had formerly worn were as foreign to it now as if that other happier, more fortunate entity he once was had been the inhabitant of another planet. Sharp Care had registered itself in strong, definite lines between his brows and about his mouth; the muscles of his face seemed to have relaxed; it was strangely heavy, inert; beneath his eyes was that indescribable yet unmistakable imprint left by a stupendous nervous shock. His expression was as if he had received a mortal blow.

She heard, with a sort of anguished incredulity, slowly resolving itself into dismayed realization, those bitter words of his which imputed to her the responsibility of his failure. And she had done this thing? Was it through her that this calamity had come upon him?

It was like murder, she said to herself, in her terror and abasement and tumult of anxiety, to interfere with a man's life work, to obliterate his ambitions, to frustrate his achievement, to be the cause, direct or remote, which brought him to a crisis affecting him like this.

Then, when he again left her suddenly, declaring that he must get out into the air, she had these thoughts for company. Her grievances, her disappointments, even her doubts of him, were far from her now. Had she done a cruel thing? Was it irreparable? Had the elements which had been at work in her character during the last year — since, in fact, she had, with her eyes open and aware of her peril, dared the conventionalities and married him — been in insidious and deadly conflict with the only possibilities which made life of value to him? She had been afraid of her marriage for her own sake, — what if it had ruined him? She had attempted to conserve all that she deemed of value, — what if she had wrested from him all that he deemed of value? Their ideals were as far asunder as the poles. Had she arrogated to herself

the office of judge as to which should survive?

As to that other responsibility which she had assumed toward this art of his, her thoughts lingered vaguely about the theory which was to him so real a fact, — that the development of certain tendencies in art is a great power in intellectual growth. Had she interfered to rob the world of some subtle, far-reaching possibility of achievement which might have ennobled and sanctified other minds and ambitions in a sordid age, sorely in need of eyes that lift themselves to the stars? The world? Well, with her limitations, it was hardly within her horizon to comprehend what it meant to say that the world should be robbed. But since it was he who so tensely held his eager ambition to bestow upon it his "great future," she might seek to realize what throes were his in relinquishment, what desolation for love of the thing itself.

And now the woman whose heart ached for him must endure with what fortitude she might the knowledge that in his hour of disaster it was his impulse to escape from her, and be alone with the winter wind and his griefs.

The wind was high. She could see through the window that it was sweeping across the sky vast masses of black clouds that held cavernous depths, defined sometimes by illusive pallid gleams and mysterious swirls and rifts; strange of contour, suggesting the volcanoes and mountains and gigantic remnants of continents that appertain to some burnt-out world, still obeying the great uncomprehended law which set it in motion and sent it revolving through space. The snow had ceased to fall. Once was visible for a moment a dim, veiled moon, with a yellow aureola about it. The chaos of black vapor was bathed in a pale radiance; and suddenly it had vanished, save for fugitive flecks of white light that gleamed a moment longer, then one by one were gone. And

ever the strong wind, with its sense of resistless motion, and the inexplicable suggestion of impending calamity which comes with the implacable rising and falling of that mighty voice, swept along the sky, and over the vast plains of the prairies, and through the corridor-like streets of the city.

Kennett came at last, with a heavy tread. There was deadly fatigue in his face. He spoke in a stern voice.

"If you want to ruin me, now is your chance," he said. "It is necessary that I sleep; so only talk to me with excitement, and the game is up."

It is one of the tragic elements of intense feeling that it can make no compact with policy. The faculty to cajole, to palliate, to deplore, to predict good fortune for next week, for to-morrow; assuming the guise of partisanship, to resent calamity as an affront,—this adroit management in arrogating the office and functions of ally is a most potent factor in the art of consolation. Perhaps it is too much to assert that this is possible only when sympathy is lukewarm, but certainly the heart that feels another's disaster as a supreme calamity prompts few pat phrases. These same pat phrases,—how welcome, how healing, how indispensable! Kennett, strong as he thought himself, expected them, longed for them, felt that he could not exist without them. He glanced wistfully—his inconsistent bitter words still vibrating on the air—at her face; white it was, and tense. In the utter collapse of his powers, he could only feel indefinitely that it held deep meanings; he could not now comprehend the expression in her eyes, as she lifted them mutely to him.

He sighed heavily as he walked across the room. "I don't want to be waked till the last moment before rehearsal, to-morrow," he said.

For all her alertness of interpretation in the trivial crises of life, she did not understand the feeling underlying his

words and his stern, almost cruel tone; she, who had so many tactful devices at command when nothing was at stake, was helpless now, her faculties paralyzed in the realization that a calamity had through her come upon him, and in the thought of his anger. Long after he had fallen into a sleep so profound that he seemed to have passed into the vague border lands that lie between life and death, she still sat motionless, staring with a white face out of the window at the dark, tempestuous night, striving definitely to realize what had happened in all its relations to his life and to hers.

By degrees the wind sank; the clouds broke slowly apart; stars looked through the rifts, icy and aloof; the pale gibbous moon stole into view, sending long shafts of spectral light into the room.

After all, does much of our woe come about because we have no mental system of appraisal? If we had such a formula,—simplest of processes,—if, for instance, we should definitely consider as a set-off against possible bliss, valued, let us say, at 90, the joy actually in possession, should we not write against it also 90, even 100? In its deep subconsciousness, overswept by the turbulent, superficial emotions of daily life, does the soul distinctly realize its possession, while lighter values drift along lighter currents, or gleam prismatic on the surface? And is it these which, in our careless habit of thought and speech, we call precious?

She had often said to herself in the past year that life was worthless without appropriateness, dignity, embellishment. It had not occurred to her to weigh against these potent forces that strong element which had come to be a part of her very existence, until she feared that its possession was threatened. Now, so distinctly did it assert itself in this vigil of hers that the terror of losing her hold upon her husband's heart was of more moment than the terror of menace to him.

The theory that she was losing her

hold upon his heart received, apparently, the fatal corroboration of accident. He came back the next morning from rehearsal gloomy, absorbed, with no words of greeting for her as he entered. He stood silent before the fire for some moments, then suddenly crossed the room and seated himself at the piano.

She summoned her composure. She made a strong effort to overcome the timidity and anxiety that had taken possession of her. She too crossed the room, and stood beside him. She placed her hand on his shoulder. But her hand was trembling; her face was pale; tears were in her eyes.

He glanced up, with a palpable shrinking. He feared her, she said to herself, — that was evident. He thought she was on the verge of another scene; he deemed her a weak, hysterical, jealous creature, ready for wild criminations and ecstatic reconciliations, which would tear his nerves and exhaust his strength when he most needed the full mastery of his faculties. Yes, it was evident. He feared her.

The thought controlled her. She stood motionless for some moments; then, after a few casual words when she could trust her voice, she turned away. His face expressed relief, — she could not mistake it, — and she could only say to herself again that he feared her; he could hardly look at her; he dreaded that she should even speak to him.

As the long day wore on she became an adept in self-torture. She believed that her reproaches and exactions had borne fruit in his indifference, even his aversion. Her sense of justice was as if annihilated; she no longer recollected that she too had been severely tried; she only saw the years stretching before her in which she would slip further and further out of his life, and become, indeed, only its unlucky incident, with which it might well have dispensed. In her despair she humbly kept in the background, that she might not in an un-

guarded moment say something which would agitate him and again place him at a disadvantage.

He was silent and absorbed throughout the afternoon. His manner was evidently unstudied, unintentional; it was not designed as punishment, to mark his displeasure because of that ill-timed outbreak of hers; it was not the luxury of wreaking on another something of his own suffering. He gave her little thought, — that was the simple explanation. With his somewhat blunt perception of actual in contrast with imaginary emotion, he did not compass the tumult of feeling in which she was involved. He considered her not at all; he remembered only his own troubles, and that this was a determining crisis in his career.

But as he was about to leave the room for the theatre he turned back suddenly. It was only an impulse. He had noticed nothing of the white despair in her face, so absorbed was he, and so still a presence had she become. He took her in his arms and looked into her eyes. His own were all anxious and haggard. His very soul seemed to gaze from them. Under that long, tender look her heart began to beat heavily; the slow tears welled up. He kissed her as he turned away. "Good-by, dear," he said.

It was only an impulse. It was not because he forgave her; he had forgotten that he had something to forgive, — he loved her much. It was not a plea that she should forgive his reproaches last night; these too he had forgotten, — he knew she loved him much.

For her it was a benignant impulse; it gave her back, as it were, to life. The throbbing of her heart and her tumultuous rising tears seemed to pulverize and wash away the heavy, numbing, poignant pain she had endured.

As he opened the door and started out of the room, he turned again and closed it.

"Surely, surely," he said, in the insistent tone of one who would fain constrain what he desires to believe, "my voice *must* be all right now."

He drew himself up, inflated his lungs, and began to sing. The opening phrases of the unlucky solo which had come to grief rose in smooth, mellow resonance, — delicately accurate in pitch and modulation, indescribably rich and effective in quality. The anxiety and intentness on his face faded; he drew a long sigh of relief, looked at her with a half smile, and was gone.

He loved much, too, what he called his art.

"Art" is a word of elastic significations. Just now all its vast systems of science and presentation, its potentialities, its ramifications, its possibilities, were merged into the personation that night of Prince Roderic.

His Highness was Felicia's rival, with his powder, and his paint, and his curls; with his attitudinizing and his triumphs of facial expression; with his robust metrical defiance and his languishing love ditties, — he and such as he.

And her only rival?

She was sure of that now, because, she said to herself with conviction, his eyes could not look into hers with truth in them while his heart held a lie. Her doubts had not been very logical; perhaps her reasoning now was as inconsequent, but to her it was certainty, and it sufficed.

As she sat alone that night, she had no prevision of the fate coming so fast. Her reaching thought, that would fain have pierced the future and foreseen its promise, and in anticipating its menaces annulled them, lifted no fold of the veil which hid the next hour. When she roused herself, it was with the realization of an unusual commotion on the street. Then a heavy rattling invaded the air, and the sharp strokes of a gong rang out peremptorily. She drew up the shade, opened the window, and looked out.

A strong wind was blowing; the night was bitterly cold. The stars glinted frostily above the snow-covered roofs. There was a deep red glow against the horizon, extending to the zenith; it was strong enough to pale the lamps, and cast a roseate light along the façade of the buildings that lined the street. A number of men on the pavement below were hurrying in that direction; several had stopped, and were speaking excitedly to others.

It was a strange thing for her to do, — she was not consciously alarmed, a fire was such a usual incident, — but, obeying some imperative inward demand, she leaned out of the window and called to them.

"Where is the fire?" she asked.

They looked up as her silvery tones split the air suddenly. Then the answer floated back to her: —

"The Opera House is burning."

For one instant they thought she was about to throw herself from the window, she swayed so violently forward. The next moment she was running along the dimly lighted hall, down the stairs, and out into the street.

Strangely enough, she was not conscious of terror, — she was only unnaturally conscious of the external conditions: that more snow had fallen; that the pavements were covered; that the hurrying crowd of excited men was constantly increasing; that the sullen red glare was intensified; that another engine, and then a hose carriage, sharply turned a corner as she was about to cross the street. She was caught by strong hands and held in a firm grasp, as she would have dashed in front of the madly plunging horses; the driver's loud, hoarse cries of warning and anger resounded above the unceasing clamor of the gong. Then they had passed, and she wrested her arm from the detaining hands and hurried on. Now in the crowd were gentlemen, with wild eyes and white faces, hatless, their gala at-

tire crushed and torn. Soon she was meeting women as well, frantically agitated, many screaming piteously. And always the crowd was denser, until it was difficult, with all her preternaturally alert faculties, deftly and swiftly to edge her way through it. When at last she turned a certain corner, the scene revealed might have been Pandemonium.

From the roof and windows of the great building flames were shooting, — red and deeply orange, sometimes veined with purple gleams, and again shading into amethystine banners that waved fantastically. Where streams of water were thrown columns of steam and of black smoke ascended, and through them played fiery jets of sparks, that floated high into the air, and traveled far on the wings of the wind. That bitter north wind had already done strange, effective work. Gigantic icicles, growing momentarily more massive under its arctic influence, hung, glittering and splendid, from every projection on which the streams of water chanced to fall. The firemen were encased in gleaming mail that rattled with a loud sound. As they appeared for an instant within the glassy arches surrounding the windows, or moved about on the roof, the red light, falling upon their sparkling vesture and their ice-covered hair and beards, was reflected back with prismatic gleams. Suddenly, a loud, peremptory command rang out, and a moment later, above the roar of the flames, and the heavy panting of the engines, and the continuous swash of the water, there arose a long, loud, hideous crash, as a portion of the eastern wall gave way.

Felicia was swept with the retreating crowd out of the rain of cinders that drifted downward. Mechanically she dashed the burning fragments from her hair, her hands, her face; then, as she looked up, she stood as if turned to stone.

Many other eyes were fixed on Kennett. Never had drama more effective

stage setting; never had actor more intent audience. In the background, high above the high roofs of the building, rolled dense clouds of black smoke, permeated through and through with upward-drifting sparks, and elusive scarlet and orange plumes of flame that capriciously waved, and shot swiftly out, and vanished, to flare anew on a higher level of the cloud.

When he had sprung suddenly upon the roof, it was as if he had emerged from that chaos of fire and smoke. He stood for a moment gazing about him; then he walked to the edge of the building. At that great height he seemed to move with consummate grace and lightness. He was dressed in the costume he wore in the last act of *Prince Roderic*. The blue and silver vividly accented his figure against the darkly rolling clouds. He stood motionless a moment, looking at the sea of upturned faces; at the building across the alley; at the fiery gulf into which the eastern wall had fallen; at the firemen on the lower roofs of the building, separated from him by that maelstrom of flames; at those other flames, each moment fiercer, more implacable, more assertive, shooting out of the windows below him; then he looked again at the mass of human beings on the streets. There rose to him incoherent murmurs, breaking into frantic exclamations. The intense terror, inherent in human nature, of that most frightful fate, death by fire, manifested itself in quick, wild cries, uttered by men ordinarily sane enough, of insistence that he should jump. Then in a breath came counter cries, — "Wait!" "Wait!" — then loud calls for the hook and ladder companies, then assertions that there was no time to wait; and again desperate injunctions to jump rose into a loud chorus inexpressibly shattering to the nerves in its quality of uncontrollable terror.

Presently he turned slowly, and retraced his steps toward the scuttle,

Already the space along the flat roof was greatly lessened; fire and smoke were bursting out in many places.

There was a pause of uncertainty and speculation. Would he try to go down the stairs, in the hope of finding egress through some door or window not yet essayed? Such an effort was manifestly futile.

In another moment it was apparent that his intention was to leap across the alley and reach the opposite building, an achievement barely within the limits of possibility.

He stooped and tightened the straps that bound his light sandals about his feet. Then he placed his hands upon his hips, and ran so swiftly, so lightly, so elastically, that the effect was as if he were miraculously destitute of weight. It was an infinitesimal interval of time before he reached the edge of the roof. He threw his hands in front of him as he leaped and launched himself into mid-air. For one second the swift figure — a gleam of white and blue and silver — was visible in transit across the sheer space between the two buildings; and for that wild instant the realization of the deadly danger was annulled in the exultant sense of the stupendous achievement. How high he was, how light, how strong! Inexorable physical laws, — how airily he waved them away! And did he leap or fly!

In one second more a huge dun-colored cloud of smoke, with its fiery embroidery of sparks, drifted down and hid him from view. There had been tense silence until this instant; now arose a clamor of ejaculations and eager questions. Had he made it? Had he missed it? Had he fallen? And "Ah! God help him!" cried many.

A moment later they saw what had happened.

At the foot of the wall lay a mass of

blue and silver, blood-stained and contorted, and a face and figure mutilated past recognition. There was a quiver of unrealized agonies, and then — problems solved? ideals attained in higher fruition than the paltry human mind conceives? values estimated with the clear cognition of the immortals? What strange, wise presence, set free in one tremendous moment, went forth into the darkness!

The events of that night wrought radical changes where Kennett had been closely concerned. Judge Hamilton discovered he held the opinion that a tragedy can dignify even an absurd situation, and that, under the circumstances, it was not unseemly for him to forgive his daughter. He took her home with him shortly, and thus she was restored to the appropriateness, the dignities, the embellishments, of life. These were not of so much worth to her as once they had been.

Does it take the mighty problems of life and death to elucidate the lesser problems of relative values? Can we discriminate fairly as to relative values when vast and complicated forces, extraneous conditions in unnumbered combinations, inherited tendencies, the tyranny of tradition, the tyranny of training, the implacable, exacting human heart, are elements of the problem?

Is the artificial entity which we labor to endow with strong and subtle qualities, which we ambitiously call Character, and which we bestow on our inmost selves, saying, "Soul, this is thy twin. Walk hand in hand through life," — is it, after all, the stronger, more subtle, more uncontrollable, of the two? May it not prove even antagonistic, and in the end destroy its dedicated companion?

This chronicler is no *Œdipus* to solve these riddles.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE whole life of Richard Grant White was passed in New York. He was born there and he died there, and in all the intervening years his absences from the town were few and brief. He was already a man of fifty-five when, for the first and only time, he crossed the ocean to make a visit of three months to England exclusively. Eight years before, he had defended his right to call himself a Yankee by saying that "for more than two hundred years my forefathers, on both sides, have been New England men; and, besides, not one of us, myself included, has ever been across the water." His knowledge of his own country from personal observation was also unusually limited for an American of any condition. Yet, long as he lived in New York, he never conceived any real affection for the great commercial capital. He was as a stranger in a strange city. New York, as he viewed it, was a mere mining camp, the resort of adventurers seeking fortune only; and out of such material the construction of a tolerable society seemed to him impossible. "Living in New York," he used to say, after the building of the elevated railways, "is like living in a boiler factory, with rattle and roar above and below." He had no sympathies in common with its prevailing spirit, and few social ties outside of his immediate family. "I can hardly say that I knew this accomplished man of letters," wrote Mr. Richard H. Stoddard soon after Mr. White's death, "though I was acquainted with him for a quarter of a century and upward." Yet the homes of the two were separated by two streets only. Even Mr. Stedman, who was his next-door neighbor in Tenth Street, might have made the same remark, pleasant as the relations between them were. Mr. George William Curtis and

he were literary workers side by side, in their earlier days, but their contact was never more than superficial. During Mr. White's life he had as contemporaries in New York, Bryant, Bigelow, Godwin, Greeley, Dana, Bayard Taylor, Willis, Fitz James O'Brien, Edgar Allan Poe, and other men of letters who gave distinction to the period, and nearly all of them of about his own age, and workers with him for newspapers and magazines; but he was not on terms of intimacy with any one of the number.

From first to last he had no intimates among the writers of his day. Until the establishment of the Authors' Club, a short time before his death, he belonged to none of the associations of his craft. He was not of the company of writers and artists whom Mrs. Botta and the Cary sisters gathered at frequent receptions, and he was unknown to the Bohemian crowd over whom Henry Clapp presided in the beer cellar of Pfaff on Broadway. He lived wholly apart from the ways and the sympathies of the literary class around him. He went to them neither for applause nor for intellectual stimulus. Probably he was never conscious of the need of any such support, for throughout his life he was strong in his self-reliance, and felt capable of estimating properly his own abilities. He was not subject to moods of self-depreciation, when he craved the encouragement of his fellows, but, with perfect bodily health and thoroughly sound nerves, his intellect moved with the precision and certainty of a well-balanced machine; as he had need that it should work, for of necessity Mr. White was a laborious man during all his career, and the more so as he disdained to use arts which might have lightened his load. He was keenly sensitive about the dignity of his profession and the conduct

becoming a gentleman. He prided himself on never having been an applicant for any place or favor. He would not elbow his way to a superior seat; for, of all God's creatures, the being now described as a "hustler" was most odious in his eyes.

When, in 1866, he was applied to for information as to himself, to be used in the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, edited by the Duyckincks, he responded thus decidedly and even contemptuously: "I particularly desire that, should the authors of the *Cyclopædia* have intended to do me the honor of noticing me in their work, they will not do so. I neither claim nor desire a place in 'American literature,' so called, and I would rather be omitted." Of course, this might imply only that, if he were to have a place in literature at all, he wanted it to be a literature not circumscribed by the boundaries of a single country, and limited to a mere branch of the English race; but the answer exhibits also a carelessness of literary distinction which was more than whimsical. Many years before, at the time when he won his first recognition as a Shakespearean critic, he declared to Dr. Allibone that he would not write a single page to achieve all the reputation of all the Shakespearean critics that ever lived. He received the distinction that was infinitely more grateful to him when he was described in England as "the most accomplished and the best bred man that America had sent to England within the memory of the present generation;" and when it was said of him there that he "spoke like an Oxford man, and looked like a guardsman." He was also pleased with the description of him published at the beginning of his literary career, as "evidently a thoroughbred man of the world." In other words, he prized more highly recognition of the distinction in himself, in his character and individuality, than any distinction conferred by mere literary reputation.

In 1881, his friend, Mr. Chandler Wayland, of New York, having written to President Arthur suggesting his appointment as a foreign consul, Mr. White made haste to assure Mr. Arthur, with whom he had served in the New York custom house, that he "never was an applicant for anything." Yet he desired the appointment greatly. Nearly thirty years before, when he was a young man connected with the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, his delicacy and sense of propriety were offended because that journal spoke in praise of his article on Shakespeare in Putnam's Magazine; and accordingly he wrote to the editor, begging that "the paper shall never laud me or my doings while I am part of it and above ground." In 1878, when the *Evening Post* included him among those applying to be appointed librarian of the Astor Library, as successor to Mr. Carson Brevoort, he assured the editor that he had "never at any time made application in any quarter for any position whatever, public or private."

Yet that Mr. White was sensible of the practical advantages of professional publicity is shown in his reply to a proposition from Henry J. Raymond that he should come upon the editorial staff of the New York Times, then only recently established. "I should expect," he said, "that my connection with the Times would be announced and my position acknowledged. I think this right in the case of any person, and particularly in mine, as I have suffered and am still suffering from the lack of such a simple act of justice on the part of the *Courier and Enquirer*. The public regards me as one whose chief object in life is to write musical reports, puff conjurers, and the like. I need not tell you," he added, "that I am thus placed in a false and injurious position;" for he had worked with Raymond on the *Courier and Enquirer*, and though generally supposed to be confined to musical criticism, was also the author of many

of the most important leading articles on subjects of politics and international relations. At the same time he wrote to General Watson Webb, the proprietor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, asking that, "at a proper time and in a proper manner, my connection with it shall be acknowledged on just terms. I do not ask for praise of my abilities, I do not wish indorsement of my character," he explained, "but merely such an announcement as will give the public a correct idea of my position and the nature of my occupation. You will easily see that as a matter of business this is of vital importance to me." He wanted his exact professional standing to be made known to everybody; for he was not a shy and retiring man, by any means, and he resented then and always afterwards any classification of him with the ordinary run of writers. He had stepped at once into a high place in journalism while yet a very young man, and the anonymity of the newspaper had not altogether swallowed up his individual reputation. Because of that difference of fortune, too, he stood apart from many of the writers about him, for they were still struggling to escape from such submersion. The Bohemian, happy-go-lucky lives so frequent among them he knew nothing about from personal experience. He had been brought up after the straitest and most conventional fashion, and the serious struggle of life had come to him early, with burdens that repressed extravagant tendencies. He had neither convivial tastes nor the easy-going habits favorable to the formation of quick intimacies.

Therefore Mr. White was looked upon, by the younger writers more especially, as an arrogant and conventional man, starched, affected, and supercilious, incapable of other emotion than self-admiration, — vain, conceited, and a coxcomb. This impression was strengthened by the formality of his manners, the precision of his speech, and the sug-

gestion in the cut of his garments and the character of his utterance that he was an Anglomaniac, who felt himself above his calling and his colleagues. As he was two inches upward of six feet in height, and carried himself with remarkable erectness, he did overtop them physically. Hence some of the bright young fellows of the newspapers took delight in stinging him with little arrows of witticism, to "take him down;" and they found their opportunity in occasional slips into inaccuracy, natural enough in a writer so voluminous and treating of so large a variety of subjects. But the shafts penetrated his thin skin; for he was a sensitive man withal, and perhaps proportionately to his self-esteem. Why those irreverent youngsters singled him out for annoyance he could never imagine. He did not suspect the provocation to their mirth and malice, and thereby showed that he was not the self-conscious and affected man they supposed him to be. He was incapable of malice himself, — as incapable as he was of jealousy, — and though he had a keen sense of humor, as he demonstrated very conspicuously, he never resorted to its use as a cloak for envy and malignity. He could not accuse himself of any lack of courtesy to those with whom he came in contact, for he was always courteous and considerate to the last degree. If he never permitted obtrusive familiarity, neither did he himself fail in showing due regard for others. However much he might hold himself above the mere crowd of money-grubbers, he had a sincere and hearty respect for the men of his own calling, and he was quick to discover their ability, and generous in estimating and acknowledging it; all the more so because he could never look upon himself as a competitor with anybody or a rival of anybody.

The peculiarities of Mr. White so frequently denounced as sheer affectation came to him honestly by inheritance, though they were intensified by his man-

ner of life. He had not rubbed them off in the rough friction of the world, but had brought down the formal courtesy and courtliness of the past to a generation which sometimes carries real or affected simplicity of manner to the verge of positive ungraciousness. His carriage and his speech and address were the outward indications of an interior quality; and hence they were natural to him.

In 1821, at the birth of Grant White (as he was called in England, and preferred to be called), his father was a prosperous though not affluent South Street merchant, and one of the aristocracy of New York commerce in the days before the decay of our American shipping. White was brought up amid surroundings of the strictest conventional-ity and greatest conservatism. His father was careful in his regard for all the proprieties of life, a rigid Episcopalian of the Low Church school, punctilious in his deportment, fastidious in his dress, tenacious of his dignity, and unbending in his convictions. His interest in the Episcopal Church was so strong and his standing as a layman so high that he sat in the Diocesan Convention of New York year after year; and as he was one of the main pillars of the Evangelical party, his house was frequented by clergymen in sympathy with his views. These were the home influences under which White grew up. It was not a household to develop spontaneity of manner, though it cultivated the graces of courtesy and consideration.

The great object of his admiration, in both his youth and maturity, was his grandfather, the Rev. Calvin White, a stiff-necked Connecticut Tory, to whom he bore a striking resemblance in some of his own most marked characteristics. In 1884, or not long before White died, he wrote a biographical sketch of this remarkable old gentleman, intended for private circulation, but never printed; and in dedicating it to his two sons, Richard Mansfield White and Stanford

White, he described the paper as a "brief memorial of their great-grandfather, whose virtues and graces I cannot expect them to equal, but which I hope they may emulate." The Rev. Calvin White was a descendant, in the fifth generation, of John White, who came from London to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, in the year 1632, and founded a family of some distinction in both the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies. He was born at Middletown, in Connecticut, in 1762; and as he lived to the great age of ninety-one years, the span of his life stretched from the period before the Revolution to within a few years of the civil war. Yet during all that time he remained an implacable Tory and a rigid aristocrat, in his boyhood, his youth, and his age. He never voted, and he never performed any act which recognized the lawfulness of the new government except the unavoidable obligation of paying taxes. As late as the year 1850, when he was driving with some friends in the vicinity of Orange, in New Jersey, and a place through which he was passing was pointed out to him as having been so strong a Tory neighborhood during the Revolution that it was still called Tory Corners, the old man uncovered his head and bowed in reverence. For him the sole sovereign was still the sovereign of England. The sovereignty of the American people was usurpation only, in his eyes, no matter how successful it might have been.

The Rev. Calvin White was graduated at Yale in 1786. He entered the Congregational ministry, but soon passed over to the Episcopal Church. In 1822 he made a further and a final change, and landed in the Church of Rome, whether he was led logically by his devotion to authority. It was an almost unheard-of step in the New England of those days, and it astounded his neighbors as much as if he had gone into downright heathen idolatry. But he was not a man to commit his conscience to other

people's keeping, and he was always straightforward and uncompromising in whatever he did. He was no more afraid of becoming a Roman Catholic in opposition to the sentiment prevailing about him than he had been afraid to declare his loyalty to King George before the cowboys of the Revolution. Yet he was a studious, refined, and courteous man, who did not obtrude his new faith even on his own family, for they continued to worship in the Episcopal Church. He went over to Roman Catholicism simply through the action of his own mind and his independent considerations of the facts of ecclesiastical history. Though he was a man of sixty years at the time, in the full vigor of his intellect, and the Roman Catholics would have been glad to make much of him, he declined every proposal for his advancement in their ranks. He remained at his Connecticut home ever after he was displaced from the Episcopal ministry, a simple layman. He never weakened in his new faith. He had sacrificed to it his position, his prospects, all his worldly interests, but he would not draw back.

Something of the character of this stubborn old Tory is rather amusingly revealed by his experience as rector of Grace Church at Jamaica, on Long Island, soon after he entered the Episcopal ministry. Before he had been there long he began to complain bitterly of the dilapidation of the rectory. Instead of remedying the evil, the vestry put off the repairs to a more convenient time, and then they proceeded to give utterance to their own complaints. They found fault with him as an uncompanionable man, haughty and exclusive. He "neglects visiting his people in a friendly way," they said, "and more so in visiting the sick." As the terms of the settlement were that it should last only "during such time as both parties live in good fellowship and peace," and because he deemed the criticism of him impertinent, the Rev. Mr. White left

Jamaica abruptly. He would endure no offense against his dignity; "for," as his grandson says of him, "with great simplicity of character, and a kindness of heart that won the loving respect of all who knew him, he had in a very marked degree one trait which may possibly be out of place in a parish priest, — the personal pride of a high-minded gentleman." Elsewhere in the same memorial White declares that he had never seen "in any country his equal in the combined simplicity, grace, and courtliness of his manners;" and the respect he gave to others he demanded from them in return. "Throughout his long career he would have nothing to do with those who treated either him or others without proper respect and consideration. With such persons his intercourse ceased abruptly and at whatever cost."

This description of the grandfather fits equally the grandson; for in many respects White was his grandfather over again. He was not a Tory, like him, but only because he came at a later and a different period. He was no more in sympathy with the prevailing sentiment of his day than his grandfather had been, and he was no less uncompromising. He did not even vote at elections after he was thirty years of age, though from that time onward the republic passed through the ordeal of the slavery agitation, the civil war, and the period of reconstruction. Though of New England descent, both he and his grandfather were far away from New England convictions and influences. They looked more admiringly on England than on their own country; and they were proud of their English descent rather than of their American citizenship. This does not imply that the younger White was disloyal to the Union, for he proved his hearty loyalty by his "Yankee" letters to the *London Spectator* during our civil war, and by his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the Union from first to last. By those letters, as the *Spectator* said

without exaggeration, after his death, "he did as much as any single man to prevent the cultivated public of this country [England] from drifting into hopeless error concerning the true issues involved in that momentous controversy." Yet White's sympathies were not democratic; they were altogether aristocratic. He cared no more for the opinion of the majority than his grandfather had cared before him. He preferred to be in the minority, even if it consisted of himself alone. As to his religious views he was far apart from the elder White, whose change of faith was to him incomprehensible. "I cannot understand," he says in his memorial, "how an intelligent, educated man, capable of 'discourse of reason,' can go from Protestantism to the Church of Rome (a very different matter from a resting in that religion, or any other, into which he has been born, and in which he has been bred)." He seems to have agreed with John Van Buren that it is "unbecoming in a gentleman to change either his religion or his politics." Therefore, when White himself passed into agnosticism, he made no outward break with the Church in which he had been reared. He kept the religion of his fathers as an inheritance of which he was proud, though he had ceased to believe in it.

In his early life he conformed strictly to Church usages. While he was still a lad, his family crossed the East River, and took up their residence in Brooklyn, which was then a mere village. It was also as village-like in the ways and tone of its society as if it had been in the centre of agricultural New England instead of a suburb of bustling New York. The prevailing influences were strongly religious. Not until many years afterwards were there any public amusements in the town. Church-going, little "teas," a few dances of the most unobjectionable sort, choir-meetings, sewing-circles, and the various gatherings which church ac-

tivity calls out furnished the staple and substantially the only social relaxations. It was a sober and God-fearing community, very conservative, intelligent, though possibly tinged with Philistinism, Puritanical, with no great wealth, but much comfort and no little self-complacency. The only means of communication with Manhattan Island were the ferries; slow and inconvenient as compared with those of this day. Hence Brooklyn was totally distinct from New York socially, though its population was made up chiefly of people who spent their days in the activities of the greater town, and their nights only in Brooklyn. Early to bed and early to rise, twice a day to church on Sunday, and observe all the proprieties were the prevailing rules of conduct among the good people in whose society White passed the years from youth to early manhood.

In the morning he crossed the river to New York to attend Dr. Anthon's famous grammar school, and, as he grew older, to attend the university in Washington Square, and at night he returned to Brooklyn. Naturally, as he had a taste for music and a good bass voice, he sang in the choir of St. Ann's Church; but as he wore his hair long, with the auburn locks falling over his shoulders, and was looked upon as a genius by the simple community, the steady-going Brooklyn people were a little shy of his eccentricity and doubtful of his future. His father's severe notions as to the gravity of life were shocked by the boy's devotion to music. Singing in the choir of St. Ann's was proper enough, in the paternal opinion; but when his son went further, and sought to acquire technical facility as an instrumental performer, and even essayed musical composition, he was much troubled in spirit. At that time, and not in Brooklyn only, by any means, a fiddler was regarded as a trifling sort of fellow, of unmanly tastes and useless for serious affairs; and young White was a fiddler. His father was

the more distressed because his ambition for his son was that he should become a clergyman, and these tastes seemed to him worldly, unprofitable, and unbefitting the dignity of a youth destined for the holy profession.

Young White was obstinate in following out his natural tendency. He clung to his music with increasing persistency; his friendships were based on harmony of tastes with reference to it, and he found his most delightful association and occupation in an amateur string quartette in Brooklyn, which he joined when he was a college lad. The first violin of this quartette was Mr. M. H. Meyer, the father of Mrs. Jeannette Meyer Thurber (who has won so much deserved distinction by her enthusiasm and practical efforts for the encouragement of a school of American music); the second violin was a brother of Bishop Cleveland Cox; a Mr. Rankin played the violoncello, and Mr. White the viola, or tenor.

It was a very earnest company, and a very rare one of its kind, at that period especially. These enthusiasts undertook the interpretation of a high class of musical compositions. White also studied the art and science of music with a thoroughness unusual for an American of his day and for a youth of his years; and he acquired a certain facility as a composer himself. Some of these early compositions of his still remain (a circumstance that shows the interest he retained in them, for he was remarkably careless about preserving his writings); but the great bulk of them were destroyed by him when his critical ability became keener and his taste more fastidious. Mr. Meyer speaks of him as having been a player of much promise, in those early days, — patient, cheerful, earnest, and untiring. He describes him as distinguished also by the unvarying gentleness of his disposition and his careful regard for the feelings of others, — qualities which are sorely tried by the experiences of an amateur quartette.

This is the tribute to him of his musical friends generally. Among them he had his closest intimacies, so far as he had any intimacies at all, and to them he revealed himself as very different from the man he was supposed to be even by most of the people who thought they knew him well. He was unusually susceptible to beauty in woman or in art, and his delight in it was almost boyish in the enthusiasm of its manifestations. Underneath his external formality was a charming *naïveté*, which remained to the very last, but which he exhibited only to those to whom he was drawn by congeniality of tastes or temperament. He was quickly interested in people, or was utterly indifferent to them.

The knowledge of music, upon which his father and his associates generally looked with so much contempt, soon proved of substantial value to him; and it was the more profitable because its possession was then unusual in this country. His early passion determined his career. After having entered upon the study of medicine, its practice became distasteful to him, and he took up the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. Shortly before that time his father died, after having hopelessly wrecked his fortune. White therefore was forced to earn his own living; and as he had two sisters dependent upon him, he required a more immediate income than it was possible for him to get from his profession. Happily, Henry J. Raymond, then the manager and editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, had heard of his musical ability, and invited him to become the musical critic of that journal. White's criticisms commanded attention at once. They were more intelligent and more thorough and independent than any which had appeared before in this country. They even provoked comment abroad; and soon he was a conspicuous man in New York, for his authorship of the criticisms could not be long concealed. This was before he was twenty-

five years old; and ever thereafter he remained a notable personage.

While he was a writer on this journal Preston Brooks made his assault upon Charles Sumner, in May, 1856. The *Courier and Enquirer*, in a leading article written by White, denounced the outrage in terms of the greatest severity. Thereupon Brooks demanded the name of the author from General Watson Webb, who was then in Washington. Webb telegraphed: "Will the writer of the leader in Monday's *C. and E.* hold himself personally responsible for that article, and respond by meeting Mr. Brooks, or am I to assume the responsibility?" White, without hesitation, replied thus to Brooks directly:—

COURIER AND ENQUIRER OFFICE,
NEW YORK, May 27, 1856.

SIR,— Having learned that you have made the leading article in the *Courier and Enquirer* of Monday the subject of inquiry addressed to General Webb, I beg to say that that article was written by me, and that I am responsible for it.

Your obedient servant,

R. G. WHITE.

White remained unperturbed; but the matter was carried no further by the *South Carolinian*.

Like nearly all New York writers, whatever their distinction, White pursued his literary career amid the distractions of exacting journalistic labors and actual participation in business affairs. From 1854 to 1859 he was regularly on the staff of the *Courier and Enquirer*, a daily newspaper. Then he was associated with the *New York World* for a year after its first establishment. From 1861 to 1878 he held the place of head of the revenue marine bureau in the New York custom house; and it was no sinecure. It called for the constant exercise of the method and administrative skill which marked him to an unusual degree. These qualities were

also displayed by him when he did arduous volunteer service as the secretary of the famous Metropolitan Sanitary Fair in New York, the great bazaar kept open for three months, and which earned nearly two millions of dollars for the sick and wounded of the war. During all this time he was also at work on magazine papers, reviews, and books; and his literary production was both enormous and various.

His first publication, in 1845, was a pamphlet containing a close legal argument against the suspension of Bishop Onderdonk, and it is interesting as suggesting White's concern about religious affairs at that period of his life. The same year, also, he sat as a delegate in the Diocesan Convention at St. John's Chapel. In 1846 his first magazine article was published in the *American Magazine*. It was on Beethoven, and was remarkable as being the first critical estimate of the great composer that had appeared in this country, and it was really the most notable discussion of the subject that had yet appeared in the English language. Its style shows marks of youth occasionally, for White was then in his twenty-fourth year only, but it has the directness and perspicuity which afterwards distinguished him. His articles on Shakespeare in Putnam's *Magazine* followed in 1853, his first book, *Shakespeare's Scholar*, in 1854, and his critical edition of Shakespeare's works during the years 1857-63. Then came his four years' series of "Yankee" letters to the *London Spectator*, his *New Gospel of Peace* (which earned more money for him, with its sale of more than one hundred thousand copies, than all the rest of his books combined), his *Words and their Uses*, and other volumes. Yet meanwhile journalistic and custom-house duties required from him an amount of labor which alone seemed to be enough for his energies; and it would have been enough for a man of ordinary capacity and endurance. Be-

sides all this, he wrote steadily for magazines. Even after he ceased to be connected with any particular newspaper, he was a frequent contributor to journals; and he was distinguished throughout his career for the punctual performance of his literary engagements, and also for his freedom from the irascibility and touchiness sometimes displayed by his craft. He was never on the lookout for slights, for he could not conceive it possible that anybody would slight him.

For more than thirty years after the breaking up of the stringed quartette in Brooklyn White was obliged to cast aside his musical instruments entirely. He did not touch the violoncello during all that time, bitter as the deprivation was to him; but, chancing to meet Mr. Meyer in Printing House Square one day, the old passion was aroused in him anew, and he proposed at once that they should get up a new quartette. The result was that in December, 1877, the quartette was formed; and it began weekly practice, which lasted almost without interruption, save in the summer, until March, 1885, or until within a few days of White's death. It consisted of Mr. Meyer as first violin; Mr. Chandler Wayland, second violin; Mr. D. T. Wade, viola; and Mr. White, violoncello. With few exceptions, its meetings were on Thursday, and at Mr. White's house. They afforded him the occupation in which he took his intensest delight and found his most satisfying resource. "If any disappointment or vexation comes up during the day," he used often to remark, "I think, Ah, well! we shall have our quartette next Thursday; and peace comes back to me." He was so urgent about punctuality that the other members usually arrived at the door at almost the same moment, eight o'clock exactly. Then music began promptly, for White had everything prearranged, with his customary method, and it continued until half past ten, when the company left

as promptly as they came, well knowing that their host's working hour had come; for his writing was done almost wholly late at night. The programme of the evening was two quartettes, as a rule, beginning with a Haydn or a Mozart, and ending with one of the first six of Beethoven. Mozart was White's favorite among composers; a heaven-inspired and true musician, as he described him, with less of his own personality in his music than any other. He felt and admired the rugged power and grandeur of Beethoven, but to him they seemed to be more colored by the sadness of the life, and the irritable disposition and the physical defects of the man. White found never ceasing delight in the sunny cheerfulness of Haydn; whose compositions, moreover, can be played with much facility by amateurs. His idea of Wagner was a little like the Frenchman's,—that his music is still the music of the future. He respected Wagner's ability and his scholarship, but mourned his lack of rhythm; White's fancy being more for the music of complete rhythm and cadences. The new fashions in music never took hold of him. He believed thoroughly in form and a rigidly conventionalized style, and therefore was altogether outside of the influence of Wagner.

Of course, the work of amateurs is trying to the patience. It must be gone over again and again, for it is always more or less tentative; but White's patience and gentleness were inexhaustible. "Never mind, gentlemen," he would say; "it will go better next time." When he enjoyed a passage especially, his countenance would take on a rapt expression, and he would be entirely unconscious of his surroundings. As a player, he was much above the average of amateur performers, though he had taken up the violoncello comparatively late in life. He had studied earnestly under the tuition of Frederick Bergner,

the well-known violoncello virtuoso, and his knowledge of music was precise and extensive. Literature was his work, music his pleasure and his passion.

He was also fond of tinkering at musical instruments, and their history and mechanism had a curious interest for him. He had a workshop for their repair at his house. Here he delighted to tinker at violins. He would take them to pieces, to see whether, by some little alterations, he could not improve their tone; and when he was puzzled as to what to do, he would bring violin makers and experts into consultation, or would go to them himself with huge violoncellos in his arms. Hardly a day passed that he was not in their shops. They were his favorite resorts. It was amusing to see this tall and stately man taking the wounded parts of instruments in a big green violoncello case to a violin doctor on the Bowery; gliding down side streets in ghostly fashion to escape observation. Everybody in New York who had anything to do with the making or repairing of violins knew Richard Grant White, and had an affection for him. It was a scene for a great picture to see him take a violin in his hands and study it intensely, to discover the secret of its tone-producing capacity. Usually, when the quartette sat down to play, he had by him his whole collection of five favorite violoncellos, and he changed from one to the other at different movements, with a view to studying and comparing the peculiar qualities of each. Among them were an Amati, a Bergonzi, and a Gagliano.

The meetings of the quartette continued until late in March, 1885; and White died on the 8th of the next month. He was not willing that they should cease because of his illness, but craved them all the more for that very reason. He played himself when the mark of death was already on his features. He sat by his much-beloved 'cello a gaunt and spectral figure, illu-

minated by the vitality of his absorbing passion. The late Joseph W. Drexel was an equally enthusiastic violoncello performer, and he organized another string quartette of amateurs, which met at his house during part of the same period. When he, too, was mortally ill, a few years after, and death was close at hand, as his fellow-players could see by unmistakable signs, he was wheeled in by his servant to take his post at the 'cello. The great banker and the hard-worked man of letters each turned to music for comfort in his dying hours. Not the touch of death itself could chill that passion.

White's correspondence with Mr. Chandler Wayland, who is a man of fortune and of affairs, was frequent; but it was of the most informal kind, consisting usually of brief reminders of the meetings of the quartette, perhaps with some humorous remark added, or a grateful acknowledgment of a courtesy extended. If the letter reached any length, it almost invariably concerned White's hobby of tinkering violins. Here, for instance, is part of a letter written in May, 1883:—

"Of course you are curious to see, or rather to hear, the result of my manipulation of your fiddle; and so am I. But that sort of thing is not to be hurried. I shall, however, send you the fiddle in a day or two; telling you nothing about it, and leaving you to discover what the change is, if any has been accomplished. I hope for the best, or at least for a betterment of the quaint, dainty old thing. We shall see.

"You must, however, no longer call it your Amati, for its authorship has been discovered, positively and without the slightest doubt. You will remember that I told you that it puzzled me; but that I was sure it was an old Italian work, of the Cremona school, and more like that of the *eldest* Amati (Andreas) than that of any other maker known to me, but that the *Nicolas* Amati label

was ridiculously out of place on it. Now it proves to be by Pamphilon, a maker little known, and whose violins are very rare. He is reckoned by some as an English maker, and by others as Italian; the fact being, I think, that he was a Frenchman, who learned his trade with the Amatis at Cremona, whence he got the secret (or rather receipt, for it was no secret) of the varnish, and who, after making violins somewhere in Italy, went to London, and set up business on old London Bridge, when the bridge was really a cross-river street, with houses and shops on each side of it. He imitated Andreas Amati; and hence, you will see, my conclusion. Your violin was made about 1670 to 1680, and probably before he went to London. It is as surely by Pamphilon as my great 'cello is by Carlo Bergonzi, and as my *pet* 'cello is *not* by any one of the Amatis. Possess your soul (and your fiddle) in patience; the question is settled."

In a brief card written a few months afterwards, he says: "I hear that Wiffen praises Tubbs [a violin maker] highly for the improvement in your fiddle. Don't deceive him."

In August, 1880, writing to Mr. Wayland, who was then abroad, he gives his estimate of Adelina Patti in a very striking way:—

"The pleasure of both of us was in the passage about the Scotch Sah-bath keepers; their approval of the criticism of Adelina Patti. I have not heard Patti since I was a young fellow, and she was a little girl running about behind the scenes in short clothes, chirping and running roudades like a little canary bird. She and her elder sister (a swarthy hussy) had, as you say she has now, voices like a flute, with no more soul, no more vibration; and their style was merely that of highly finished vocalism,—not the first indication of the grand style. This was the more remarkable as their mother was a great artist of the grand school, with a large and simple style,

who would sing a grand cantabile or declamatory passage in a way that would lift you right out of your boots. I heard her sing Romeo in one of the old Italian operas. Phœbus, how she did make love! and such legs! I shall never forget it. These girls got their voices and their style from their father, a piping tenor named Patti, of course. When he got fat I called him Patti de foie gras, at which people laughed. The joke was afterwards stolen from me, and appropriated by a set of writers for the press of New York, who said that I was a surly, uncompanionable fellow, without any humor, which perhaps I am.

"What you say about the tone of the violins in England is true, too. The tone is richer and fuller there. I am glad to see that you have been enjoying your trip. Europe is a great place,—great all over, and great in spots. Would that I might reasonably hope to see England again, and the Continent, which I have never seen!"

In the February before his death he writes: "Do come to see a poor fellow. I have become imbecile,—feel like an invalid oyster, or a new-born baby feebly fumbling its way toward an individual consciousness."

White's correspondence was not great, and none of it consisted of the letters to friends which so many obliging persons of his standing compose for the benefit of their biographers, and to go down to history as a part of their literary remains. He made no preparation whatever for his biographer. He does not seem to have thought about that functionary at all. He left no papers concerning his personality. The views and opinions he had had to express for the public he had published himself. Few men of his distinction die leaving so little evidence of a desire to court posthumous fame. But his music and his violoncellos, his bows and the tools of his workshop as a violin mender, were watched and kept with loving care to the very end!

Richard Grant White was a man whose individuality stood out prominently among American writers, — a man of force and distinction. His literary style represents and expresses his true character in its virile strength and its simplicity and perspicuity. There is no affectation about it. It is the style of a writer who has no other aim than to make clear his thought and to elucidate his subject; to inform and influence his reader rather than to display himself. If he put his personality forward, as he

did sometimes under the provocation of criticism, it was done boldly and frankly, and not through literary trick and artifice.

He was also a thoroughly independent thinker; and he wrote invariably with a serious purpose, never for the mere exhibition of literary dexterity. His work has no trace of imitation in it; his style is wholly his own, formed by his individuality and shaped and colored by the peculiarities of his own mind, not modeled after any other.

Francis P. Church.

CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG BY THE NEW ENGLAND MILITIA.

I.

THE Peace of Utrecht left unsettled the perilous questions of boundary in North America, and they grew more perilous every day. Yet the quarrel between the rival powers was not quite ripe, and though the French governor, Vaudreuil, and perhaps also his successor, Beauharnois, seemed willing to precipitate it, the courts of London and Versailles still hesitated to appeal to the sword. Now, as before, it was a European, and not an American, quarrel that was to set the world on fire. The war of the Austrian Succession broke out in 1744. The news of its declaration reached Louisbourg some weeks before it reached New England, and Duquesnel, the French governor of the fortress, thought he saw an opportunity to strike an unexpected blow for the profit of France and his own great honor.

One of the inhabitants of Louisbourg has left a short sketch of Duquesnel,¹ whom he calls "capricious, of an uncertain temper, inclined to drink, and

when in his cups neither reasonable nor civil." He adds that he had offended nearly every officer in the garrison, and denounces him as the "chief cause of our disasters."

The first thought of Duquesnel, when he heard of the declaration of war, was to strike the English before they were warned of danger. The fishing station of Canseau was a tempting prize, being a near and inconvenient neighbor, at the southern end of the strait which separates the Acadian peninsula from the island of Cape Breton, or Isle Royale, of which Louisbourg was the place of strength. Nothing was easier than to seize Canseau, which had no defense but a wooden redoubt, built for the fishermen, and occupied by eighty Englishmen suspecting no danger. Early in May Duquesnel sent Captain Duvivier against it, with six hundred, or, as the English say, nine hundred, soldiers and sailors, escorted by two armed vessels. The English surrendered on condition of being sent to Boston, and the miserable hamlet, with its wooden citadel, was burned to the ground.

¹ Lettre d'un Habitant de Louisbourg, contenant une Relation exacte et circonstanciée de la Prise de l'Isle Royale par les Anglois.

The governor next addressed himself to the capture of Annapolis, which meant the capture of all Acadia. Duvivier was again appointed to the command. His heart was in the work, for he was a descendant of La Tour, feudal claimant of Acadia in the preceding century. Four officers and ninety regular soldiers were given him, and three or four hundred Micmac and Malecite Indians joined him on the way. The Micmacs, commanded, it is said, by their missionary, Le Loutre, had already tried to surprise the English fort, but had succeeded only in killing two stragglers in the adjoining garden.

From the neglect and indifference of the British ministry, Annapolis was still in such a state of dilapidation that its sandy ramparts were crumbling into the ditches, and the cows of the garrison walked over them at their pleasure. It was held by about a hundred effective men under Major Mascarene, a French Protestant, whose family had been driven into exile by the dragonnades. Shirley, governor of Massachusetts, sent him a small reinforcement of militia; but as most of them came without arms, and he had few or none to give them, they were of no great value.

Duvivier and his followers, white and red, appeared before the fort in August, made their camp behind the ridge of a neighboring hill, and marched down to the attack; but being met by a discharge of cannon shot, they gave up all thought of an immediate assault, began a fusillade under cover of darkness, and kept the garrison on the alert all night.

Duvivier had looked for help from the Acadians of the neighboring village, who were French in blood, faith, and inclination. They would not join him openly, fearing the consequences if his attack should fail; but they did what they could without committing themselves, and made a hundred and fifty scaling ladders for the besiegers. Duvivier now returned to his first plan of

an assault, which could hardly have failed if made with vigor. Before attempting it he sent Mascarene a flag of truce, to tell him that he hourly expected two powerful ships of war from Louisbourg, besides a reinforcement of two hundred and fifty regulars, with cannon, mortars, and other enginery of a siege. At the same time he proposed favorable terms of capitulation, not to take effect till the French reinforcement should have appeared. Mascarene refused all terms, saying that he would consider what to do when he saw the French ships, and meanwhile would do his best to defend himself.

The expected ships were the *Ardent* and the *Caribou*, then at Louisbourg. A French writer says that when Duquesnel told their captains to sail for Annapolis and aid in its capture they refused, saying that they had no orders from the court. Duvivier protracted the parley with Mascarene, and waited in vain for the promised succors. At last the truce was broken off, and the garrison, who had profited by it to get rest and sleep, greeted the renewal of hostilities with three cheers.

Now followed three weeks of desultory attacks, but Duvivier did not make the threatened assault. He waited for the ships which did not come, and kept the Acadians at work making ladders and fire arrows. Instead of help from Louisbourg, two small vessels arrived from Boston, bringing Mascarene a reinforcement of fifty rangers. This discouraged the besiegers, and towards the end of September they suddenly decamped and vanished. "The expedition was a failure," writes the *Habitant de Louisbourg*, "though one might have bet anything on its success, so small was the force of the enemy."

This writer thinks that the seizure of Canseau and the attack on Annapolis were sources of dire calamity to the French. "Perhaps," he says, "the English would have let us alone if we

had not first insulted them. It was for the interest of the people of New England to live at peace with us, and no doubt they would have done so if we had not taken it into our heads to waken them from their security. They expected that both they and we would merely stand on the defensive, without taking part in this cruel war that has set Europe in a blaze."

Whatever might otherwise have been the inclination of the "Bastonnais," or New England people, the attacks on Canseau and Annapolis alarmed and exasperated them, and engendered in some heated brains a wildly audacious project. This was no less than the capture of Louisbourg, reputed the strongest fortress in French or British North America, with the possible exception of Quebec, which owed its chief strength, not to art, but to nature. Louisbourg was a standing menace to all the northern British colonies. It was the only French naval station on the continent, and was such a haunt of privateers that it was called the American Dunkirk. It commanded the chief entrance of Canada, and threatened ruin to the fisheries, which were nearly as vital to New England as the fur trade was to New France. The French government had spent twenty-five years in fortifying it, and the cost of its powerful defenses, constructed after the system of Vauban, is placed by Raynal at thirty million livres, while others reckon it still higher.

This was the fortress which William Vaughan advised Governor Shirley to attack with fifteen hundred raw militia. Vaughan was born at Portsmouth in 1703, and graduated at Harvard College nineteen years later. His father, also a graduate of Harvard, was for a time lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire. Soon after leaving college, the younger Vaughan, a youth of restless and impetuous activity, established a fishing station on the island of Matinicus, off the

coast of Maine, and afterwards became owner of most of the land on both sides of the little river Damariscotta, where he built a garrison house, or wooden fort, established a settlement, and carried on an extensive trade in fish and timber. He passed for a man of ability and force, but was accused of a headstrong rashness, a self-confidence that hesitated at nothing, and a harebrained contempt for every obstacle in his way. Once, having fitted out a number of small vessels at Portsmouth for his fishing at Matinicus, he named a time for sailing. It was a gusty and boisterous March day, and old sailors told him that such craft could not carry sail. Vaughan would not listen, but went on board, and ordered his men to follow. One vessel was wrecked at the mouth of the river; the rest, after severe buffeting, came safe with their owner to Matinicus.

Being interested in the fisheries, Vaughan was doubly hostile to Louisbourg, their worst enemy. He found a willing listener in William Shirley, the governor. Shirley was an English barrister, who had come out to Massachusetts in 1731, to practice his profession and seek his fortune. After filling various offices with credit, he was made governor of the province in 1741, and had discharged his duties with both tact and talent. He was able, sanguine, and a sincere well wisher to the province, though gnawed by an insatiable hunger for distinction. He thought himself a born strategist, and was possessed by a propensity for contriving military operations, which in the next war cost him dear. Vaughan, who knew something of Louisbourg, told him that in winter the snowdrifts were often banked so high against the rampart that it could be mounted easily, if the assailants could but time their arrival at the right moment. This was not easy, as that rocky and tempestuous coast was often inaccessible. Shirley therefore preferred a plan of his own; but nothing could be

done without first persuading his Assembly to consent.

On the 9th of January, 1745, the General Court of Massachusetts, a convention of grave city merchants and solemn rustics from country villages, were astonished by a message from the governor to the effect that he had a communication to make to them, so critical that he wished them to swear secrecy. The request was novel, but, being on good terms with the representative of the Crown, they took the oath, and sat with closed doors. Then, to their amazement, Shirley invited them to attempt the reduction of Louisbourg. The idea of an attack upon that redoubtable fortress was not new. Since the past autumn it had been proposed to petition the British ministry to attack it, under a promise that the colonies would give their best aid. But that Massachusetts should undertake the adventure alone, or with such doubtful help as she might get from her neighbors; at her own charge, though already insolvent; without the approval or consent of the ministry, and without experienced officers or trained soldiers, was a startling suggestion to the sober-minded legislators of the General Court. Yet they listened with respect to the governor's reasons, and appointed a committee of the two houses to consider them. The committee deliberated for several days, and then made a report adverse to the plan, and so also was the vote of the court.

Meanwhile, in spite of the oath, the secret had escaped. It is said that a country member, more pious than discreet, prayed so loud and fervently at his lodgings for light to guide him on the momentous question that his words were overheard, and the mystery of the closed doors was revealed. The news flew through the town, and soon spread over all the province.

After the defeat in the Assembly, Shirley returned, disappointed and vexed, to

his house in Roxbury. The merchant James Gibson says that, a few days later, he saw him "walking slowly down King Street, with his head bowed down as if in a deep study." "He entered my counting-room," pursues the merchant, "and said abruptly, 'Gibson, do you feel like giving up the expedition to Louisbourg?'" Gibson replied that he wished the Assembly would reconsider their vote. "You are the very man I want!" exclaimed the governor. Gibson then drew up a petition for reconsideration, which he signed, promising to get the signatures of other merchants of Boston, Salem, and Marblehead. In this he was completely successful, as all New England merchants regarded Louisbourg as an arch-enemy. The petition was presented, and the question came again before the Assembly. There had been much intercourse between Boston and Louisbourg, which had largely depended on New England for provisions. The soldiers captured at Canseau, too, who had been sent to Boston as agreed at the capitulation, had made good use of their opportunities, and could give much information concerning the fortress. It was reported that the garrison was mutinous, and that provisions were falling short, so that the place could not hold out if not succored from France. Such relief, however, could be cut off only by blockading the harbor with a stronger naval force than all the colonies together could supply. The Assembly had before reached the conclusion that to take Louisbourg was beyond the strength of Massachusetts, and that the only reasonable course was to ask help from England.

The reports of mutiny, it was urged, could not be relied on; raw militia in the open field were no match for disciplined troops behind walls; the expense would be enormous, and the credit of the province, already sunk low, would collapse under it; we should fail, and instead of sympathy get nothing but

ridicule. Such were the arguments of the opposition, and there was little to answer except that, if we waited for help from England, Louisbourg would be reinforced and made impregnable. The irrepressible Vaughan put forth all his energy, and the plan was carried by a single vote.

The die was cast, and now doubt and hesitation vanished. All alike set themselves to push on the work. Shirley wrote to all the colonies as far south as Pennsylvania, to ask for aid. All excused themselves except Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. These, and Massachusetts above all, blazed with patriotic and religious zeal; for, as the enterprise was against Roman Catholics, it was supposed to commend itself in an especial manner to Heaven. There were prayers without ceasing in churches and families, and all was order, energy, and confidence, while the other colonies looked on with distrust and derision. When Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia, heard what was afoot, he wrote to his brother in Boston: "Fortified towns are hard nuts to crack, and your teeth are not accustomed to it; but some seem to think that forts are as easy taken as snuff." It has been said of Franklin that, while he represented some of the New England qualities, he had no part in that enthusiasm of which our own time saw a crowning example when the cannon opened at Fort Sumter, and which pushes to its end without reckoning chances, counting costs, or heeding the scoffs of ill wishers.

The prevailing hope and faith were, it is true, born largely of ignorance, aided by the contagious zeal of those who first broached the project; for, as usual in such cases, the initiate force of the enterprise was supplied by a few individuals. Vaughan rode express to Portsmouth with a letter from Shirley to Benjamin Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire. That pompous and self-important personage admired Shirley, who far sur-

passed him in talents and acquirements, and at the same time knew how to soothe his vanity. Wentworth was ready to do his part, but his province had no money, and the king had ordered him to veto the issue of any more paper currency. The same injunction had been laid upon Shirley; but, with sagacious forecast, he had persuaded his masters to relent so far as to permit the issue of what were called bills of credit to the amount of £50,000 in case of any pressing military exigency. He told this to Wentworth, and succeeded in convincing him that New Hampshire might stretch her credit like Massachusetts, should a similar necessity arise. This enabled her to raise a regiment of five hundred men out of her scanty population, with the condition that a hundred and fifty of them should be paid and fed by Massachusetts.

Shirley was less fortunate in Rhode Island. The governor of that little colony called Massachusetts "our avowed enemy, always trying to defame us." There was a grudge between the two neighbors, due partly to notorious hard treatment by the Massachusetts Puritans of Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, and partly to one of those boundary disputes which often produced bad blood among the English colonies. The Rhode Island Assembly forgot past differences, and voted to raise a hundred and fifty men for the expedition, till, learning that the project was neither ordered nor approved by the home government, they prudently reconsidered their action. They voted, however, that the colony sloop *Tartar*, carrying fourteen cannon and twelve swivels, should be equipped and manned for the service, and that the governor should be instructed to find and commission a captain and a lieutenant to command her.

Connecticut promised five hundred and sixteen men and officers, on condition that their commander, Roger Wolcott, should have the second rank in the

expedition. Shirley accordingly commissioned him as major-general. As Massachusetts was to furnish above three thousand men, or more than three quarters of the whole force, she had a natural right to name a commander-in-chief. It was not easy to choose one. The province had been at peace for twenty years, and, except some grizzled Indian fighters of the last war and a few survivors of the Carthage expedition, nobody had seen service. Few knew well what a fortress was, and nobody knew how to attack one. Courage, energy, good sense, and popularity were the best qualities to be hoped for in the leader. Popularity was indispensable, for all the soldiers were to be volunteers, and they would enlist only under a commander whom they liked. Shirley's choice was William Pepperell, a merchant of Kittery. Knowing that Benning Wentworth thought himself the man for the place, the governor made an effort to placate him, and wrote that he would gladly have given him the chief command but for his gouty legs. Wentworth took fire at the suggestion, forgot his gout, and declared himself ready to serve his country and assume the burden of command. Shirley's position was awkward, and he was forced to reply: "On communicating your offer to two or three gentlemen in whose judgment I most confide, I found them clearly of opinion that any alteration in the present command would be attended with great risk, both with respect to our Assembly and the soldiers being entirely disgusted."

The painter Smibert has left us a portrait of Pepperell, — a good *bourgeois* face, not without dignity, though with no suggestion of the soldier. His spacious house at Kittery Point still stands, curtailed in some of its proportions, yet sound and firm. Not far distant is another noted relic of colonial times, the not less spacious mansion built at Little Harbor by the disappointed Wentworth.

I write these lines at a window of this curious old house, and before me spreads the scene familiar to Pepperell from childhood. Here the river Piscataqua widens to join the sea, holding in its gaping mouth the large island of Newcastle, with attendant groups of islets and island rocks, battered and worn with the rack of ages, half clad with patches of whortleberry bushes, sumac, and wax myrtle, green in summer, red with the touch of October. The flood tide pours strong and full around them, only to ebb away and lay bare a desolation of rocks and stones buried in a shock of brown, drenched seaweed, broad tracks of glistening mud, sand banks black and rough with mussel beds, and half-submerged meadows of eel-grass, with myriads of minute shellfish clinging to its lank tresses. Beyond all these lies the main or northern channel, more than deep enough, even when the tide is out, to float a line of battle ship. On its farther bank stands the old house of the Pepperells, still wearing an air of dingy respectability. Looking through its small, quaint window panes, one saw across the water the huts of fishermen along the shore of Newcastle, and the neglected earthwork called Fort William and Mary that feebly guarded the river's mouth. In front, the Piscataqua, curving southward, widened to meet the Atlantic between rocky headlands and foaming reefs, and in dim distance the Isles of Shoals seemed floating on the pale gray sea.

Behind the Pepperell house was a garden, probably more useful than ornamental, and at the foot of it were the owner's wharves, with buildings for salt fish, naval stores, and imported goods for the country trade. Pepperell's father was a Welshman, who had migrated in early life to the Isles of Shoals, and thence to Kittery, where, by trade, ship-building, and the fisheries, he made a fortune, most of which he left to his son William. Young Pepperell learned what

little was taught at the village school, supplemented by a private tutor, whose instructions, however, did not perfect him in English grammar. In the eyes of his self-made father, education was of no value except so far as it helped to make a successful trader; and on this point he had reason to be satisfied, since his son passed, for many years, as the chief merchant and landowner in New England. He dealt in ships, timber, naval stores, fish, and miscellaneous goods brought from England; and he also prospered greatly by successful land purchases, becoming owner of the larger part of the towns of Saco and Scarborough. When scarcely twenty-one he was made justice of the peace, whereupon he ordered from London what his biographer calls a law library, consisting of a law dictionary, Danvers' Abridgment of the Common Law, the Complete Solicitor, and several other books. In law as in war his best qualities were good sense and good will. About the time when he became a justice he was commissioned captain of militia, then major, then lieutenant-colonel, and at last colonel, having command of all the militia of Maine. The town of Kittery chose him its representative in the General Court; Maine, it will be remembered, being then a part of Massachusetts. Finally he was made a member of the governor's council, a post which he held for thirty-two years, during eighteen of which he was president of the board.

These civil dignities served him as educators better than tutor or village school, for they brought him into close contact with the chief men of the province; and in the Massachusetts of that time, so different from our own, the best education and breeding were found in the official class. At once a provincial magnate and the great man of a small rustic village, his manners are said to have answered to both positions: certainly they were such as to make him

popular. But, whatever he may have become as a man, he learned nothing to fit him to command an army or besiege a fortress. Perhaps he felt this, and thought, with the governor of Rhode Island, that "the attempt to reduce that prodigiously strong town was too much for New England, which had not one officer of experience, nor even an engineer." Moreover, he was unwilling to leave his wife, children, and business. Being of a religious turn of mind, he was partial to the ministers, who, on their part, held him in high favor. One of them, the famous preacher George Whitefield, was a guest at his house when he heard that Shirley had appointed him to command the Louisbourg expedition. Whitefield had been the leading spirit in the late religious fermentation called the Great Awakening, which, though producing bitter quarrels among the ministers, along with other unedifying results, was still thought by many to make for righteousness. Pepperell, perplexed and hesitating, turned to his guest for advice, and got but cold comfort. Whitefield told him that the enterprise was a doubtful one, and that if he undertook it he must do so "with a single eye," prepared for obloquy if he failed, and for envy if he succeeded.

Henry Sherburn, commissary of the New Hampshire regiment, begged Whitefield to furnish a motto for the expedition. The preacher, who, zealot as he was, seems to have cared little to mix himself with so madcap a scheme, at last consented, and suggested the words *Nil desperandum Christo duce*, which, being embroidered on one or more of the flags, gave the expedition the air of a crusade. It had, in fact, something of the character of one, emphasized by the lingering excitement of the Great Awakening. The cause was thought to be the cause of Heaven, crowned with celestial benediction. It had the fervent support of the ministers, not only in prayers and sermons, but in one case by a sugges-

tion wholly temporal. A certain pastor, much esteemed for his benevolence, proposed to the new general a plan, unknown to Vauban, for confounding the devices of the enemy. His advice was to send two trustworthy persons to walk, under cover of night, along the front of the French ramparts. One of them was to carry a mallet, and hammer the ground with it at short intervals; while the other laid his ear against the surface, which, as the clerical adviser thought, would sound hollow if the enemy had laid a mine under it. Whenever such secret danger was detected, a mark was to be set on the spot, to warn off the soldiers.

Equally zealous, after another fashion, was the Reverend Samuel Moody, commonly known as Father Moody, or Parson Moody, minister of York, and senior chaplain of the expedition. Though about seventy years old, he was amazingly tough and sturdy. He still lives in the traditions of York as the spiritual despot of the village, and the uncompromising guardian of its manners and doctrine, ruling it like a little rustic pope. The comparison would have kindled his utmost wrath, for he abhorred the Holy Father as an embodied antichrist. Many are the stories told of him by the descendants of those who lived under his rod, and sometimes felt its weight; for he now and then corrected offending parishioners with his cane.¹ When some one of the congregation, nettled by his pastor's personalities, was walking in dudgeon towards the church door, Moody would shout after him, "Come back, you graceless sinner,—come back!" Or if any of his flock ventured to the alehouse of a Saturday night, the strenuous shepherd would go in after them, collar them, drag them

out, and send them home with rousing admonition.² Few dared gainsay him, by reason both of his irritable temper and of the thick-skinned insensibility that cased him like armor of proof; and while his pachydermatous nature made him invulnerable as a rhinoceros, he had, at the same time, a rough-and-ready humor that supplied keen weapons for the war of words, and made him a formidable antagonist. This commended him to the rude borderers, who also relished the strong and sulphurous theology of their spiritual dictator, just as they liked the fiery potations that would have scorched more susceptible stomachs. What they did not like was the unconscionable length of his prayers, which sometimes kept them afoot above two hours, and were followed by sermons no less enduring; for the old man's lungs were of leather, and his nerves of hammered iron. Some of the sufferers ventured to remonstrate, but this only exasperated him, till one parishioner, more worldly-wise than the rest, accompanied his modest petition for mercy with the gift of a barrel of cider; after which, it is said, the pastor's ministrations were perceptibly less exhausting than before. He had a restless and eccentric conscience and a highly aggressive sense of duty. Whether from these, or out of an underlying kindness of heart, he was apt to forget that charity begins at home, and sometimes drove his household into vain protest against the excess of his almsgiving. He had a full share of the old Puritan fanaticism, and when he sailed for Louisbourg took with him an axe to hew down the altars of antichrist and demolish his idols.³

Shirley's choice of a commander-in-chief was, perhaps, the best he could have made, as Pepperell joined unusual

his iconoclastic zeal. Deacon John Gray, of Biddeford, wrote to Pepperell: "Oh that I could be with you and dear Parson Moody in that church [at Louisbourg] to destroy the images there set up, and hear the true Gospel of our Lord and Saviour there preached!"

¹ Tradition told me at York by Mr. N. Marshall.

² Lecture of Ralph Waldo Emerson, quoted by Cabot, *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, i. 10.

³ The worthy Moody found sympathizers in
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popularity with as little military incompetence as anybody else who could be had. Popularity was indispensable, and even company officers were appointed with an eye to it. Many of them were well-known men in rustic neighborhoods, who had raised companies in the hope of being commissioned to command them. Others were militia officers recruiting under order of the governor. Thus, John Storer, major in the Maine militia, raised, it is said, in a single day a company of sixty-one, the oldest being sixty years of age, and the youngest sixteen. They formed about a quarter of the fencible population of the town of Wells, one of the most exposed places on the border. Volunteers everywhere offered themselves readily, though the pay was meagre, especially in Maine and Massachusetts, where, in the new provincial currency, it was twenty-five shillings a month, then equal to about fourteen shillings sterling, or less than sixpence a day,¹ the soldier clothing himself and bringing his own gun. A full third of the Massachusetts contingent, or more than a thousand men, is reported to have come from the hardy population of Maine, whose entire fighting force was then but 2855. Perhaps there was not one officer among them whose experience of war extended beyond a militia drill on muster day, and the sham fight that closed the performance, when it generally happened that the rustic warriors were treated with rum at the expense of their captain, to put them in good humor, and so induce them to obey the word of command.

As the three colonies contributing soldiers recognized no common authority nearer than the king, Pepperell received three several commissions as lieutenant-general, — one from the governor of Massachusetts, and the others from the governors of Connecticut and New Hampshire; while Wolcott, com-

mander of the Connecticut forces, was commissioned as major-general by the governors of his own province and of Massachusetts. When the levies were complete, it was found that Massachusetts had contributed about 3200 men, Connecticut 516, and New Hampshire 304 in her own pay, besides 150 paid by her less impoverished neighbor. Rhode Island had lost faith, and disbanded her 150 men; but afterwards raised them again, too late to take part in the siege.

Each of the four New England colonies had a little navy of its own, consisting of from one to three or four small armed vessels; and as privateering — which, where Frenchmen and Spaniards were concerned, was sometimes a euphemism for piracy — was a favorite occupation, it was possible to extemporize an additional force in case of need. For naval commander Shirley chose Captain Edward Tyng, who had lately signalized himself by capturing a French privateer of greater strength than his own. Shirley authorized him to buy for the province the best ship he could find, equip her for fighting, and take command of her. Tyng soon found a brig to his liking on the stocks. She was fitted rapidly for her new destination, changed into a frigate, mounted with twenty-four guns, and named the Massachusetts. The rest of the naval force consisted of the ship *Cæsar*, of twenty guns; a vessel called the Shirley, commanded by Captain Rous, and also carrying twenty guns; another, of the kind called a snow, carrying sixteen guns; one sloop of twelve guns, and two of eight guns each; the Boston Packet, of sixteen guns; two sloops, hired in Connecticut, of sixteen guns each; a privateer of twenty guns, hired in Rhode Island; the government sloop *Tartar*, of the same colony, carrying fourteen carriage guns and twelve swivels; and, says with complacency that the pay of Rhode Island was twice that of Massachusetts.

¹ Gibson, *Journal*, Records of Rhode Island, v. Governor Wanton, of that province,

finally, the sloop of fourteen guns which formed the navy of New Hampshire.

It was said, with apparent reason, that one or two heavy French ships of war — and a squadron of such was expected in the spring — would outmatch the whole colonial navy, and after mastering it would hold all the transports at their mercy; so that the troops on shore, having no means of return and no hope of succor, would be forced to surrender or starve. The danger was real, and Shirley felt the necessity of help from a few British ships. Commodore Peter Warren was then at Antigua with a small squadron. Shirley sent an express boat to him with a letter stating the situation and asking his aid. Warren, who had married an American woman, and who owned large tracts of land on the Mohawk, was known to be a warm friend of the provinces. There is no doubt that he would gladly have complied with Shirley's request, but, when he laid the question before a council of officers, they were of one mind that, unless ordered by the Admiralty, he would not be justified in supporting an attempt made without the king's approval. He therefore saw no choice but to decline. Shirley, fearing that his refusal would be discouraging, kept it secret from all but Pepperell and General Wolcott, or, as others say, Brigadier Waldo. He had written to the Duke of Newcastle, in the past autumn, that Acadia and the fisheries were in great danger, and that ships of war were needed for their protection. On this the duke had written to Warren, ordering him to sail for Boston, and concert measures with Shirley "for the annoyance of the enemy and his Majesty's service in North America." Newcastle's letter reached Warren two or three days after he had sent back his refusal of Shirley's request. Thinking himself now sufficiently authorized to give the desired aid, he sailed at once for Boston with his three ships, the

Superbe, Mermaid, and Launceston. On the way he met a schooner from Boston, and learned from its officers that the expedition had already sailed, on which, detaining the master as a pilot, he changed his course, and made directly for Canseau, the place of rendezvous of the New England fleet; sending orders at the same time by the schooner that any king's ships that might arrive at Boston should immediately join him.

Within seven weeks after Shirley issued his call for volunteers, the preparations were all made and the unique armament was afloat. Transports, such as they were, could be had in abundance; for the harbors of Salem and Marblehead were full of fishing vessels thrown out of employment by the war. These were hired, and insured by the province for the security of the owners. There was a great dearth of cannon. The few that could be had were too light, the heaviest being of twenty-two-pound calibre. New York lent ten eighteen-pounders; but the adventurers looked to the French for their chief supply. A detached work near Louisbourg, called the Grand, or Royal, Battery, was known to be armed with thirty heavy pieces, and it was proposed to capture these and turn them against the town; which, as Hutchinson remarks, was like selling the skin of the bear before catching him.

Clearly the expedition must run for luck against risks of all kinds. Those whose hopes were highest based them on a belief in the direct intervention of Providence; others were sanguine through ignorance and provincial self-conceit. As soon as the troops were embarked Shirley wrote to the ministry what was going on, telling them that, accidents apart, four thousand New England men would land on Cape Breton in April; and that, even if they should fail to capture Louisbourg, he would answer for it that they would lay the town in ruins, retake Canseau, do other good ser-

vice for his Majesty, and then come safe home.¹ On receiving the governor's dispatch, the ministry resolved to aid the enterprise if there should yet be time; and several ships of war were ordered to sail for Louisbourg.

The sarcastic Dr. Douglas, then living at Boston, says that the expedition had a lawyer for contriver, a merchant for general, and farmers, fishermen, and mechanics for soldiers. In fact, there was in it something of the character of broad farce, to which Shirley himself, with all his ability and general good sense, was a chief contributor. He wrote to the Duke of Newcastle that, though the officers were without experience and the men without discipline, he would take care to provide against these defects; meaning that he would give them precise directions how to take Louisbourg. Accordingly he drew up copious instructions to that end. These seem to have undergone a process of evolution, for several distinct drafts of them are preserved.² The complete and final one is among the Pepperell Papers, copied entire in the neat commercial hand of the general himself.³ It seems to assume that Providence would work a continued miracle, and supply the expedition on all occasions with weather suited to its wants. "It is thought," says this singular document, "that Louisbourg may be surprised if they [the French] have no advice of your coming. To effect it you must time your arrival about nine of the clock in

the evening, taking care that the fleet be far enough in the offing to prevent their being seen from the town in the daytime." He then goes on to prescribe how they are to land after dark at a place called Flat Point Cove, in four divisions, three of which are to march forthwith to the back of certain hills west of the town, where two of the three "are to halt and keep a profound silence," the third continuing their march "under cover of the said hills till" they come opposite the Grand Battery, which they are to attack at a concerted signal; while one of the two divisions behind the hills assault the West Gate, and the other follow to support them.

While this is going on, the fourth division are to march with all speed along the shore till they come to a certain part of the town wall which they are to scale; then proceed "as fast as can be" to the citadel and "secure the windows of the governor's apartments." Then follows page after page which must have stricken the general with stupefaction. The rocks, surf, fogs, and gales of that tempestuous coast are left out of the account; and so, too, is the nature of the country, which consists of deep marshes, rocky hills, and hollows choked with evergreen thickets. Yet a series of complex and mutually dependent operations, involving long marches through this rugged and pathless region, was to be accomplished in the darkness of one April night by raw soldiers who knew nothing of the country. This rare speci-

¹ Shirley to Newcastle, 24 March, 1745. The home government was not wholly unprepared for this announcement; Shirley having before reported to it the vote of his Assembly consenting to the expedition. Shirley to Newcastle, 1 February, 1745.

² The first draft is in the manuscript volume lettered on the back "Siege of Louisbourg," in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The paper is entitled *Mem^e for the attacking of Louisbourg this Spring by Surprise*. After giving elaborate instructions for every movement, it goes on to say that, as the surprise may possibly fail, it will be necessary

to send two small mortars and twelve cannon carrying nine-pound balls, "so as to bombard them and endeavour to make Breaches in their walls, and then to storm them." Shirley was soon to discover the absurdity of trying to breach the walls of Louisbourg with nine-pounders.

³ It is printed in the first volume of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Shirley was so well pleased with his plan that he sent it to the Duke of Newcastle, inclosed in his letter of 1 February, 1745. (Public Record Office.)

men of amateur soldiering is partly redeemed by a postscript, in which the governor sets free the hands of his general thus: "Notwithstanding the instructions you have received from me, I must leave you to act, upon unforeseen emergencies, according to your best discretion."

On the 24th of March, the fleet, consisting of about ninety transports escorted by the provincial cruisers, sailed from Nantasket Roads, followed by prayers and benedictions, and also by toasts drunk with cheers in bumpers of rum punch.¹

Francis Parkman.

MY SCHOOLING.

PASSAGES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC FRAGMENT.

UNTIL I was ten years old, I received most of my tuition from my grandfather Freeman.² After breakfast, each morning, he taught my elder brother and sister and me Latin, Greek, and mathematics. I did not know at the time what a wonderful teacher he was. He anticipated, sixty years ago, the best methods of modern instruction. In the first place, he made our studies interesting to us. Next, he removed all un-

necessary difficulties, and required us to learn only what was essential. The Latin grammar which we studied was but twenty or thirty pages in length. It was called Latin Accidence, and contained the parts of speech, the declensions and conjugations, and a few of the principal rules of syntax. The larger grammar was not to be committed to memory, but to be used like a dictionary, for consultation. The more im-

¹ The following extract of a letter of John Payne, of Boston, to Robert Hale, colonel of the Massachusetts regiment from Essex County, while it shows no sign of the prevailing religious feeling, illustrates well the ardor of the New England people for their rash adventure:—

BOSTON, April 24, 1745.

SIR,—I hope this will find you at Louisbourg with a Bowl of Punch a Pipe and a P—k of C—ds in your hand and whatever else you desire. We are very impatiently expecting to hear from you, your Friend Luke has lost several Beaver Hatts already concerning the Expedition, he is so very zealous about it that he has turned Poor Boutier out of his House for saying he believed you would not Take the Place.—Damn his Blood, says Luke, let him be an Englishman or a Frenchman and not pretend to be an Englishman when he is a Frenchman in his heart. If drinking to your success would Take Cape Briton, you must be in Possession of it now, for its a standing Toast. I think the least thing you Military Gent^s can do is to send us some arrack when you take ye Place to celebrate your Victory and not to

force us to do it in Rum Punch or Luke's bad wine or sour cyder.

COLONELL ROBERT HALE.
at (or near) Louisbourg.

I am indebted for a copy of this curious letter to Robert H. Bancroft, Esq., a descendant of Colonel Hale.

² "Almost my first recollection as a child is of one who seemed to me then to be old, who was the friend of us all. In the morning he worked in his garden, and we played by his side; in the forenoon, while he read and wrote, we children studied our lessons under his guidance; as the twilight darkened, he gathered us around him to tell, during successive evenings, the story of Ulysses, of Sir Heron, of Kehama and Thalaba. As we grew older, we learned to understand the quality of his benignity, his generosity, his manly independence, his sagacious wisdom, his purity, humility, and loyalty to all truth and right. Surely those who have come in contact with such an influence may well love to come together, and, for an hour, communicate to each other what they remember of this remarkable life." (J. F. C. at Centennial of James Freeman.)

portant Latin words we learned by heart from a vocabulary, and the more important Greek words from a small book called *Greek Primitives*. Thus provided, we began immediately to translate some interesting story in *Nepos* or *Ovid*. He kept up our interest by talking to us about it, explaining the difficult passages, and, when it was in verse, repeating it so as to bring out the rhythm and melody. When we came to a word we did not understand, he would tell us the meaning, but required us to repeat it again and again till he was sure we remembered it. To those who thought that this method made study too easy, and that it did not discipline the mind, he answered: "The study of a foreign language can never be made too easy. There are always difficulties enough in it. But what mental discipline is there in turning over the pages of a dictionary? I tell these children the meaning of the word, just as the dictionary does, but I save them the time lost in the merely manual operation of turning over the leaves. Real discipline comes to the mind when it acts, not languidly, but with its full energy, and it acts with energy only when it is interested in what it does. Therefore, as soon as I am unable to keep up their interest in what they do, I turn their attention to something else, or send them out to play." The excellence of this method may be seen from the fact that before I was ten years old I had read a good deal of *Ovid*, some *Odes* of *Horace*, a little of *Virgil*, the *Gospel of Matthew* in Greek, and had gone as far as cubic equations in algebra. I also had read through a history of the United States, *Hume's England*, *Robertson's Scotland*, *Ferguson's* and *Gibbon's Rome*. I can repeat to-day, after sixty years, many passages of *Ovid*, and at least three *Odes* of *Horace*, which I committed to memory before I was ten. Nor was I aware that I was doing a great deal, for the study was made almost as entertaining as

play. Problems in arithmetic and algebra were treated as a kind of game. I once met with the word "trigonometry," and asked my grandfather what trigonometry was. "Trigonometry," said he, "is a wonderful science. It is all about triangles." "What is a triangle?" said I. "I will show you," he replied, and proceeded to draw on a slate a number of triangles, showing me that each had three sides and three angles, and explaining that if we knew three of these (one being a side) we could find the other three. He told me that by that law we could tell the distances of the planets and the moon. Then he took me out upon the lawn and showed me a tall tree, and explained how, by trigonometry, I could tell the height of the tree. Thereupon I made myself a little quadrant out of a shingle, and proceeded to measure the height of the trees and houses around me. Though the actual results were probably far from accurate, yet, by this little experiment, I obtained a very clear notion of the great foundation laws of mathematical astronomy. And I learned this in play. Such studies left plenty of time for outdoor exercise. With my brothers and cousins I learned to ride on horseback, with and without a saddle, to swim, to skate, to make bows and arrows and slings, and shoot with them, and to practice all the other athletic sports which boys love. We went to find distant ponds and rivers in which to catch perch and pickerel, and we even rediscovered the speckled trout in some brooks whence they had been thought to have disappeared long before. What happy hours we passed roaming through the woods, clambering over ledges of gray rock, or floating in boats on the omnipresent *Charles River*, which nearly encircled *Newton*! Amid these studies and amusements there was still time enough for reading. First, when young, we had *Miss Edgeworth*; her stories not being bound together under the forbid-

ding title of Parent's Assistant, but in separate tales, each to be read by itself, and read again, — Simple Susan, The Little Merchants, Old Poz, Eton Montem, etc. Then, too, Walter Scott was writing his novels, and whenever a new one appeared it was brought from Boston, and read aloud in the family circle. I recollect that, when *Ivanhoe* came, I eagerly seized it, and became so absorbed in the story of the tournament that I hid under a bed, and refused to hear the call to study till I had seen the Black Knight and *Ivanhoe* triumphant in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche. I still think that there are no novels like those, — so full of character, adventure, picturesque incident, and with such an atmosphere of sunshine and good health throughout. Under that magic pen history became living, and the past was present. We were the Crusaders, we the outlaws, we the hesitating heroes, of the *Waverley* novels, who always seemed in an interesting dilemma, not quite able to decide between the two ways. Each *Waverley* novel was a new joy. And so Scott's poems were full of delight and cheer. Their lyric flow, their manly tone, their generous sentiment, lifted us into a blessed region of ideal beauty. I remember, when I was at the Latin School, I spent my half holiday one Saturday reading *Marmion* for the first time. As the sun was setting I reached the end of the poem, and in the farewell verses read with astonishment these lines: —

"To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task and merry holiday;"

and it seemed as if Scott were close beside me, talking to me in person.

There was an old chestnut-tree in the pasture, in which I had arranged a seat, and there I often sat, surrounded by the thick, shady branches, and read the most interesting books I could discover in my grandfather's library. As this consisted largely of books of theology, Latin and Greek classics, or learned works in Span-

ish, Italian, and Portuguese, I found it difficult to suit myself. There was *Rasselas*, which pretended to be a story, but was only a long string of moralizing. But among some numbers of *The Monthly Anthology* I found the translation, by Sir William Jones, of the Hindoo play *Sakontala*, and there was an old edition of Shakespeare in a number of duodecimo volumes. The tradition in the family was that these volumes came ashore when the English man-of-war *Somerset* was wrecked on Cape Cod. Some of the volumes were missing; but this, on the whole, was an advantage, for it gave a certain aspect of infinity to this author. For aught I knew, there might be a hundred more plays of Shakespeare; and as we think more of the lost books of Tacitus than of those we possess, because the contents of these unread pages fill the imagination with conjectures, so the plays of Shakespeare which I did not have made an ideal penumbra of beauty round those I was reading. There was also a volume of *Elegant Extracts* in verse, by Vicesimus Knox, which contained very good reading. From that volume I learned something of Spenser and Dryden, Swift and Pope. I even found some entertainment in *Bailey's English Dictionary*, which often gave little historic and biographic anecdotes about the words, expatiating in a delightful way while illustrating their meaning. I learned from it a little of everything, and can still repeat the names and descriptions of the "Ten honorable Ordinaries" in heraldry as I there learned them for my amusement. It also contained tables for making Latin hexameters by a mechanical process; and other like matters, which are far below the dignity of a modern dictionary.

I confess to a weakness for such old-fashioned textbooks, which condescend a little to the infirmities of beginners. Schoolbooks now are composed by scholars who wish to show off their learning

to other scholars, and who scorn what is elementary. A school treatise on algebra is composed as if intended for profound mathematicians. A Latin grammar prepared for boys ten years old goes into the mysteries of philology. A new edition of Virgil shows that the editor has ransacked all the studies on etymology and syntax in order to make a show of recondite learning in his footnotes. How much better for boys the old Delphin editions of the classics, which, fortunately for me, were still in use in my days! There the words were arranged in the margin in the order of construction, and the footnotes gave us explanations which made the matter clear; and at the end what a copious index, which gave us words and phrases! Besides this we had other helps, such as the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and for some books an interlined translation. Instead of the modern astronomies, which bristle with mathematical formulas, we had *The Young Gentleman's Astronomy*, in which the author announces that it is written, "not to advance learning, but to assist learners," and boldly declares his intention to begin at the beginning.

The English classics in Dr. Freeman's library were of the Queen Anne era. Thus I became quite familiar with the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and writers of that period. If we had not many books to read, we possessed some of the best. It did us no harm to read over again and again *Paradise Lost*, Pope's *Essay on Man*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Gulliver's Travels*. In my good aunt Sally Curtis's rooms I found some of the novels popular in her time: *Cecilia* and *Evelina*, by Miss Burney; *The Scottish Chiefs*; *Thaddeus of Warsaw*; *Thomson's Seasons*, also; *Falconer's Shipwreck* and *Shenstone's poems*. The poems of *Prior*, *Gay*, and *Peter Pindar* were in the Freeman library, in old editions.

I am glad that I early came to know and love Pope. I obtained his complete

works as a prize when at the Latin School, and in the same way came into possession of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and the poems of *Scott*, *Burns*, and *Cowper*. I am indebted to my aunt Swan for one source of pleasure and culture. When I was a child, recovering from a long illness, she brought to the house, for my amusement, the large engravings from *Hogarth*, and a folio volume of engravings from the *Orleans Gallery*.

The Boston Latin School was the first and only school I ever attended. All my early teaching, as I have said, I received at home; and when I entered the Latin School, at the age of ten, I had already acquired a considerable amount of knowledge under that genial home instruction. Every difficult step had been made so easy for me that I enjoyed reading the pleasant stories of *Ovid*, and even the melodies of *Horace*; and algebra had been a game full of interesting problems, the solution of which gave a thrill of satisfaction. So that I might seem to be thoroughly prepared for the studies of the Latin School. But one thing I had not learned to do: I had not been taught to commit to memory the uninteresting and unintelligible rules, exceptions, notes, and remarks of which the school grammar was full. It was the Latin School system, in those days, to have the first year wholly occupied in committing to memory the most abstract formulas of *Adams's Latin Grammar*. There might be a dull kind of discipline in this, but it was, I think, an injurious one. It was a discipline of the power of cramming the memory with indigestible facts and sounds. It taught us to make a strenuous effort to accomplish a disagreeable task. But is not life full enough of such tasks? Is there ever a day in which we do not have to do them? Why then take the time which might be occupied in learning something interesting and useful in learning as a mere *tour de force* that which we may never

use? It had a benumbing effect on the mind. It stupefied our faculties. It gave a distaste for study. Latin, Greek, and mathematics taught in this way inspired only dislike.

What is mental discipline? Every faculty of body and mind is best disciplined by exercise. Now, only that which we enjoy doing fully exercises our powers. We do disagreeable tasks by a strenuous effort, feebly; we do agreeable ones without an effort, with energy. What greater exercise than playing chess? This tasks observation, memory, foresight, the power of combining means to an end, patient, continued effort. If chess were drudgery, no one could ever do all it requires; but the pleasure which attends it tides us over its difficult mental operations.

The joy which children take in play is an ingenious device by which Mother Nature communicates to them the first and most indispensable knowledge. The playroom and playground are her primary school. There children, intent on ball, top, kite, games of tag, puss in the corner, and so on, are really learning how to exercise their limbs, balance their bodies, quicken their perceptive organs, and learn obedience to the immutable laws of the physical world. While playing they become acquainted with the nature of things, — gravitation, motion in direct lines and curves, the laws of elasticity, action and reaction, equilibrium, friction, and the like. They also learn, by playing in company, how to command and obey, to give up their own wishes for the common good, and to unite with others for a common end. From this varied, delightful, and thorough system of education we take them to a school, and teach them what? The dull memory of words! And we think this is education!

Of course I do not mean that children should spend all their time in play; but I mean that we should study the method of nature, and make what we

call work as interesting as play. It can be made even more interesting.

It was a well-established tradition in our family that the boys should all go to the Boston Latin School. My father went to it; my grandfather Clarke went to it; my grandfather Freeman went to it; and all my brothers, as well as I, went to it: and no doubt, notwithstanding its grievous defects of method, it did us all great good to go there.

First, it taught us social equality. There is no aristocracy in a public school, but the natural leadership of superior ability. The public schools of England have saved the nation from that separation of class from class which has brought revolution to the kingdoms of the Continent. Public schools teach boys the true equality of human beings; not an equality of powers, of function, of position, of possession, but of human and social rights. The young aristocrat, born in the purple, finds he must get the son of a ploughman to help him in his studies; finds himself surpassed in his classes by the son of a poor widow; finds himself on the playground obeying, as his chief, the bright-eyed, quick-footed plebeian who is the natural captain of the little regiment. Thus he learns to subordinate position to faculty, outward rank to native power.

In my division in the Latin School there were the sons of the most eminent citizens, and also of mechanics. They studied, recited, played together, and were thus educated to a true democracy. One of these boys, whose father was a man of limited means, became afterward an eminent engineer. Some forty years after we left the Latin School I happened to meet a relative of his, and asked after my old classmate. "He is chief engineer," she answered, "to the Emperor of Brazil. In his last letter he described a reception he had given at his villa to the Emperor and his court."

On entering the Latin School I was

put into a division of ten or twelve boys in the lowest, or fifth, class, and began to commit to memory the first pages of the Latin grammar. How well I remember the first sentence! "Grammar is the art of speaking and writing correctly."

Having thus defined it as an art, the book went on to teach it as though it were a science. Instead of practical rules and examples of correct and incorrect speech, it gave a minute philological analysis of the linguistic forms. How do children learn to speak their own language? By being taught the difference between a noun and pronoun, an adverb and conjunction? By analyzing language into moods and tenses, number and person? Not at all. They learn by imitation and repetition. They learn thus the use of the most essential words and forms, and come gradually to the less essential. That is, they learn by practice and observation. They first acquire the phrases which are most necessary for common use, and these they retain because they have to use them so often. Their vocabulary extends itself by degrees to an outer circle of less used terms, and so, by regular expansion, they become familiar with all that they need to know.

If grammar be the art of speaking and writing a language correctly, it should follow this method of nature instead of that of the schools. Fortunately, the superstition of grammar is rapidly disappearing. Another superstition remains, however, — that of the dictionary. Sensible and practical teachers are now generally aware that, in learning a language, all the knowledge of grammar needed at first is that of the declensions and conjugations, and a few rules of syntax. Having acquired these, the pupil is to keep his grammar by his side as a book of reference, turning to it when a difficulty appears which he is unable otherwise to remove. He learns his grammar by practical application, and thus

will remember it better. But how about the dictionary?

Great objection is made by teachers to the use of translations. But what mental discipline comes from turning over the pages of a dictionary? Does knowledge enter our minds through the ends of our fingers? Does the mere bodily exercise of thumbing the leaves tend to fix the word in the memory? The dictionary tells the boy the meaning of the term. The translation does exactly the same thing, only saving the time lost in searching for it. A tutor, sitting by his side, if wise, would do the same. The point, in each case, is to have him remember the meaning after he has been told it. That can be accomplished by making him go over his exercise repeatedly till he can remember it, without referring to dictionary, translation, or tutor.

When I entered the Latin School, as I said, I was put into a small class who were set to committing to memory Adams's Latin Grammar. In this exercise I was very imperfect, and I went at once to the foot of the class, and there remained. For it was the custom, and I think it a very good one, to excite the emulation of the boys by having each boy who made a mistake change places with any boy who was below him and could correct him. Thus it happened that the position and rank of the pupil might change several times during a single recitation. At the beginning of each recitation the boys occupied the places they held at the close of the previous one. No record was kept of this rank, and no reward or honor was obtained by it. Thus there was no undue stimulus exercised, and yet enough to arouse the ambition of the scholars. The excitement subsided at the end of each recitation.

From this experimental class the pupils were transferred, according to their apparent merits, into different divisions of the fourth and fifth classes. Finally there remained only one boy beside my-

self who had not been thus transferred. He was John Osborne Sargent, who has since become a distinguished man. He had been always at the head of the class, and I at the foot. To my intense surprise, he and I were both transplanted to a higher position than any of the rest, namely, into the second division of the fourth class. That Sargent should thus be promoted seemed only just, but on what ground was I sent up with him? It looked like pure favoritism. Or did Mr. Gould have prescience by which to discern the result? For no sooner was I thus promoted, and, instead of committing the grammar to memory, set to translating Cornelius Nepos, than I became one of the two best scholars in the class, my companion Sargent being the other. My previous instruction at home began to tell. It had taught me to use my faculties freely; it caused me to take pleasure in my studies. I took great delight in the music of Ovid, which followed Nepos; and when we came to Virgil, the lovely pastoral pictures in the *Eclogues* had a charm which still remains. The *Æneid* I never liked so well. It was very easy reading, but seemed less original and more superficial. The "pius *Æneas*" I thought a cold-blooded humbug, and I think so still. Virgil's heroes are hardly more than lay figures, or shells of men, with no substantial humanity within. What a poor creature is *Æneas* compared with the high-spirited, generous Hector! The episode of *Æneas* and Dido is far inferior to that of Ulysses and Calypso, from which it was copied, and even to the subsequent *replica* of Rinaldo and Armida in Tasso.

There was one book used in the Latin School, when I was there, in which the true method of instruction was fully realized. This was Warren Colburn's *First Lessons in Arithmetic*. It exer-

cised the mind, not the memory; it began with what was easy, and went on to what was difficult; it interested us by perpetual problems, which tasked, but did not tax, the mind. We had not to commit to memory unintelligible rules, but made rules for ourselves as we went on. We never played a game with more pleasure or more excitement than we had in seeing which would be the first to get the answer to a proposed question. Of course, this admirable book was soon banished from the schools by the pedants, who thought that whatever was interesting must be bad. It combined the best training with the best instruction, enabling a boy or girl to solve any mathematical question likely to arise in the business of life. But though it thus fully attained the end of arithmetic, it did not teach the students to call the processes by the old names, and so it was first mutilated, and then very generally discarded.¹

I recollect an incident which illustrates its value. One of the best teachers I ever knew, Francis E. Goddard, of Louisville, Kentucky, had a little boy committed to his care by his father, Mr. Garnet Duncan, of that city. The boy, who has since become somewhat famous as a politician, was walking with his teacher through the main street of Louisville, when they came to a store, in front of which two or three of the principal merchants of the city were engaged in animated discussion. "Here comes Mr. Goddard," said one of them; "let us ask him. We have a mathematical question, which has arisen in the course of our business, which we cannot answer." So he stated the difficulty, and asked Mr. Goddard to write down the problem, take it home, and when he had leisure see if he could solve it. Goddard turned to the little boy by his side, and said, "Here, —, do it in your head."

through the acceptance by other bookmakers of the principles contained in it. — Ed.

¹ Since Dr. Clarke wrote these words, Colburn has been recovering its ascendancy, both through the use of the *First Lessons* itself, and

And the boy gave the right answer on the spot. He had been thoroughly trained in Colburn's First Lessons.

One of the most curious literary perceptions I remember occurred when I was at the Latin School. One of my class, whose father was a highly respectable citizen, but not very wealthy, suddenly appeared to have plenty of money. He would hire horses and take us to drive, and indulge in other expenditures. Years after, he gave me the explanation. John Pierpont had just prepared his reader for schools, called *The First-Class Book*. It was published by William B. Fowle, and had great success. Its selections were far superior to those of any reading-book then extant. The author and publisher had found it very profitable. The boy to whom I refer wrote to Mr. Fowle, in the character of a retired literary gentleman, who did not wish his name to transpire, offering to prepare a companion volume to that of Mr.

Pierpont, containing extracts suitable for declamation. Mr. Fowle answered the letter, saying he would like a specimen of the work, sufficiently copious to enable him to judge of its value. Thereupon my young friend associated a companion with himself, and together they wrote out extracts from speeches, plays, and poems, suitable for elocutionary purposes, and enough in quantity to make the first quarter of the volume. Mr. Fowle accepted the manuscript, and sent his check for I think at least a hundred dollars. They prepared and sent another quarter, and received another hundred dollars. By this time they had become a little careless, and the third quarter was so inferior that Mr. Fowle refused to pay for more, and finished the book himself. But the boys received between them two or three hundred dollars; and I presume that Mr. Fowle never knew who were the compilers of the volume.

James Freeman Clarke.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA.

HIGHER education has long been growing more rational. Yet there is a widespread feeling of discontent with the present ideal of academic culture which sometimes degenerates into downright pessimism. It must be conceded that education costs too much time and too much money for the kind. The college curriculum should be still further transformed in order to bring it into harmony with the requirements of modern life. Our average standard of attainment is very low, and the reason is plain, — we have wasted our resources. But happily we are ceasing to be proud of the fact that we have "four hundred colleges and universities." With us, as in England, the conviction is deepening that the founding of a college is not

necessarily a blessing to the community. Accordingly, the two most recent proposals for university reform have had in view a shortening of the undergraduate course to facilitate an earlier entrance on the professions, and a general elevation of the standard of culture for the whole country through a proper division of labor. The earnest discussion drawn out by President Eliot's recommendation to reduce the course of Harvard to three years has called attention to the arbitrary barriers still set up between the so-called "disciplinary" and the professional studies; while President White's suggestive plan for relegating most of our colleges to the rank of gymnasias, intermediate between the public schools and a small group of real

universities, places before us in unmistakable terms the wastefulness and the inherent vices of petty endowments, — the imperative need of large revenues in order to meet the demands of modern science. But in its details Dr. White's classification is impracticable, it seems to me, because it ignores organic and historical differences in the character of American schools. The smaller colleges and the smaller universities, whether sectarian or secular, whether resting on private endowments or created and supported by the State, will in due time, it is hoped, through a process of evolution, directed by "right reason" and wise "educational effort," take their places in the lower rank assigned them in this scheme. The differentiation of a class or classes of real universities as opposed to a more numerous body of intermediate colleges, frankly acknowledging themselves to be such, will indeed, there is reason to believe, be the result of social evolution. But that evolution must necessarily express, not ignore, the deeper lines of historical development. It must have as its vital principle a powerful social idea, a national sentiment. Now, as a matter of fact, is not such an evolution really in process, — an evolution whose roots are in past generations, which is sustained by national policy, and which needs only more conscious direction to enable it to produce the requisite concentration and a standard of academic culture which shall at any rate prove satisfactory to the people? Such an evolution may be seen, I think, in the rise of a close relation between the State and higher education. I venture to suggest that any hopeful plan for a division of labor among collegiate institutions must begin with the state universities. Even the oldest of these have had but a brief experience; yet so uniform and rapid has been their development that already two facts are plainly revealed: first, the state university is the latest and noblest product of the same

tendency in American thought which has produced the common school; secondly, through its novel and close relation to the State, it has differentiated a distinct organism and a distinct character which entitle it to be regarded as the American type. These propositions will now be discussed in the order named.

I. The rise of a national sentiment and a national policy in favor of the public support of lower education preceded and prepared the way for a like development in case of the higher, and therefore it will be first noticed. The genesis of the American free school system must be sought in the early town records of New England. In the old home, popular education had been looked upon as the proper function of the clergy aided by private benevolence. Neither public nor local taxation was thought of for this purpose. In the New World, the conception of the proper sphere of local and state action was broadened. Just as the celebration of marriage was handed over to the justice of the peace and the probate of wills to the county court, so the supervision of primary and secondary education was taken from the church and vested in the civil community. Before the middle of the seventeenth century the Massachusetts towns were supporting free schools by local rates voted by themselves, and long before the Revolution primary education had been made practically compulsory throughout the greater part of New England. An ordinance of the Dorchester town meeting in 1645 contains all the essential features of our present school district organization. In 1647, the General Court of Massachusetts required every town of fifty families to establish elementary schools; and soon after grammar schools were provided for in larger towns. A great epoch in the history of social progress was thus made when our New England ancestors recognized the support of popular education as the proper function of local government.

The introduction of the school rate as a legitimate item of public taxation deserves a memorable place in American annals. The event is all the more remarkable because it anticipated the development of thought in the mother country by two centuries and a half; for, on account of religious strife and the dread of secularizing education, it was not until 1890 that a general system of free public schools was established in England. Our forefathers, it is true, in this instance, as on some other occasions, builded more wisely than they knew. It was probably not imagined, in 1647, that public education was really being taken out of the hands of the church. Indeed, the primary motive of the Massachusetts statute of that year was to promote religious knowledge, — to circumvent the wiles of "yt ould deluder Satan," and prevent the true sense of Scripture from being "clouded by false glosses of saint seeming deceivers." But before the Revolution the theory of state support of popular education was consciously accepted, with a good understanding of its inevitable consequences. It is difficult to exaggerate the gift of New England to the American people; for though elsewhere, in the middle colonies and in the South, free public schools were planted, and sometimes were encouraged by legislation, to the New England colonies chiefly is due the honor of having created an American system of secular common schools, and of having fostered into vigorous life the American political sentiment that the State should educate her children as a safeguard to herself. With the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787 this idea found expression as a distinct policy, which has been acted on consistently ever since. Not only does the compact declare that in the territory northwest of the Ohio "schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged;" but already in the Ordinance of 1785, for the survey and sale of Western lands, it had

been provided that lot number sixteen in every township should be reserved for the support of public schools. A similar provision was made in the grant to the Ohio Company in 1787. Here also Congress, like the Puritans of 1647, did not fully appreciate the importance of its acts. Dr. Knight has shown that the gift of Congress "was not made with the sole thought of promoting education," but rather was wrung from it, as a necessary inducement to customers in the sale of Western lands. Nevertheless, a national policy was established. Every State since admitted into the Union has received one or two sections in each township for the support of common schools. Thus the national government joins hands with the State, and the State with the local communities, in the support of popular education. The common school as a political institution is already thoroughly affiliated with other members of the social body. It no longer sustains merely a relation to the social organism; it has become a part of it. It is a township in miniature, whose meeting votes taxes and makes by-laws as naturally as does the town meeting itself. Apparently, it is nearly as well grounded as if, like the township, its roots were planted in the ancient German forest. So firmly has the idea of a completely secularized public school laid hold of popular sentiment that any sectarian attack upon it is sure to call forth general and indignant resistance, as an assault on one of the most sacred of American principles.

The secularization of higher education has been a matter of much slower growth, and the causes are not far to seek. In method, organism, and sometimes in spirit, the foundations of the colonial era were reproductions of Cambridge or Oxford colleges. The principal defects of the English system were perpetuated. The English universities were modeled directly upon the University of Paris, and therefore were domi-

nated by monastic traditions. They were state institutions placed in subordination to a church establishment. Most of the early American colleges were intended practically to be the same. In fact, if not always in theory, they represented the union of church and state. They were created primarily to provide a learned ministry, and next for the general public good. The idea of the age is well expressed in the charter of Yale, whose foundation was entrusted by the Assembly to ten "reverent ministers of the gospel" who, out of their "zeal for the upholding and propagating of the Christian protestant religion, by a succession of learned and orthodox men," had petitioned for the establishment of a school in which youth may be "fitted for publick employments both in church and civil state." Thus the ecclesiastical tradition, though weakened, entered into the life of the American college, — the idea of a necessarily close relationship between the professorial and the priestly office; and this tradition has been very difficult to overcome. The narrow sphere assigned to higher education in the early college is also a part of our English heritage. Divinity, mathematics, and the dead languages — the principal elements of the traditional "classic" course, until a few years since the only honorable part of our curriculum — were the chief subjects of study. A premium was put upon the acquisition of Latin and Greek at the expense of the mother tongue. In short, from the English universities of the seventeenth century — then just entering upon that era of decline which reached its lowest point in the time of Gibbon and Adam Smith — we have inherited that mediæval spirit which has prevented our schools from entering into their proper relations to society. Still, the germs of our present system of state schools were planted in the colonial period. In nearly every instance the college was aided by the legislature,

through taxation, exemptions, grants of land, and appropriations of money. Harvard, in particular, was in all these ways drawn into close connection with the State. Indeed, before the Revolution, she appears to represent the nearest approach to the modern idea of a state college. Fortunately, also, her charter was surprisingly liberal. It contained neither sectarianism nor dogma. By it the college was not placed in dependence on the Puritan clergy. So that Harvard, without violating the letter of her charter, has at last become a foremost leader in the secularization of American culture; and in these days, naturally enough, like the state university, she has to endure the assaults of sectarianism on the alleged ground of irreligion.

The colonial era was therefore a time of preparation; but the conception of the completely secularized state university did not yet exist. Its rise was made certain by that event, so full of significance for the entire institutional history of this country, to which I have already referred, the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787. Ten days after that instrument had declared the encouragement of education to be a public trust, two townships were reserved by Congress, in the grant to the Ohio Company, for the endowment of a "literary institution," to be applied to the intended object by the legislature of the State. Soon after, a third township was set apart for a similar purpose in the Symmes tract. Thus was the first step taken in the development of a national policy. Tennessee and every State admitted into the Union since 1800, except Maine and West Virginia, which had no public lands, and Texas, which was abundantly able to take care of herself, have received two or more townships for the endowment of higher education. To these so-called "seminary" grants many flourishing institutions owe their origin.

A second and more important step

was taken in 1862. By the Morrill act of that year, one of the noblest monuments of American statesmanship, every State is given thirty thousand acres of land "in place," or its equivalent in "scrip," for each of its Senators and Representatives in Congress, for the purpose of endowing "at least one college, where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, . . . in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." Here the central thought is utility, to do something for society which the existing colleges are not doing. In his own words, the fundamental idea of Senator Morrill was to assist "those much needing higher education for the world's business." This magnificent gift has been the means of aiding about fifty colleges and universities; and of these, according to Professor Blackmar, at least thirty-three were called into existence by it. Moreover, it is strong evidence that the educational policy of the national government is gaining popular sanction that Congress has felt justified in supplementing the gift of 1862 by two later endowments. The Hatch bill of 1887 gives to each State fifteen thousand dollars a year, for the purpose of establishing "experiment stations" in connection with the colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts; and the act is especially noteworthy as a legislative attempt on a wide scale to render science useful to the people. Already many stations have been organized and much good work has been done. Thus, not only is an organized host of trained scientists led to extend helping hands to every branch of agricultural industry, but the influence of all this new activity on the general academic life is stimulating in a high degree. Finally, by

the Morrill act of 1890, each State is granted an additional sum of fifteen thousand dollars, to be increased until the annual amount reaches twenty-five thousand dollars, to further the general educational objects of the endowment of 1862.

Here, then, is a fact of the greatest historical significance. Almost before society is aware of it there has come into existence an American system of public universities, at once the complement and the crown of an American system of public schools. In its creation, as in the creation of the latter, the State has joined hands with the nation. The gifts of Congress have been administered solely by the State, which, be it well noted, has supplemented them by liberal taxation and generous appropriations. In the West and Southwest, which have profited both by the seminary and agricultural grants, the state university is already the great educational fact, the educational heart, of the community. In its history, if I read the signs of the times aright, is involved the history of higher education in the United States.

II. If we now fix our eyes on the six or eight foremost schools of the Northwest, whose development has been guided mainly by the University of Michigan, — not forgetting that some of our best institutions elsewhere, from Vermont to the Carolinas, are state schools, — we shall see that the differentiation of the state university has been determined by its peculiar relation to society. Governed usually by a board of regents, whose members are either appointed by the governor or elected by popular vote, organized under the laws of the State, often dependent on the legislature for present means of support, it touches the general body politic at every point, and its pulse beats in sympathy under every influence which affects the commonwealth for good or ill. It is in an important sense itself a political body, and in this fact lies its permanent strength, and

sometimes its temporary weakness. Thus its growth has been retarded by a lack of public sympathy. In 1787 it was the zeal of Pickering, Cutler, and their associates which forced the adoption of the new educational policy upon a reluctant Congress. Thought was in process of transition. It was dimly foreseen that the proposed seminaries must be secular schools; hence, in the case of Ohio, religion received a separate endowment; and even this experiment was not repeated. But the growth of a popular sentiment in favor of the state university was long hindered by two powerful forces. One was the tradition that religious instruction ought always to constitute an essential part of higher education; and this idea was not weakened by the dread of rivalry on the part of the private colleges. A second influence was the belief, also a survival, that higher education is a luxury for wealth and leisure to enjoy, not a necessity of life for the industrial and political callings. There are still men of culture and liberal views, warm friends of the free school, who are opposed, on principle, to the public maintenance of higher education. The writer has known the support of the state university to be seriously imperiled, and even its accumulated revenue partially withheld, on this ground; with how little justification will, it is hoped, presently be made clear. Public apathy and lack of foresight have had their worst consequences in the management of the "seminary" lands. The pitiful tale has been twice told, and need not be repeated. Suffice it to say that Ohio, after a century, receives from her sixty-nine thousand acres the wretched pittance of some thirteen thousand dollars a year. Indiana has fared a little better. Illinois simply flung her lands away at one dollar and a quarter an acre, and then for nearly thirty years her legislature misappropriated the slender income of the fund to other uses in order to decrease taxation.

In this case, at least, the jealousy of private colleges was in part responsible for the selfish course pursued. Wisconsin has been the rival of Illinois in bad management. Her endowment was squandered chiefly as an inducement to immigration. It reveals the state of public sentiment that some of her lands were offered by the legislature at a less minimum price than that for which the common school lands at the same time were sold. Even those States which, like Michigan, Minnesota, and Nebraska, have been most prudent in the management of their endowments have come far short of an ideal policy; and this applies also to the grant of 1862. Everywhere the heritage of posterity has been discounted. Wherever practicable, all college lands remaining unsold should at once be taken from the market and leased, subject to reappraisal at short intervals. Moreover, a second serious error has been committed. In several cases, instead of using the proceeds of all the government grants for the endowment of one institution, two or more schools have been established. This is a wasteful policy, a repetition of the disastrous blunder of the religious denominations. The income from all the national gifts, however liberally supplemented by taxation and special appropriations, can never become a dollar too much for the support of one real university. Other things being equal, those States which, like Nebraska, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, have centralized their resources in the upbuilding of a single institution have the most prosperous future before them.

It was inevitable that the state university, like the public school, should become thoroughly secularized. Formal religious instruction has no place in an institution supported by general taxation. Yet a principle which seems so clear to the impartial judgment and so entirely in harmony with American ideas has been by no means silently

admitted. On the contrary, in more than one instance its acceptance has been gained only after years of bitter controversy, and then under protest. In fact, the state university is still assailed by sectarianism with stock charges of irreligion and immorality. Nevertheless, it is evident that Christian influences prevail in the academic life. Probably in every faculty the great majority of the instructors are church members; and they are often acknowledged leaders in the work of their respective denominations. Active Christian associations are everywhere maintained by the young men and women. In Ann Arbor, guilds for "religious and social culture," composed chiefly of university students, have been organized within the various churches. Theoretically it seems clear that the moral tone of the state university will remain in harmony with that of a society whose cardinal principle is entire separation of church and state. There must be full toleration. Hence religious tests in appointments have been abandoned by the foremost institutions. There are thoughtful men who believe that the moral atmosphere has become purer as the secularization has become more complete. Various influences, however, have coöperated to this end. No competent observer can doubt for an instant that the modern revolution in academic methods has effected a revolution for good in academic morality. Manliness, sincerity, and conscientiousness are the legitimate fruits of the present way of "teaching by investigation." The spirit of comparative science is more likely to foster honesty and truthfulness than is a regimen of conduct, and the laboratory is the best academic police system ever invented. Beyond question, the state university is a great moral power in the community. Nay, though the statement may prove startling to some, she tends in various ways to exert a salutary influence on the denominational schools. As

she grows in strength and prestige her methods are imitated, and she becomes a standing rebuke to show and pretense, the vices to which the weaker colleges are particularly exposed, and to which they sometimes succumb.

But there are certain features of her policy which may have much to do with determining the moral character of the state university. Of these the most important is coeducation. It was perhaps to be expected in the democratic West that women should enjoy the same privileges as men in schools sustained by the public bounty. Yet it was not until 1870 that the University of Michigan ventured to open her doors to both sexes on equal terms. Her example has been followed by every state university in the West, and by most of the denominational schools. It would doubtless be rash, at so early a day, to predict the ultimate consequences of coeducation. It may, however, be stated that, in the opinion of almost every Western educator qualified by experience to form a judgment, its present results are good, and it is likely to remain a permanent element of public education.

Finally, it may be mentioned that the dormitory does not generally flourish in connection with the state universities. With the abandonment of this survival of the ancient English "halls" and "hostels," the problem of discipline is greatly simplified. Hazing and vandalism are seldom seen in the West. There is little dissipation. The student, while devoting himself mainly to the special objects of his academic life, remains a member of the social body. He strives to put away childish things, and does not forget that his chief business is to prepare himself for the performance of social duty. He learns that the best way to fit himself for active life is to remain a part of it. There really does not appear to be any good reason for lamenting the decay of those much-lauded associations which college life in community is said to fos-

ter. With that other fond superstition, "class spirit," let this one also be relegated speedily to its proper place among the traditions of the past; for is not the development of a healthy civic sentiment a far nobler object of university education? It may prove also that the weakening of the somewhat artificial bond of the class leads to the strengthening of those more natural affiliations which exist wherever there is a freer commonalty.

In the evolution of her educational policy, the state university has from the very beginning looked to Germany for guidance. Only in that nation did there exist a state system of higher education which could be studied with profit. By a fortunate circumstance, the University of Michigan was brought directly under the influence of German ideas at the time of her organization, in 1837, through the adoption by the legislature of a report of Mr. J. D. Pierce, superintendent of public instruction, who had made a careful study of the Prussian schools. But there has been no servile imitation. Outwardly, the state university, with its group of separately organized schools, colleges, or departments, each comprising a constantly increasing number of parallel courses, follows in broad outline the German model. German methods have been adapted to American conditions, while the vitalizing influence of the free spirit of German inquiry is a safe guarantee that a worthy standard of culture will be attained. Indeed, the rapid growth of some, even of the younger, state universities in recent years is very largely due to the extraordinary number of their professors who have received their training at Leipzig, Berlin, or some sister school. Nevertheless, the founding of a state university has usually been no easy task. The problem of administration, in particular, has often, in the formative period, been the source of much misdirected effort and unseemly strife. Briefly stated, the fundamental

reason therefor is failure to appreciate the really public character of such an institution. Very naturally, the influence of the old denominational college, with its narrow range of prescribed studies and its ecclesiastical traditions, has perpetuated itself in the faculties and governing bodies. Modern science and specialization have come tardily, under pressure of public criticism. Slowly it has become clear that the state university professor holds a novel position. He stands in full view of a public which pays his salary, and is therefore little disposed to show indulgence for pedantry or incapacity. To be really successful, he must be a man of broad sympathies and lofty ideals; he must keep in touch with humanity.

The state university cannot be said to have been very fortunate in the matter of the chief executive. Many a man of culture and good intentions has failed in the president's chair, because he has been unable to rid himself of old ideals and adapt himself to new conditions. It has been impossible for him to perceive that, in a state university, professor, president, and regent hold each a public office which must be recognized. Hence he has played the part of "universal doctor," which is incompatible with modern specialization, and leads to insincerity; or that of autocrat, which is an encroachment on the functions both of faculty and regents, and leads to revolution. Public sentiment in the West seems to favor a strong executive. But the old notion that the president should be "chief educator" is happily passing away. It is beginning to be realized that what is needed in the executive, at any rate in the present phase of state universities, is not profound learning, but administrative skill and capacity for public affairs. In short, the office of university president is becoming a business profession, in which only he who is specially fitted for it by nature or by training need hope for success. The University of Michigan

has had her full share of trouble, but the remarkable development of the last twenty years is owing largely to the fact that she has had at the helm a man able to grasp the idea of the American state university. Under his guidance the institution has kept pace with social progress. To her is due in no small measure the liberalization of higher education in the United States. She has been a pioneer in various important reforms which have eventually found their way into other Western schools, sometimes into those beyond the Alleghanies; and during the past two decades has been developed the system of accredited high schools, by which students are admitted to the University on diploma. This has already been carried from Michigan into several other States; and it is a fact of great historical interest, for thus the American public school and the American public university have joined hands. In consequence, the latter is already taking deeper hold on the affections of the people; and this result seems likely to be furthered by the movement for "university extension," already promising so well in Wisconsin.

One important element of a real university is inherent in the very nature of a university supported by the State; she must, when fully developed, aim at the *universitas* of knowledge; for her curriculum must satisfy the demands of a complex and progressive society, whose creature she is. First of all, a helping hand must be extended to the industries. The natural and physical sciences hold, and must continue to hold, a very high place in the academic life. Costly laboratories filled with expensive appliances are rapidly appearing. These challenge public appreciation, and money therefor is freely supplied. Nor are studies sometimes regarded as less practical neglected. Classical and modern philology have found a congenial home in the West. Sanskrit has gained zealous votaries beyond the Missouri. There, also, a lab-

oratory of psycho-physics has just been erected by a disciple of Wundt. Colleges of medicine and law are likewise coming in response to popular demand. For in few things is the State more deeply concerned than in the growth of medical science; and in an age of social revolution, when every part of our legal and constitutional system is being probed to the bottom, when legislation is resorted to more and more as a healing for every public ill, real or imaginary, the State surely has urgent need of an educated bar as a safeguard to herself.

But in no way does the state university discharge her public trust more faithfully than in the study of those questions which directly concern the life and structure of our social organization. Administration, finance, constitutional history, constitutional law, comparative politics, railroad problems, corporations, forestry, charities, statistics, political economy, — a crowd of topics, many of which, a few years ago, were unheard of in the schools, are being subjected to scientific treatment. Unless I greatly misapprehend the nature of the crisis which our nation has reached, it is in the absolute necessity of providing the means of instruction in these branches that we may find a very strong, if not unanswerable, argument in favor of the public support of higher education. The bare statement of several well-known facts will enable us to understand the crisis of which I speak.

We have fairly entered upon the third great phase of our national development. The first phase closed with the Revolutionary War and the birth of the nation. The second was the creation and settlement of the Constitution, terminating with the civil war and the reestablishment of self-government in the South. During this period our material resources were explored, population and wealth increased, and society became complex. We now find ourselves face

to face with the momentous and difficult questions of administration. Henceforth the State must concern herself with the economics of government and with the pathology of the social organism. The fact is that in the science of administration, municipal, state, or central, we are as a nation notoriously ignorant. Beguiled by the abundance of our resources, we have allowed ourselves to become awkward and wasteful in nearly every department. But the growing discontent and misery of the people admonish us that the time for reform has come. Hereafter taxation and finance, the tariff and corporations, labor and capital, social evils and the civil service, must absorb the attention of statesmen. Now, all these things are precisely the problems which can be solved successfully only by specialists. No amount of experience or general information will enable the legislator who does not know how to gather and classify social and economic facts, or at least who does not comprehend the nature of the evidence afforded by such facts, to frame wise or even safe laws on these subjects. In future, only men carefully trained in the schools can safely be placed at the head of state departments. Yet as a matter of fact the ignorance of the average American law-maker in statistical, administrative, economic, and political science is incredibly profound. How really formidable is the danger which threatens us on account of unskillful tinkering with the delicate mechanism of society we cannot fail in some measure to appreciate when we reflect that the biennial volume of legislative enactments is constantly being enlarged; while at the same time a greater and greater portion of such enactments relates to what has hitherto been regarded as the proper sphere of individual liberty, to the most complex interests of commerce and other industries. Undoubtedly there is a growing tendency, for good or ill, to extend the domain of state interference and reg-

ulation. The State, therefore, has urgent need of citizens carefully trained in the science of politics. If she be justified in the maintenance of common schools, in order that every man may be fitted for the intelligent use of the ballot, she is also justified in the support of higher education, for her very existence may depend upon it. This may prove to be the safeguard of our republic. Indeed, it would seem that the statesmanship of the future must proceed from the school of political science. To study society itself, to afford the most ample means for the acquirement of a thoroughly scientific political education in every department, is the primary duty, the highest office, of the state university.

Such, then, is the tendency of American public education. Surely the outlook is full of promise. I do not believe that in the end the ideal of culture will be lowered by a too fierce utilitarianism. True, a new standard of culture may be established, one which shall adjust itself from generation to generation, according to the conceptions of an advancing civilization; and a new definition of culture may be constructed, one which shall embrace the industries and the mechanic arts. This will be well. It is no longer safe to set up an aristocracy of studies. From Germany even now comes the cry of over-education. An "educated proletariat," we are assured, is seriously threatening the security of the State. It behooves us well to heed the warning.

It seems probable, from what has been said, that the work of higher education in this country will in future be divided among three classes of institutions whose differentiation is well under way. From a national point of view, the group of state universities appears to be most important; for eventually nearly every new State, as well as some of the original thirteen, will have a university which, as a rule, will outrank every other school within its borders. Here there can be

no fixed or arbitrary standard of admission. The opportunities for continuation of study may indeed be very large; but the state university must begin where the average high school leaves off. There will also be a small group of richly endowed private foundations, situated principally in the older States. For these the minimum requirement may safely remain very high; and, from present indications, they will tend more and more to restrict their activity to graduate instruction. They will offer the best opportunity for specialization and the pursuit of culture for its own sake. There remains the formidable body of denominational colleges, having for the most part very slender resources, and consequently a very low average standard of attainment. For this class centralization is urgently needed; and it seems as if it were likely to be realized through the sharp rivalry of the universities. The first result of that rivalry is very suggestive. The denominational schools are

themselves becoming secularized. The appointment of a layman as president of Amherst, of another as president of the Northwestern University at Evanston, and the choice of laymen as trustees of the new Baptist University of Chicago have recently attracted public attention as striking illustrations of this fact. Again, it is unquestionably true that leading churchmen are more keenly alive than ever before to the need of consolidation. There are indications of a movement in this direction which may become general. Already in some instances weak colleges have been discontinued, in order to build up strong central institutions. Without doubt these tendencies will receive the hearty encouragement of all thoughtful men. So it may happen in time that we shall have a class of good intermediate colleges; while many foundations now bearing the name of college or university may be abolished, or relegated to the rank of training schools.

George E. Howard.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XXII.

I CLOSE MY BOOK.

By the rarest good fortune my grandmother started that afternoon for a visit to an old friend at the seashore, and, in the mild excitement of her departure, I do not think she noticed anything unusual in my demeanor.

"And so your amanuensis has left you?" she remarked, as she was eating a hasty luncheon. "Sister Sarah stopped for a moment and told me so. She said there was another one ready to take the place, if you wanted her."

I tried to suppress my feelings, but I must have spoken sharply.

"Want her!" I exclaimed. "I want none of her!"

My grandmother looked at me for a moment.

"I shall be sorry, Horace," she said, "if you find that the sisters do not work to suit you. I hoped that you might continue to employ them, because the House of Martha is at such a convenient distance, and offers you such a variety of assistance to choose from, and also because you would contribute to a most worthy cause. You know that all the money they may make is to go to hospitals and that sort of thing."

"I was a little afraid, however," she continued, after a pause, "that the sister you engaged might not suit you. She

was so much younger than the others that I feared that, away from the restraints of the institution, she might be a little frivolous. Was she ever frivolous?"

"Not in the least," I answered; "not for an instant."

"I am very glad to hear that," she remarked,—"very glad indeed. I take an interest in that sister. Years ago I knew her family, but that was before she was born. I remember that I was intending to speak to you about her, but in some way I was interrupted."

"Well," I asked, "tell me now, who is she?"

"She *is*," said my grandmother, "Sister Hagar, of the House of Martha. She *was* Sylvia Raynor, of New Haven. I think that in some way her life has been darkened. Mother Anastasia takes a great interest in her, and favors her a good deal. I know there was opposition to her entering the House, but she was determined to do it. You say you are not going to engage another sister? Who is to be your amanuensis?"

"No one," I answered. "I shall stop writing for the present. This is a very good time. I've nearly reached the end of—a sort of division of the book."

"An excellent idea," said my grandmother, with animation. "You ought to go to the sea or the mountains. You have been working very hard. You are not looking well."

"I shall go, I shall go," I answered quickly; "fishing, probably, but I can't say where. I'll write to you as soon as I decide."

"Now that is very pleasant," said my grandmother, as she rose from the table, "very pleasant indeed; and if you write that you will be away fishing for a week or two, I shall stay at the Bromleys' longer than I intended,—perhaps until you return."

"A week or two!" I muttered to myself.

Walkirk had sharper eyes than those of my grandmother. I am sure that when he came that evening he saw immediately that something was the matter with me,—something of moment. He was a man of too much tact to allude to my state of mind; but in a very short time I saved him all the trouble of circumspection, for I growled out that I could not talk about travels at present, and then told him that I could not write about them, either, for I had lost my secretary. His countenance exhibited much concern.

"But you can get another of the sisters," he said.

What I replied to this I do not remember, but I know I expressed myself so freely, so explicitly, and with such force that Walkirk understood very well that I wanted the secretary I had lost, that I wanted none other, and that I wanted her very much indeed. In fact, he comprehended the situation perfectly.

I was not sorry. I wanted somebody to whom I could talk about the matter, in whom I could confide. In ten minutes I was speaking to Walkirk in perfect confidence.

"But you can't do anything," said he, when there came a pause. "This is a case in which there is nothing to do. My advice is that you go away for a time, and try to get over it."

"I am going away," I replied.

"You could do nothing better," Walkirk remarked. "I am altogether in favor of that, although of course such counsel is against my own interests."

"Not at all," said I, catching his meaning, "for I shall take you with me."

After a considerable pause in the conversation Walkirk inquired if I had decided where I would go.

"No," I answered, "that is your affair. My desire is to get away from every place where there is any chance of seeing a woman. I wish to obliterate from my mind all idea of the female

human being. In fact, I think I should like to take lodgings near a monastery, and have the monks come and write for me, — a different one every day."

Walkirk smiled. "Since you wish me to select your retreat," he said, "I am bound to have an opinion regarding it. I might advise a visit to the Trappists of Kentucky, or to some remote fishing and hunting region; but it strikes me that a background made up of exclusive association with men would be very apt to bring out in strong relief any particular female image which you might have in your mind. I should say that the best way of getting rid of such an image would be to merge it in a lot of other female images."

"Away with the idea!" I cried. "Walkirk, I will neither merge nor relieve. I will go with you to some place where we shall see neither men nor women; where we can hunt, fish, sail, sleep, read, smoke, and banish the world. I don't wish you to take a servant. We can do without service, and if necessary I can cook. I put the whole matter in your hands, Walkirk, and when you have decided on our destination let me know."

The next afternoon Walkirk found me at my club in the city, and informed me that he had selected a place which he thought would suit my purposes.

"No people?" I asked.

"None but ourselves," replied he.

"Very good," said I. "When can we start?"

"I shall be ready to-morrow afternoon," he answered, "and will call for you at your house."

XXIII.

RACKET ISLAND.

We traveled all night, and early in the morning alighted at a small station, on the shore of a broad bay. Here we found moored a cat-rigged sailboat, of

which Walkirk took possession, and we stowed therein the valises, guns, and fishing tackle which we had brought with us. I examined the craft with considerable interest. It was about twenty feet long, had a small cabin divided into two compartments, and appeared to be well stocked with provisions and other necessities.

"Is it to be a long cruise?" I said to Walkirk; "and do you know how to sail a boat?"

"With this wind," he answered, "we should reach our destination in a couple of hours, and I consider myself a very fair skipper."

"Up sail, then," I cried, "and I am not in the least hurry to know where I am going."

Walkirk sailed a boat very well, but he did it in rather an odd way, as if he had learned it all out of a book, and never had handled a tiller before. I am not a bad amateur sailor myself, but I gave no consideration to the management of our craft. Walkirk had said that he knew where he was going, and was able to sail there, and I left the matter entirely to him; and whether or not this were his first essay in sailing, in due time we ran upon a low beach, and he exclaimed:—

"Here we are!"

I rose to my feet and looked about me. "Now, then," said I, "I shall ask you, where are we?"

"This is Racket Island," he replied, "and as soon as we get the boat pulled up and the sail down I will tell you about it."

"Racket Island," said Walkirk, a short time afterwards, as we stood together on a little sandy bluff, "was discovered two years ago by me and a friend, as we were sailing about in this bay. I suppose other people may have discovered it before, but as I have seen no proof of this I am not bound to believe it. We named it Racket Island, having found on the beach an old tennis

racket, which had been washed there by the waves from no one knows where. The island is not more than half a mile long, with a very irregular coast. The other end of it, you see, is pretty well wooded. We stayed here for three days, sleeping in our boat; and so far as solitude is concerned, we might as well have been on a desert island in the midst of the Pacific. Now I propose that we do the same thing, and stay for three days, or three weeks, or as long as you please. This is the finest season of the year for camping out, and we can moor the boat securely, and cook and sleep on board of it. There is plenty of sand and there is plenty of shade, and I hope you will like it."

"I do!" I cried. "On Racket Island let us settle!"

For two days I experienced a sort of negative enjoyment. If I could not be at home dictating to my late secretary, or, better still, looking at her, as she sat close to the grating, reading to me, this was the next best thing I could do. I could walk over the island; I could sail around it; I could watch Walkirk fish; I could lie on the sand, and look at the sky; and I could picture Sylvia with her hair properly arranged, and attired in apparel suited to her. In my fancy I totally discarded the gray garb of the sisters of the House of Martha, and dressed my nun sometimes in a light summer robe, with a broad hat shading her face, and again in the richest costumes of silks and furs. Sometimes Walkirk interrupted these pleasant reveries, but that, of course, was to be expected.

In several directions we could see points of land, but it did not interest me to know what these were, or how far away they were. Walkirk and I had Racket Island to ourselves. My grandmother was happy with her friends, and where the rest of the world happened to stow themselves I did not care. Several times I said this to myself, but it

was a mistake. I cared very much where Sylvia stowed herself. Philosophize as I might, I thought of her continually in that doleful House of Martha; and as I thought of her there I cried out against the shortcomings of civilization.

We had pitched a small tent in the shelter of a clump of trees on the higher part of the island; and near this, on the morning of our third day, I was sitting, smoking, and trying the effect of Sylvia's face under a wide black hat heavy with ostrich plumes, when Walkirk approached me, carrying a string of freshly caught fish.

"I am sorry to say," said he, "that in coming here to escape the society of women we have made a failure, for one of them is sitting on the beach, on the other side of the island."

I sprang to my feet with an abrupt exclamation.

"How did the woman get here?" I cried. "I thought this place was deserted."

"It is; I know every inch of it. No one lives here, but this female person came in a small sailboat. I saw it tied up, not far from where she is sitting."

"If women come here," I said, "I want to go, and you may as well get ready to leave."

"I think," remarked Walkirk, "that it would be well not to be in too great a hurry to leave. I know of no place where we are less likely to be disturbed, and so long as these dry nights continue there can be no pleasanter camping place. She may now be sailing away, and the chances are we shall never see her again."

"I'll go and look into the matter," said I.

I walked over the ridge of the little island, and soon caught sight of a female figure sitting on the sandy beach. Near by was the boat which Walkirk had mentioned. As soon as I saw her I stopped; but she must have heard my

approach, for she turned toward me. I had come merely to make an observation of her, but now I must go on. As I approached her I turned as if I were about to walk along the shore, and as I passed her I raised my hat. She was a lady of middle age, of a reddish blonde complexion, and her hair was negligently put up under a plain straw hat. Her large blue eyes, her slightly uplifted brows, and the general expression of her rather thin face gave me the idea that she was a pleasantly disposed woman, who was either very tired or not in good health.

"Good-morning, sir," she said. "On desert islands, you know, people speak to each other without ceremony."

I stopped, and returned her salutation. "Excuse me," I remarked, "but this does not seem to be a desert island. May I be permitted to ask if it is a place of much resort?"

"Of course you may," she answered. "People sometimes come here; but would you like it better if they did not? You need not answer; I know you would."

This was a very free and easy lady, but if she liked that mood it suited me very well.

"Since you will have it," I replied, "I will admit I came here because I thought my companion and I would have the island to ourselves."

"And now you are disappointed," she said, with a smile.

She was surely a person of very pleasant humor.

"Good lady," said I, "you must not corner me. I came here because I thought it would be a good place in which to stop awhile and grumble undisturbed; and as you say it is proper to be unceremonious, may I ask how you happen to be here, and if you sail your boat yourself?"

"I am here," she answered, "because I like this island. I take an interest in it for two reasons: one is that it is a

good island, and the other is that I own it."

"Really!" I exclaimed, in sudden embarrassment, "you must pardon me! I assure you I did not know that."

"Don't apologize," she said, raising her hand. "Scarcely any one knows, or at least remembers, that I own this island. I bought it a good many years ago, intending to build upon it; but it was considered too remote from the mainland, and I have established a summer home on the island which you can just see, over there to the west; so this island is perfectly free to respectable seekers after solitude or fish. I may add that I do not sail my boat, but came here this morning with my brother and another gentleman. They have now gone up the beach to look for shells."

"Madam," said I, "I feel that I am an intruder; but to assure you that I am a respectable one, allow me to introduce myself," and I presented my card.

"No, thank you," she replied, with a smile, as she gently waved back my card; "we don't do that sort of thing here; as far as possible we omit all ordinary social customs. We come here to rid ourselves, for a time, of manners and customs. My other island is called the 'Tangent,' because there we fly off from our accustomed routine of life. We dress as we please, and we live as we please. We drop all connection with society and its conventions. We even drop the names by which society knows us. I am known as the 'Lady Who Sits on the Sand,' commonly condensed to the 'Sand Lady.' My brother, who spends most of his time in his boat, is the 'Middle-Aged Man of the Sea,' and his scientific friend is the 'Shell Man.' When we have stayed on the Tangent as long as the weather and our pleasure induce us, we return to our ordinary routine of life. Now, if you have any title which is characteristic of you, I shall be glad to hear it, as well as that

of your companion. We consider ourselves capable of forming unbiased opinions in regard to what is generally known as respectability."

It struck me as a very satisfactory thing to look upon this pleasant lady solely and simply as a human being. It is so seldom that we meet any one who can be looked upon in that light.

"Madam," I said, "I greatly like your plan for putting yourselves out of the world for a time, but I find it difficult properly to designate myself."

"Oh, anything will do," she said; "for instance, your reason for desiring to seclude yourself."

"Very well, then," said I, "you may call me a 'Lover in Check.'"

"Excellent!" she exclaimed, — "just the sort of person for this place; and what is the other one?"

"Oh, he is an Understudy," I replied.

"Delightful," she said; "I never saw one. And here come my brother and the Shell Man."

I was now introduced formally by my new title to the Middle-Aged Man of the Sea, a hearty personage, with a curling beard, and to the Shell Man, who was tall, and wore spectacles.

When my presence was explained, the brother was as cordial as the lady had been, and proffered any assistance which I might need during my sojourn on the island. When they took their leave, the Sand Lady urged me to inhabit her island as long as I pleased, and hoped that I and the Understudy would sometimes sail over to them, and see what it was to be on a Tangent. At this I shook my head, and they all laughed at me; but it was easy to see that they were people of very friendly dispositions.

When I reported my interview to Walkirk, he remarked, "It is impossible to get away from people, but in all probability these folks will not come here again."

"Perhaps not," I answered, and dropped the subject.

XXIV.

THE INTERPOLATION.

"They did not seem in the least surprised to find us here," I said to Walkirk, as we were eating our dinner.

"Who?" he asked. "Oh, the people who came over this morning? Quite likely they saw us when we were sailing this way. We passed their island at no great distance. There is no reason why they should object. Your soft hat and flannel shirt would not prevent them from seeing that you were a gentleman."

I nodded, and sat silent for a time.

"Walkirk," said I, "suppose we sail over to those people this afternoon? It might be interesting."

"Very good," he answered, turning suddenly to watch a sea gull, which had made a great swoop toward us, as if attracted by the odors of our meal; "that will be an excellent thing to do."

In making our way, that afternoon, in the direction of the Tangent, our course was not mathematically correct, for the wind did not favor us, and it was impossible to sail in a right line; but the sun was still high when we reached the larger island, and made the boat fast to a little pier.

This island was much more attractive than the one on which we were camping. The ground receded from the beach in rolling slopes covered with short grass, and here and there were handsome spreading trees. On a bluff, a few hundred yards from the pier, stood a low, picturesque house, almost surrounded by a grove. The path to the house was plainly marked, and led us along the face of a little hill to a jutting point, where it seemed to make an abrupt turn upward. As we rounded this point, we saw on a rocky ledge not far ahead of us a lady dressed in white. She was standing on the ledge, looking out over the water, and apparently very

much engaged with her own thoughts, for she had not yet perceived our approach.

At the first glance I saw that the figure before us was not the Sand Lady. This was a tall and graceful woman, carrying no weight of years. She held her hat in her hand, and her dark hair was slightly blown back from a face which, seen in profile against the clear blue sky, appeared to me to be perfect in its outline. We stopped involuntarily, and at that moment she turned toward us. Her face was one of noble beauty, with great dark eyes, and a complexion of that fine glow which comes to women who are not quite brunettes.

Walkirk started, and seized my arm. "Good heavens," he whispered, "it is Mother Anastasia!"

As we now advanced toward the lady, I could scarcely believe what I had heard; certainly I could not comprehend it. Here was one of the most beautiful women I had ever beheld, dressed in a robe of soft white flannel, which, though simple, was tasteful and elegant. She had a bunch of wild flowers in her belt, and at her neck a bow of dark yellow ribbon. I particularly noticed these points, in my amazement at hearing Walkirk say that this was the Mother Superior of the House of Martha.

As we approached, she greeted us pleasantly, very much as if she had expected our coming, and then, addressing Walkirk, she said, with a smile:—

"I see, sir, that you recognize me, and I suppose you are somewhat surprised to find me here, and thus," glancing at her dress.

"Surprised, madam!" exclaimed Walkirk. "I am astounded."

"Well," said she, "that sort of thing will happen occasionally. The people on this island have been expecting a visit from you gentlemen, but I really do not know where any of them are. It is not always easy to find them, but

I will go and see if the Sand Lady is in the house, and if so I will tell her of your arrival. Of course," she continued, now turning to me, "you both will remember that in this place we put ourselves outside of a good many of the ordinary conventions, and are known by our characteristics instead of our names."

I assured her we understood this, and considered it an admirable idea.

"As you, sir," turning to Walkirk, "have met me before, I will immediately state that I am known on this island only as the 'Interpolation.'"

She turned to walk toward the house, but stopped. "We are all here to enjoy ourselves, and it is against the rules to worry each other with puzzles. I therefore will at once say, in explanation of my name, that I have briefly thrust myself into the life of my friends; and of my appearance, that the Middle-Aged Man of the Sea, who is a very self-willed person, caused the costume which I ordinarily wear, and in which I arrived, to be abstracted and hidden, so that I am obliged, while here, to wear clothes belonging to others. Now, you see, Mr. Understudy, everything is as plain as daylight."

"They have been talking about us," I remarked, as the lady rapidly walked away, "and of course, having recognized you, she must know who I am."

"Know you? There is no doubt of it," he answered. "She must have seen you often in the village, although you may never have noticed her."

"I certainly never have," said I; "in fact, I make it a point not to look under the bonnets of those gray-garbed women."

"When you meet them in the street?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"She knows us both," said Walkirk, "and she has now gone to the house to tell the people who we are; and yet I am surprised that she met us so serenely. She could not possibly have known

that the two men on that little island were her neighbors in the village of Arden."

I made no answer. I was strangely excited. I had flown to an uninhabited island to get away from Sylvia, and, if my conscience could be made to work properly, to get away from all thoughts of her; and here I had met, most unexpectedly and suddenly, with one who was probably the most intimate connection of the girl from whom I was flying. I was amazed; my emotion thrilled me from head to foot.

"It is just like women," remarked Walkirk, as we slowly walked toward the house, "to put on disguises to conceal their identities, but they have no respect for our identities. Without doubt, at this moment Mother Anastasia is telling the lady of the house all about you and your grandmother, your position in society, and the manner in which you were furnished with a secretary from the House of Martha."

Still I did not reply. "Mother Anastasia!" I said to myself. "Here is a gray-garbed sister transformed into a lovely woman. Why should not another sister be so transformed? Why should not Sylvia be here, in soft white raiment, with flowers and a broad hat? If one can be thus, why not the other?" The possibility fevered me.

We found the mistress of the house—her who was called the Sand Lady—upon a broad piazza. Her demeanor had been pleasant enough when we had seen her before, but now she greeted us as cordially as if we had been old friends. It was plain enough that Mother Anastasia had told her all about us. Her brother and the Shell Man were also there, and the first was friendly and the latter polite. The Mother Superior was on the piazza, but keeping a little in the background, as if she felt that she had had her turn.

"And now, Mr. Lover in Check and Mr. Understudy," said the Sand Lady,

"I present you with the freedom of this island, as I have already presented you with the freedom of the other. If what we happen to be doing interests you, join us. If it does not, interest yourselves as you please. That is our custom here."

The mention of the name which I had applied to myself gave me a little shock. Under the circumstances I did not like it. It was possible that the Mother Superior of the House of Martha might know what it meant; and whether she knew it now, or ever should come to know it, I did not wish the knowledge to come to her in that way.

"There is still another one of our family," said the Sand Lady; "but she is very independent, and may not care for me to present you just now. I will go and ask her."

She stepped off the piazza, and went to a lady who was reading in a hammock, under a tree near by. In a minute or two this lady arose, and, with her book in her hand, came toward us. She was a woman of good figure, and with a certain air of loftiness. Her dress was extremely simple, and she may have been thirty years old. Approaching us, she said:—

"I wish to introduce myself. I am a 'Person.' In this place that is all I am. It is my name. It denotes my characteristics. Your titles have been mentioned to me. The ceremony is over," and, with a little nod, she returned to her hammock.

"Now," said the Man of the Sea, "who could prune away conventionalities better than that?" He then announced that in half an hour the tide would serve for fishing,—that he was going out in his boat, and would take any one who cared to accompany him; and this announcement having been made, he settled himself upon the piazza to talk to us. The conversation was interesting and lively. The people at this house were well worth knowing.

The Sand Lady and Walkirk went in the boat to fish. The latter had been very prompt to accept the invitation. I do not know whether the Shell Man went with them or not. At all events, he disappeared, and Mother Anastasia and myself were left upon the piazza. It surprised me that events had so quickly shaped themselves to my advantage.

"Do you insist," I said, when we were left alone, "on being called an Interpolation?"

"Of course I do," she answered; "that is what I am."

"You like plain speech."

"I am very fond of it," was her reply.

During the general conversation I had determined that as soon as an opportunity offered I would speak very plainly to this lady. I looked about me. The occupant of the hammock was not far away. I surmised that she could readily hear me if I spoke in my ordinary tone.

"Plain speech appears difficult to you," remarked my companion.

I still looked about me. "It strikes me," said I, "that beyond the other side of the house there is a bluff from which one might get a view of the mainland. Would you like to go and find out whether that is so or not?"

"I have seen that view several times," she answered; and then, after a little pause, she added, "But I don't mind in the least seeing it again." Together we walked to the bluff. There we found two rude seats which had been made for the convenience of viewers, and on one of these she seated herself.

"Now," said she, "please sit down, and you may immediately begin to ask me about Sister Ha—"

"Oh, do not call her by that name!" I cried.

She laughed. "Very well, then," said she, "what shall I call her?"

"Sylvia," I replied.

She opened her eyes. "Upon my word," she exclaimed, "this is progress! How did you come to know that her name is Sylvia?"

"She told me," I answered. "But why do you think I want to ask you about Sylvia?"

"I knew there was no other reason for your wishing to have a private talk with me; but I must admit that I would not have felt warranted to act upon my assumptions had you not announced yourself in this place as a Lover in Check."

"But could not some one else have held me in check?" I asked.

"No, sir," said she. "I have heard of the manner in which you parted from your late secretary."

This conversation was getting to be plainer than I desired it to be. I was willing to declare my position, but I did not care to have it declared for me. I was silent for a minute.

"I did not suppose," I then said, "that you were so well informed. You think that I am a lover held in check by the circumstances surrounding the lady you designated my late secretary?"

"I do."

"May I ask," I continued, with a little agitation, "if Sylvia considers me in this light, and if she has—expressed any opinion on the subject?"

"Those are pretty questions," said the lady, fixing her dark eyes upon me. "She has said nothing about the light in which she considers you. In fact, all she has told me about you has been in answer to questions I have put to her; but had she spoken of you as a lover, checked or unchecked, of course you would have been none the wiser for me. Sylvia is a simple-hearted, frank girl, and I have thought that she might not have suspected the nature of your very decided liking for her; but now that I have found out that she let you know her as Sylvia I am afraid she is deeper than I thought her. I should

not be surprised if you two had flirted dreadfully."

"I never flirt," I answered emphatically.

"That is right," said she. "Never do it."

"But why," I asked, "did you allow her to continue to come to me, if you thought I had a decided liking for her, and all that?"

"Because I chose to do it," she replied, with not the ripple of a smile nor the furrow of a frown upon her face.

I looked at her in amazement.

"Madam," said I, "Interpolation, Mother Anastasia, or whatever name you give yourself, begin now and tell me about Sylvia, and speak to me freely, as I speak to you. I love her with all my heart. If I can, I intend to marry her, Martha or no Martha. I care not what may be the odds against me. Now you see exactly where I stand, and as far as I am concerned you may speak without restraint."

"You are certainly very clear and explicit," she said, "and I shall be glad to tell you about Sylvia."

XXV.

ABOUT SYLVIA.

"Before I begin," continued my companion, slanting her hat so as to prevent the sun from meddling with the perfect tones of her complexion, "tell me what you already know about this young lady. I do not wish to waste any information."

"All I know," said I, "is that her family name is Raynor,—my grandmother told me that,—that she is absolutely, utterly, and even wickedly out of place in the House of Martha, and that I want her for my wife."

"Very good," said my companion, with a smile. "Now I know what not to tell you. I am very fond of Sylvia.

In fact, I believe I love her better than any other woman in the world" —

"So do I," I interrupted.

She laughed. "For a lover in check you are entirely too ready to move. For years I have looked upon her as a younger sister, and there is no good thing which I would not have lavished upon her had I been able, but instead of that I did her an injury. At times I have thought it a terrible injury."

"You mean," I asked, "that you have allowed her to enter the House of Martha?"

"Your quickness is wonderful," she said, "but you do not put the case quite correctly. Had it been possible for me to prohibit her joining our sisterhood, I should have done so; but she was perfectly free to do as she pleased, and my advice against it was of no avail. It was my example which induced her to enter the House of Martha. She had had trouble. She wished to retire from the world, and devote herself to good works which should banish her trouble. I had so devoted myself. She loved me, and she followed me. I talked to her until I made her unhappy, and then I let her go her way. But the great object of my life for nearly a year has been to make that girl feel that her true way is out of the House of Martha."

"Then she is not bound by vows or promises?" I asked, with some excitement.

"Not in the least," said she. "She can leave us when she pleases. I do not think she likes her life or her duties, unless, indeed, they lead her in the direction of dictated literature; but she has a firm will, and, having joined us, has never shown the slightest sign of a desire to leave us. She always asserts that, when the proper time arrives, she shall vow herself a permanent member of our sisterhood."

"What preposterous absurdity!" I exclaimed. "She will never conform to your rules. She hates nursing. She

has too much good sense to insult her fine womanly nature by degrading and unnecessary sacrifices."

"How delightfully confidential she must have been! — but I assure you, sir, that she never said that sort of thing to me. There were things she liked and things she did not like, but she showed no signs of rebellion."

"Which was wise," I said, "knowing that you thought she ought not to be there, any way."

"Oh, but she is a little serpent," exclaimed my companion, "and so wise to confide in you, and without flirting! It must have been charming to see."

I did not reply to this remark, which I considered flippant, and my mind was not inclined to flippancy.

"It may appear strange to you," she continued, "and would probably appear strange to any one who did not understand the case, that I should have allowed her to become your amanuensis, but this whole affair is a very peculiar one. In the first place, it is absolutely necessary that Sylvia should work. It is not only her duty as a sister, but without it she would fall into a morbid mental condition. She is not fitted in any way for the ordinary labors of our House, so I was glad to find something which would not only suit her, but would so interest her that it would help to draw her away from us, and back into the world, to which she rightfully belongs. This must appear an odd desire for a mother superior of a religious body, but it is founded on an earnest and conscientious regard for the true welfare of my young friend.

"And then there was another reason for my allowing her to come to you. You would smile if you could picture to yourself the mental image I had formed of you, which was founded entirely on your grandmother's remarks when she came to see me about engaging one of our sisters as your secretary. Before this matter was discussed I may have seen you in the village, but I never had

known you even by sight, and from what that good lady said of you I supposed that you were decidedly middle-aged in feeling, if not in years; that you were extremely grave and studious, and wished, when engaged upon literary composition, to be entirely oblivious of your surroundings; and that you desired an amanuensis who should be simply a writing-machine, — who would in no way annoy you by intruding upon you any evidence that she possessed a personality. A sister from our House, your grandmother urged, would be the very person you needed, and infinitely better suited to the position than the somewhat frivolous young women who very often occupy positions as amanuenses.

"It was for these reasons that I sent Sylvia to write at the dictation of the sedate author of the forthcoming book on European travel. Even when I heard that a love-story had been introduced into the descriptions of countries, I concluded, after consideration, not to interfere. I did not think that it would be of any disadvantage to Sylvia if she should become a little interested in love affairs; but that you should become interested in a love affair, such as that you have mentioned to me, I did not imagine in the remotest degree."

"I am sure," said I, "that your motives as far as Sylvia was concerned, and your action as far as I am concerned, were heaven-born. And now, as we are speaking plainly here together, let me ask you if you do not think you would be fulfilling what you consider your duty to Sylvia by aiding me to make her my wife! There can surely be no better way for her to fill her proper place in the world than to marry a man who loves her with his whole heart. I know that I love her above all the world; I believe that I am worthy of her."

She answered me in a tone which was grave, but gentle. "Do you not know you are asking me to do something which

is entirely impossible? In the first place, my official position precludes me from taking part in affairs of this nature; and although I am willing to admit that I see no reason why you might not be a suitable partner for Sylvia, I must also admit that, on the other hand, I have no reason to believe that Sylvia would be inclined to accept you as such a partner. I have no doubt that she has made herself very agreeable to you, — that is her nature; I know that she used to make herself very agreeable to people. You must remember that, even should Sylvia leave us, your chances may be no better than they are now."

"Madam," I said, leaning toward her, and speaking with great earnestness, "I will take all possible chances! What I ask and implore of you is, that if you should ever be able to do the least little thing which would give me the opportunity to plead my own suit before Sylvia, you would do it. I can give her position and fortune. I think I am suited to her, and if love can make me better suited, I have love enough. Now tell me, will you not do this thing? If you have the opportunity, and see no reason against it, will you not help me?"

"This is a hard position for me," she said, after a pause, "and all I can pro-

mise you is this: I love Sylvia, and I am going to do whatever I think will be of the greatest advantage to her."

"Then," I asserted with continued earnestness, "it shall be my labor to prove that to love the man who loves her as I do will be her greatest good! If I do that, will you be on my side?"

She smiled, looked at me a few moments, and then answered, "Yes."

"Your hand upon it!" I cried, leaning still farther forward. She laughed at the enthusiastic warmth of my manner, and gave me her hand.

"It is a promise!" I exclaimed, and was about to raise her fingers to my lips when she quickly drew them away.

"I declare," she said, rising as she spoke, "I did not suppose that you would forget that I am the Mother Superior of the House of Martha."

"Excuse me," I replied, "but you are not that; with your own mouth you have assured me that you are an Interpolation, and there is nothing in a social or moral law which forbids a suitable expression of gratitude to an Interpolation."

"Sir," said she, "I think I have seen quite as much as is necessary of the view which you asked me here to look upon."

Frank R. Stockton.

THE PRESENT PROBLEM OF HEREDITY.

A LIVELY war of opinion is now in progress among the evolutionists. Following the perfect harmony which prevailed among the disciples of Darwin during the prolonged discussion aroused by the *Origin of Species*, this present fratricidal conflict must afford keen satisfaction to the worthy conservatives who are still nursing their doubts as to the evidence for evolution.

In a critical survey of this period
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from 1858 to 1880, we see that the real bond of former union did not lie in the special Darwinian hypothesis, or in any other, so much as in the general endeavor to establish a great law of organic nature. Re-reading, in this light, Huxley's *Lay Sermons* and other defenses of Darwinism, one discovers that many differences of opinion as to the factors of evolution were tacitly kept in the background, in face of the common

enemy. But once the great law was firmly established, these differences began to make themselves felt, and the allies slowly broke up into schools representing diverse shades of opinion. The paraphrase of a recent reviewer, "Darwin, the Thanes fly from thee," is clever, but misleading; for in truth some attribute far more to natural selection than Darwin did, while others by no means dispense with it. Yet, as the selection hypothesis had been the main feature of Darwin's work, the great defection first showed itself in various degrees of dissent from his authority. At the same time, the older Lamarckian ideas of evolution began to gain ground under guise of various lines of research. The question of natural inheritance, which had been held secondary and incidental, became the main one, and it is the present problem in heredity which has finally provoked open dissension, the various schools having been hitherto comparatively harmonious.

Professor August Weismann, of Freiburg, the most brilliant and influential of modern biological essayists, enjoys the distinction of having precipitated the actual split by throwing down the glove in the contention as to the inheritance or non-inheritance of acquired characters (*Vererbung der Erworbenen Eigenschaften*). This has a harmless sound, yet it far exceeds in importance any problem which has come up since evolution was *sub judice*; for it is at the very base of our theories, and, what is of more practical concern to most of us moderns, it profoundly affects our views and conduct of life. As Herbert Spencer says: "I will add only that, considering the width and depth of the effects which acceptance of one or other of these hypotheses must have on our views of Life, Mind, Morals, and Politics, the question Which of them is true? demands, beyond all other questions whatever, the attention of scientific men."

Let us first clearly state the problem, and then follow the progress of opinion and discovery which has led up to it. To express it in familiar terms: Do children inherit solely the original constitution of their various progenitors, or do they inherit as well some of the modifications which environment and habit have exerted upon this constitution?—these latter modifications being the "acquired characters" of scientific language, or those which the nurture of habit and surroundings have added to the nature or original constitution of each individual. No man leaves the world as he comes into it, for, starting with certain physical and mental powers, it is inevitable that his environment will lead him to cultivate and improve some to the neglect of others, resulting, by the well-known laws of use and disuse, in corresponding hypertrophy and atrophy. If the life history, education, in short all that one does actively and passively to shape one's mental and physical development for better or worse, are in no way reflected in the offspring, then the life of the individual is an indirect factor in the life of the race, and a direct factor only in so far as it shapes the future environment of the race. This idea becomes clearer as we proceed.

Now, if there is any principle in inheritance which has appeared self-evident and not requiring any demonstration at all, it is that acquired characters are inherited. It has been a firmly rooted belief from the earliest times, as shown by frequent allusions to it in the Old Testament, which is a perfect thesaurus of family records. It is also a widespread popular belief. In discussing the subject with laymen, I find that nine persons out of ten express surprise that there should be any doubt about the matter, and after a moment's reflection cite a number of cases in proof,—cases, however, which are for the most part susceptible of an explanation under the supposition that acquired characters

are *not* inherited. For example, a case of inheritance of the alcohol mania is cited: A 1 acquires the habit and dies, leaving an infant son, A 2, who is carefully guarded against temptation, yet in time, as forcibly illustrated in Ibsen's *Ghosts*, develops the alcohol habit. Here is certainly an instance of the transmission of an acquired character. Upon analysis, it proves that it may be only apparently so, for we must remember that it is possible that A 1 (in this case Oswald's father) had the alcohol mania in his original constitution, and, even if he had avoided the habit, would have transmitted it to A 2, an alternative explanation which would invalidate proof of this kind. Many similar "proofs" will not bear scientific analysis.

As with the Ptolemaic astronomers there were many debated points, but one law was not in question, namely, that the sun revolved around the earth, so this principle of inheritance had been an accepted dogma of specialists and the laity alike, until Weismann made his charge that it does not admit of scientific demonstration, and further claimed that all the phenomena of evolution and of life can be explained without it.

A challenge so radically affecting a long-accepted law has naturally drawn some strong expression of opinion from every modern writer upon evolution, and it is interesting to observe the manner in which various high authorities have promptly ranged themselves upon one side or the other. Upon the affirmative, including the late Charles Darwin and Moritz Wagner, we find Herbert Spencer, Professor Turner of Edinburgh, Professor Theodor Eimer of Tübingen, and the greater number of American naturalists, among whom Professor Cope is the most prominent and aggressive. Francis Galton and George Romanes occupy a somewhat neutral position; in fact, as regards the latter, it is difficult to say exactly what his attitude is, for, apparently doubting the ability of others

to understand Darwin, he has posed rather as an interpreter of the great naturalist than as an expositor of his own views. Among the avowed opponents of this doctrine, besides their leader, Weismann, is the veteran Alfred Wallace, whose recent work, *Darwinism*, is a plea for the omnipotency of natural selection, and to him Weismann's theory comes as a most welcome support. Others are: Ray Lankester, a comparatively recent convert, one of the editors of *Nature*, recently honored by election to the much-coveted chair of zoölogy in Oxford, and noted for his quick temper in discussion; Edward Poulton, a younger Oxonian, and translator of Weismann's essays; and in this country Professor Brooks, of Johns Hopkins, whose conversion to this view has more weight from the fact that his essay *Heredity* was devoted to exactly the opposite hypothesis. Thus we find that the older writers, with their advantage of prestige, are for the affirmative; the present range of ability on the two sides is about balanced; while the majority of the younger school of English naturalists, and probably many in this country who have not yet published their opinions, are on Weismann's side. Here are workers in every field, for light comes upon the subject from all departments of biology in its broadest sense. Nor can we escape government by principles discovered among forms most remote from man; for, however opinions may differ as to our origin, none would venture to maintain the thesis that there are two modes of inheritance, — one governing man, the other the lower animals. These laws of life are of universal rule, and attach to the researches of Weismann and others a profound human interest, whether we will it or no.

The unpleasant aspect of the controversy is the extremely bitter, even personal animus of the discussion among some of the partisans. One writer has recently charged the journal *Nature* with

being a Weismann party organ, and practically boycotting all the stronger contributions on the Lamarckian side. This, however, lends zest, and is relieved by amusing features, such as the perfect confidence displayed by both parties in their own theories, and the claims advanced by combatants on both sides to the title of the only faithful followers of the prophet Darwin.

This now disputed principle of inheritance bears the name of Lamarck; for, although he was in a measure anticipated by Buffon and Erasmus Darwin, it was the keystone of his conception of evolution, and in the concise statement of his theory found in the introduction to the *Philosophie Zoologique* it forms one of the main propositions, upon which, in fact, all the others depend:—

“Fourth law: All that has been acquired, impressed, or altered in the organization of individuals during the course of their life is preserved by generation, and transmitted to the new individuals which spring from those who have experienced these changes.”¹

His followers, the so-called Neo-Lamarckians, cannot claim that the founder of their school attempted directly to prove this proposition. He simply postulated it as necessary to his theory, and advanced only indirect proof in the course of the general exposition of his views of evolution. It was to him, as to us all, one of the most obvious laws of living nature, that the race is the exponent of the action of external and internal forces upon the sum of its individuals. For this scientific faith he was willing to suffer ostracism at the hands both of the church and of his fellow zoologists. Nevertheless, even if Lamarck's theory as a whole had not contained this doubtful premise, and had been granted the full force he claimed, it was inadequate

to account for all the phenomena. As a partial explanation of the *modus operandi* of evolution, it simply paved the way for the substitution and rapid adoption of the far less self-evident Darwinian principle. The authority of the selection theory spread with the wonderful momentum given it by the epoch-making *Origin of Species* into every branch of thought upon life problems, then gradually declined until its recent revival by Weismann. It is interesting to follow, in the *Life and Letters*, the phases of Darwin's confidence in the powers of natural selection, his own discovery. At first he rejected the Lamarckian doctrines, and, departing from his usual rule, wrote of them even with some contempt. Subsequently, however, his own researches, especially those upon the varieties of domestic animals, brought the Lamarckian principle home to him with the fresh force of an independent discovery, and we find him writing to Moritz Wagner:—

“In my opinion, the greatest error which I have committed has been not allowing sufficient weight to the direct action of the environment—that is, food, climate, etc.—independently of natural selection. Modifications thus caused, which are neither of advantage or disadvantage to the modified organism, would be especially favored, as I can now see chiefly through your observations, by isolation in a small area, where only a few individuals live under nearly uniform conditions. When I wrote the *Origin of Species*, and for some years afterwards, I could find little good evidence of the direct action of the environment. Now there is a large body of evidence, and your case of the *Saturnia* is one of the most remarkable of which I have heard.”

Darwin thus atoned for his earlier depreciation of Lamarck. Lankester has

¹ Quatrième loi: Tout ce qui a été acquis, tracé ou changé dans l'organisation des individus pendant le cours de leur vie est con-

servé par la génération, et transmis aux nouveaux individus qui proviennent de ceux qui ont éprouvé ces changements.

tried to put another interpretation upon this candid change of view, but Darwin's provisional heredity hypothesis of Pangenesis, proposed at the close of the researches above mentioned, makes direct provision for the transmission of acquired characters:—

"It is universally admitted that the cells of the body increase by self-division, thus forming the various tissues. Besides this, I assume that the cell units throw off minute granules, which are dispersed through the entire system. These may be called gemmules. They are collected from all parts of the system to form the sexual elements, and their development in the next generation forms the new being. They are thrown off by every unit not only during the adult stage, but during each stage of development of every organism. Hence it is not the reproductive organs, or buds, which generate new organisms, but the units of which each individual is composed. Gemmules are capable of transmission in a dormant state to future generations, and may then be developed."

Observe that, according to this revival of the old idea of Democritus, every cell of the body contributes its quota to the new individual; and it follows that the peculiar life history of the cell, its greater or less activity, could not fail, in some degree, to reappear in its counterpart cell in the new being. It must strike even the lay critic that such an hypothesis of physical transmission makes scant provision for the persistent repetition of race and ancestral characters, by far the most striking feature of inheritance, and is, in fact, better adapted to Lamarck's than to Darwin's own views of evolution. Professor Brooks, in his essay *Heredity*, sought to supply this defect by the demonstration of a difference of function between the female and male cells: the former as the conservative vehicles of ancestral characters; the latter as the progressive transmitters of the influences of environment and habit. This substi-

tute hypothesis is opposed by the fatal difficulty of later research that there is no essential difference between the male and female cells. They are closely similar in their properties, a deduction now supported so far by experiment that the demonstration has recently been claimed of two male cells fertilizing each other and forming a new individual. As for the existence of the imaginary gemmules, Francis Galton has rendered it improbable by an ingenious experiment, showing that transfusion of blood is not accompanied by a corresponding transfer of characteristics, as we should expect if the gemmules were circulating in the system.

Thus, Pangenesis having failed in two forms even as a provisional explanation, and no attempt having been made to show how acquired characters could definitely affect the reproductive cells in such a manner as to be perpetuated in the race, the field was open for the entirely novel lines of reasoning upon this problem of genesis which Weismann has followed in reaching his beautiful and comparatively simple hypothesis of the "continuity of the germ-plasm." "How is it," the question resolved itself in his mind, "that a single reproductive cell of the body can contain within itself all the hereditary tendencies of the whole organism?" The answer which he gives, after long years of research, is that the cell is not, as implied by Pangenesis, collected from the entire parental soma, or body, but is budded directly from the particular cells from which the parent itself sprang; such germ or race cells giving rise to the cells which will form the new individual, also to the new germ cells contained within it; the individuals being thus mere offshoots of a continuous chain of race cells which are, in a planetary sense, "immortal." This race plasma has the marvelous power, inherent in all protoplasm, of imparting its properties through the course of indefinite growth and subdivision.

As "immortal" is a novel term in biological literature, we may digress for a moment to see what Weismann means by it. When we remember that many species have reproduced themselves for thousands of years without change, such as the sacred animals of ancient Egypt, whose embalmed bodies must in some cases be four thousand years old, we are convinced that their germ-plasm possesses to-day the same molecular strength which it had four thousand years ago; and since the amount of germ-plasm contained in a single cell must be supposed very small even within a single individual, enormous growth must occur, and thus it is not too much to say that the growth of the germ-plasm in the Egyptian ibis or crocodile in the same period must have been utterly immeasurable, its molecular strength always remaining the same.

As an illustration of Weismann's idea of the relation of the individual to the race, recall a row of familiar forest plants, each in perfect leaf and flower, destined for a complete individual life, yet springing alike from a long continuous horizontal root beneath the surface. This root would represent the germ-plasm secure from all the influences which beset and mould the individual. Another illustration which occurs to me is that of the pelagic organisms, beautifully described by Agassiz, which have the power of sinking below the surface during stormy periods. Imagine the life of the individuals of such a fauna upon the surface, and their increase taking place in the still depths. This practical separation of the germ-plasm, the race, stock, blood, or whatever we call it, from the body, insulates it, so to speak, from all the changes exerted by environment and habit; there being no way in which the particular body-cell changes can affect the germ cells. Why, then, are not all individuals alike? Because each new individual represents the union of the hereditary tendencies of parents

of widely different ancestry, and this chance combination of diverse constitutional traits and characteristics gives rise to favorable and unfavorable variations. It is the selection of the former by the law of survival of the fittest which steadily improves the race.

The complete chain of Weismann's biological philosophy, then, is this: that the physical vehicle of inheritance is continuous; that variations result from the mingling of diverse ancestral characters; that acquired characters are not inherited; that the natural selection of the fortuitous variations is sufficient to explain all the phenomena of evolution. His position as to the factors of evolution is, therefore, directly contradictory to that of Lamarck, coinciding more nearly with the earlier views of Darwin. It appears that his idea of the continuity of the race cells was in some measure anticipated, in 1880, by Professor Rauber, of Dorpat, and even earlier by Francis Galton; for the latter, in 1876, speaks of the fact that "each individual may properly be conceived as consisting of two parts, one of which is latent, and only known to us by its effects on posterity, while the other is patent, and constitutes the person manifest to our senses." Galton, however, did not derive the whole of the hereditary tendencies from the latent elements (which are equivalent to Weismann's germ-plasm), but concluded that there is some contribution from the patent individual; arguing that the hereditary power in the latter case is exceedingly feeble, because the effects of the use and disuse of limbs and those of habit are transmitted to posterity in only a very slight degree. His conception of heredity was evolved from views of development substantially similar to those of Weismann, but founded exclusively upon the study of man. His latest expression of opinion (1889) on the point we are discussing is very non-committal:

"I am unprepared to say more than

a few words on the obscure, unsettled, and much-discussed subject of the possibility of transmitting 'acquired characters.' The main evidence in its favor is the gradual change of the instincts of races at large in conformity with changed habits, and through their increased adaptation to their surroundings otherwise, apparently, than through the influence of natural selection. . . . It is, therefore, extremely difficult to say how 'acquired characters' can be inherited by their children; it would be less difficult to conceive of their inheritance by their grandchildren."

A few words upon Galton's more general results so far as they bear upon this question. "We are," he says, "made up bit by bit of inherited structures, like a new building composed of the fragments of an old one, — one element from this progenitor, another from that, although such elements are usually transmitted in groups." The hereditary constitution thus made up is far stronger than the influences of nurture and education upon it. A large portion of our heritage is unused, for we transmit ancestral peculiarities we ourselves do not exhibit. Thus, a child often resembles an ancestor in some feature or character which neither of his parents apparently possessed. The ancestral contributions can, however, upon the average, be expressed in numerical terms gathered from statistics of stature. Thus, contributions of the two parents are one half, of the grandparents one sixteenth. Exceptional characteristics, such as the artistic faculty, are the result of fortuitous ancestral heritages, and the chances are five to one against such faculty being transmitted in full force. The more rare a genius is, the greater are the chances of his not begetting a son as richly endowed as himself; for the law of regression to mediocrity tells heavily against it. This law Galton has demonstrated with great fullness; it is the factor of stability which causes all excep-

tional variations to gravitate back to the common race type.

Galton's researches, taken altogether, certainly support Weismann's central idea of heredity. First, considering their entirely independent and diverse lines of research, the coincidence between their general conclusions lends strong presumption in favor of their views; and, second, they support the theory of continuity of the race plasma as the only one which will explain the main laws of inheritance, rendering it almost certain that Weismann is on the right track so far as the physical process of heredity is concerned, although it is still an open question whether this plasma is as isolated from the body plasma as he supposes it. In what follows, therefore, I am not to be understood as opposing the continuity idea, but rather that of the isolation of the plasma, which, it is clear, is wholly at variance with Lamarck's principle; and I think it can be shown that Galton's laws of regression and race stability furnish very powerful arguments against Weismann's views of evolution by unaided selection.

Now let us consider how Weismann disposes of some of the more familiar arguments for the inheritance of acquired faculties. One of the first which suggests itself is, that high mental development in certain families and races is in part the product of the continual exercise of the faculties of the mind; that the prominent rôle which the brain plays in the life of civilized man has resulted in the higher nervous organization which distinguishes the European from the savage; in other words, that talents represent in some degree the "summation of the skill attained by exercise in the course of each individual life." Weismann rightly considers talents in the individual as the happy combination of exceptionally high gifts developed in one special direction, probably from the crossing of the mental

dispositions of the parents, so beautifully expressed by Goethe:—

“Vom Vater hab’ ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen;
Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur,
Die Lust zum Fabuliren.”¹

The reason, he argues, why they appear more highly developed at certain periods is, that this ever-shifting civilization of ours puts a premium upon, and thus favors, the survival of the special talent which is best adapted to the times. “How many poets arose in Germany during the period of sentiment which marked the close of the last century, and how completely all poetic gifts seemed to have disappeared during the Thirty Years’ War!” There is absolutely no trustworthy proof, he says, that talents have been improved by exercise in any particular series of generations. The Bach family shows that musical talent can be transmitted from generation to generation; but the high-water mark in this family lies in the middle, and not at the end, of the series of generations, as it should do if the results of musical practice are transmitted.

This mode of explanation certainly is plausible, and can be applied with the full force which we always concede to the natural selection argument where the character is of sufficient importance materially to affect the animal in its struggle for existence. Therefore let us examine another bodily character in which selection can take no part, namely, short-sightedness. This is certainly hereditary, and the general deduction has been that in countries such as Germany, where it is increasing so rapidly as to have become almost a race characteristic, each generation has developed a slightly further degree of the affection by misuse of the eyes, causing it to accumulate. Weismann meets this

apparently indisputable example of the transmission of an acquired character by a twofold reply. He first suggests that the progenitor of one of these generations may have had a congenital disposition to myopia, and have developed weak sight from an original predisposition, which he naturally transmitted, not as an acquired character. Secondly, eyesight in the European is no longer under the preserving influence of selection, as in the savage state, where it is of great value in war and in the chase. A short-sighted savage is at a decided disadvantage, while a German similarly affected provides himself with spectacles, and is the equal of any.

The latter example shows how Weismann’s followers are put on the defensive, when they try to explain the introduction of a new character without the Lamarckian principle, and solely by ingenious application of the Darwinian principle. They are forced to exalt the latter, and, as Poulton says, are directing their researches in every line “inspired by one firm purpose,—the desire to support and illustrate by new examples the preëminent principle which we owe to the life and writings of Charles Darwin.” The modern theory has thus become a far more complex affair than its author foresaw. Evolution includes three processes—development, balance, or poise, in which organs remain *in statu quo*, and degeneration—which these Neo-Darwinians, as they are dubbed by their opponents, must account for. They explain development by direct selection of favorable variations; balance by the sustaining power of selection; degeneration by Pannmixia, or cessation of selection, an independent discovery of Romanes and Weismann; or even by the reversal of selection, for where an organ becomes useless it is of absolute disadvantage to the individual, since it is consuming forces which might better go to some useful part. These elaborations of Darwin’s law rest upon the assum-

¹ From father I have my stature,
The impulse to an earnest life;
From mother the joyous nature,
The love of story-telling.

tion, difficult of proof, that all organs in process of evolution play their part in fitness to survive, and must face all the numerous theoretical objections which have been ably advanced against the original theory, as well as the fact that Darwin himself lost faith in its universal application.

The opponents of the Neo-Darwinian school are as strong in the explanations which they can offer of many of the more complex phenomena of evolution as they are weak when they endeavor to complete their system by some intelligible principle of heredity; and it is only fair to Weismann to mention that at the outset he accepted the Lamarckian principle, and has not attacked it *per se*, but simply because, from the heredity standpoint, it is to him inconceivable. Of modern Englishmen, I believe Herbert Spencer stands nearest Darwin's maturer views, although reacting against the exclusive selection theory a little further than Darwin lived to do. "Nowadays," he writes, "most naturalists are more Darwinian than Darwin himself. . . . I mean that the particular factor which he first recognized as having played so immense a part in organic evolution has come to be regarded as the sole factor, though it was not so regarded by him. Of this reaction displayed in the later writings of Mr. Darwin let us now ask, Has it not to be carried further?"

Spencer would attribute to selection most protective structures, the coloring of animals and plants, or such adaptations as the pitcher plant, the Venus fly-trap, and such dermal structures as the porcupine quill, for in these cases we can see that each plus-variation would be directly beneficial. Selection also best explains the phenomena of mimicry. In the case of the reduction of the jaws in civilized races and in the domestic dog, we have, on the other hand, an instance where he believes the only conceivable cause is diminished use. Darwin has attributed the long neck of the giraffe

to selection. Spencer admits that this may be the true explanation, but points out that the entire muscular, vascular, and skeletal structure of the giraffe is adjusted to carry this neck; and there is no reason to suppose that all such adjustments would be properly correlated without inheritance of functionally produced modifications. This is called the argument from correlation, and is one of the strongest which can be brought against the selection theory. He advocates the older view as to the origin of special talents, which we have seen Weismann opposing.

As life grows complex, as a healthy life demands many powers, "as fast as the number of bodily and mental faculties increases, and as fast as the maintenance of life comes to depend less on the amount of any one, and more on the combined action of all, so fast does the production of specialties of character by natural selection alone become difficult;" above all does it seem to be so with the species like man, and with such of the human powers as have minor shares in aiding the struggle for life, — the æsthetic faculties, for example.

"How comes there that endowment of musical faculty which characterizes modern Europeans at large as compared with their remote ancestors? . . . It is not evident that an individual savage, who had a little more musical perception than the rest, would derive any such advantage in the maintenance of life as would secure the spread of his superiority by the inheritance of the variation. We cannot suppose that appreciation of harmony, which is relatively modern, can have arisen by descent from the men in whom successive generations increase the appreciation of it, the composers and musical performers. . . . Those who inherited their especial traits have not thereby been so aided in the struggle for existence as to further the spread of such traits."

These passages are from Spencer's

recent essays, *The Factors of Organic Evolution*, which present altogether a forcible and logical argument for the inheritance of acquired characters. We can understand his earnestness in this discussion when we consider that his whole mechanical conception of living matter, his biological philosophy in short, is at stake in this issue. For if this principle is non-existent, his life work, both upon biology and psychology, is seen to rest wholly upon false premises.

In this country flourish the Neo-Lamarckians, most prominent and radical among whom is Professor Cope, who has worked out a complete system in his *Origin of the Fittest*. He assigns a subsidiary rôle to natural selection, believing it can originate nothing; it only preserves, while the main factor in both development and degeneration and in the very inception of organs is the principle of Lamarck. Other able and ardent supporters of this revival of Lamarckism are Hyatt, Ryder, Dall, and Packard. The reader will observe the coincidence between opinions and geographical lines, which reminds us of the Indian fable of the elephant and the nine blind men, each of whom gave an entirely different description of the animal, according to the part of the body which he happened to examine; the point of the illustration being that, in looking over the whole field of writers, we find the advocates of these different views have been unconsciously guided by the classes of facts which are most obvious in their particular fields of research. All our countrymen have derived their bias chiefly from the palæontological series which are so richly suggestive of Lamarckian ideas, and afford a strong vantage ground. Long chapters in the rise and fall of organs, as, for example, in the ancient pedigree of the American horse, appear to furnish the most indisputable evidence of the inherited effects of use and disuse. Thus, the old familiar lines of the Lamarckian argument have been gone over, but with

contributions of much that is original owing to these great advantages. As this is also my own special field, I may be pardoned for selecting an illustration from it.

I will show the bearing of this fossil evidence upon the laws of variation, variability being, whatever view we espouse, the essence of evolution. Old readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will recall that Asa Gray was one of the first in this country to champion the cause of Darwin, — a support which is gracefully acknowledged in the *Life and Letters*. The exception he made to Darwin's views (partly from his desire to substitute a progressive and continuous for the old fixed teleology), somewhat in common with Nägeli, the great German botanist, was that variations are not at random or in all directions, as they would be according to Darwin's original notion, now revived by Weismann, but that they follow certain definite purposive lines of adaptation. Such a perfecting principle in variation, if observed in any part of the animal kingdom, would naturally apply throughout, and be of such immense importance that evidence concerning it should be sifted with the greatest care. The researches of Wagner, Semper, and Eimer strongly, if not conclusively, point this way among the invertebrates; to the American school principally is due the credit of establishing it among the vertebrates. The distinctive feature of palæontological evidence is that, for example, in such a series as the fossil horses we cannot only follow the rise of useful structures back to their minute and apparently useless condition, but we are in even before their birth, so to speak. What is the result? Do we find Dame Nature trying on a dozen caps, and selecting the one which fits? Not at all. The new part arises precisely where it is wanted, and slowly, through an entire geological sub-period perhaps, develops into a stage of usefulness. We see with Weismann and Gal-

ton the element of chance; but the dice appear to be loaded, and in the long run turn "sixes" up. Now enters the question, What loads the dice?

A somewhat exaggerated form of reply is found in the discovery that race adaptation follows the law of individual adaptation. Take the familiar example of the single toe of the horse; and we now know vastly more about it than we did when Huxley, fresh from the Yale College Museum, delighted American audiences with the tale of the loss of the four lateral toes. This loss was far from the simple matter it at first seemed to be, for it appears from the researches of Kowalevsky, Cope, Ryder, and myself, with the aid of Muybridge's instantaneous photographs of animal locomotion, that every time the foot rests upon the ground the strains cause infinitesimal alterations in all the bones of the leg; and during the early geological periods these strains were constantly changing *pari passu* with the gradual decrease of the lateral and increase of the central digits. This principle applies to the whole skeleton: the adult horse is a slightly more perfect machine than the young horse; this is what I mean by individual adaptation. So precisely, in every detail, does the course of evolution follow the course of individual adaptation that, endowing the eocene Hyracotherium with the age of Methuselah and a corresponding supply of elixir vitæ, we can readily imagine its transmutation into the miocene Meshippus. Now, it is hard for us to believe, with the new school, that these invariable sequences of race adaptation upon individual adaptation are not instances of cause and effect. If they are, they afford absolute proof of the transmission of acquired characters. If they are not, then all our painstaking researches and vast literature on this subject are of no more value than waste paper, for they lead to no result.

To return to man, the human problem is as much more complex than that

of the lower animals as the average human life is more complex and varied. Small wonder that Galton has reached such uncertain results. What two hours of the day or days of the year are we acting or thinking exactly alike? The German army drill, it is true, enforces a daily life to some degree approaching the mechanical routine of the quadruped; but ordinarily this lasts but three years, so that the arguments which Weismann bases upon the non-inheritance of the *Exercierknochen* and other excrescences developed by handling the musket lose weight. Therefore we should not expect such inheritance as this except where a certain long-continued habit makes a deep impression upon the organism, and this habit is repeated in successive generations.

In conclusion, let us look again more closely to the bearing which the outcome of this discussion will have upon the conduct of life. If the Weismann idea triumphs, it will be in a sense a triumph of fatalism; for, according to it, while we may indefinitely improve the forces of our education and surroundings, and this civilizing nurture will improve the individuals of each generation, its actual effects will not be cumulative as regards the race itself, but only as regards the environment of the race; each new generation must start *de novo*, receiving no increment of the moral and intellectual advance made during the lifetime of its predecessors. It would follow that one deep, almost instinctive motive for a higher life would be removed if the race were only superficially benefited by its nurture, and the only possible channel of actual improvement were in the selection of the fittest chains of race plasma. Now, there can be no question that if the selection doctrine were so indelibly inscribed among our canons of life that we were seriously guided by it, consulting the family physician, lawyer, and clergyman in marriage selection, the race would improve far more rapidly than

by the inheritance of the beneficial influences of nurture; for historic evolution teaches that such inheritance is at best very slow. This new knowledge would then be a distinct gain to humanity; but would not its effects be more than offset by the inculcation of the twin principle of Weismann, that acquired characters are not inherited? For, living by this, a man might in his own early life squander the entire capital of a fine intellectual and moral inheritance, and yet subsequently transmit it undiminished and unimpaired to his children, by what we might term a principle of entail in heredity.

Thus, this important question is as complex in the sphere of mind and morals as it is in the lower physical and animal sphere. One must candidly admit that the arguments upon both sides are so plausible that, listening alternately to each, one is reminded of the vacillation of the Roman mob when addressed by

Brutus and Antony. An impartial opinion as to the merits of the respective schools is that in the phenomena of evolution the Lamarckians have the best of the argument, while in the phenomena of simple heredity their opponents are strongest. It is evident that there can be no reconciliation; it is absolute surrender on one side or the other, for no half-way position is tenable.

Huxley has aptly described the minds of naturalists as being in a state of ferment during the few years preceding the publication of the discovery of Darwin's law; for while many supported the "special creation" hypothesis, there was an uneasy consciousness that all was not right. Such are exactly our present symptoms, and is it not possible that out of all this second ferment we shall discover some new factor of evolution, which will work as great a surprise and revolution in our ideas as did the theory of natural selection in 1858?

Henry Fairfield Osborn.

NOTO: AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN.

XII.

AT SEA AGAIN.

I WAS roused from my mid-Noto reverie by tidings that our boat was ready and waiting just below the bridge. This was not the steamer, which had long since gone on its way, but a small boat of the country we had succeeded in chartering for the return voyage. The good inn folk, who had helped in the hiring, hospitably came down to the landing to see us off.

The boat, like all Japanese small boats, was in build between a gondola and a dory, and dated from that epoch in the art of rowing prior to the discovery that to sit is better than to stand,

even at work. Ours was a small specimen of its class, that we might the quicker compass the voyage to Nanao, which the boatmen averred to be six *ri* (fifteen miles). My estimate, prompted perhaps by interest, and certainly abetted by ignorance, made it about half that distance. But my argument, conclusive enough to myself, proved singularly unshaking to the boatmen, who would neither abate the price in consequence, nor diminish their own allowance of the time to be taken.

The boat had sweeps both fore and aft, each let in by a hole in the handle to a pin on the gunwale. She was also provided with a sail hoisting on a spar that fitted in amidships. The sail was laced vertically, — a point, by the way,

for telling a Japanese junk from a Chinese one at sea, for Cathay always laces horizontally.

Whatever our private beliefs on the probable length of the voyage, both crew and passengers agreed charmingly in one hope, namely, that there might be as little rowing about it as possible. Our reasons for this differed, it is true; but as neither side volunteered theirs, the difference mattered not. So we slipped down the canal.

The hoopskirt fisher dames were just where we had left them some hours before, and were still too much absorbed in doing nothing to waste time looking at us. I would gladly have bothered them for a peep at their traps, but that it seemed a pity to intrude upon so engrossing a pursuit. Besides, I feared their apathy might infect the crew. Our mariners, although hired only for the voyage, did not appear averse to making a day of it, as it was.

One thing, however, I was bent on stopping to inspect, cost what it might in delay or discipline; and that was a fish-lookout. To have seen the thing from a steamer's deck merely whetted desire for nearer acquaintance. To gratify the wish was not difficult; for the shore was dotted with these lookouts, like blind lighthouses off the points. I was for making for the first visible, but the boatmen, with an eye to economy of labor, pointed out that there was one directly in our path round the next headland. So I curbed my curiosity till, on turning the corner, it came into view. As good luck would have it, it was inhabited.

We pulled up alongside, gave its occupants good-day, and asked leave to mount. The fishermen, hospitable souls, offered no objection. This seemed to me the more courteous on their part after I had made the ascent, for there were two of them in the basket, and a visitor materially added to the already uneasy weight. But then they were

used to it. The rungs of what did for ladder were so far apart as to necessitate making very long legs of it in places, which must have been colossal strides for the owners. The higher I clambered, the flimsier the structure got. However, I arrived, not without unnecessary trepidation, wormed my way into the basket, and crouched down in some uneasiness of mind. The way the thing swayed and wriggled led me to believe that the next moment we should all be shot catapultwise into the sea. To call it top-heavy will do for a word, but nothing but experience will do for the sensation. This oscillation, strangely enough, was not apparent from the sea; which reminds me that I have noticed differences due the point of view before.

I was greeted by an extensive outlook. The shore, perhaps a hundred yards away, ran shortly into a fisher hamlet, and then into a long line of half-submerged rocks, like successive touches of a skipping stone. Beyond the end of this indefinite point, and a little to the right of it, stood another lookout. This was our only near neighbor, though others could be seen in miniature in the distance, faint cobwebs against the coast. The bay stretched away on all sides, landlocked at last, except where to the east an opening gave into the Sea of Japan.

To a dispassionate observer the basket may have been twenty feet above the water. To one in the basket it was considerably higher, and its height was emphasized by its seeming insecurity. The fishermen were very much at home in it, but to me the sensation was such as to cause strained relations between my will to stay and my wish to be gone.

But strong feelings are so easily changed into their opposites! I can imagine one of these cyries a delightful setting to certain moods. A deserted one should be the place of places for reading a romance. The solitude, the strangeness, and the cradle-like swing

would all compose to shutting out the world. To paddle there some May morning, tie one's boat out of sight beneath, and climb into the nest, to sit alone half poised in the sky in the midst of the sea, should savor of a new sensation. After a little acclimatization it would probably become a passion. Certainly, with a pipe, it should induce a most happy frame of mind for a French novel. The seeming risk of the one situation would serve to point those of the other.

The fishermen received my thanks with amiability, watched us with stolid curiosity as we pulled off, and then relapsed into their former semi-comatose condition. Their eyrie slipped perspectively astern, sank lower and lower, and suddenly was lost against the background of the coast.

The favoring breeze we were always hoping for never came. This was a bitter disappointment to the boatmen, who thus found themselves prevented from more than occasional whiffs of smoking. Once we had out the spar and actually hoisted the sail, a godsend of an excuse to them for doing nothing for the next few minutes; but it shortly had to come down again, and on we rowed.

Our surroundings made a pretty sight: a foreground of water, smooth as one could wish had he nowhere to go, with illusive cat's-paws of wind playing coyly all around, marking the great shield with dark scratches, and never coming near enough to be caught except when the sail was down; fold upon fold of low hills in the distance, with hamlets showing here and there at their bases by the sea; and then, almost like a part of the picture, so subtly did the sensations blend, the slow-cadenced creak of the sweeps on the gunwale, a rhythmic undercurrent of sound.

At intervals, a wayfarer under sail, bound the other way, crept slowly by, carrying, as it seemed to our envious eyes, his own capful of wind with him;

and once a boat, bound our way and not under sail, passed us not far off. Our boatmen were beautifully blind to this defeat till their attention had been specifically called to it for an explanation. They then declared the victor to be lighter than we, and this in face of our having chosen their craft for just that quality. What per cent of such statements, I wonder, do the makers expect to have credited? And if any appreciable amount, which is the more sold, the artless deceiver or his less simple victim?

But we always headed in the direction of Nanao, and the shores floated by through the long spring afternoon. At last they began to contract upon us, till, by virtue of narrowing, they shot us through the straits in water clear as crystal, and then, widening again, dropped us adrift in Wakura Bay. Though not so beloved of *bora*, the bay was most popular with other fish. Schools of porpoises turned cart-wheels for our amusement, and in spots the water was fairly alive with baby jelly-fish. On the left lay Monkey Island, so called from a certain old gentleman who had had a peculiar fondness for those animals. His family of poor relations had disappeared at his death, and the island was now remarkable chiefly for a curious clay formation, which time had chiseled into cliffs so mimicking a folding screen that they were known by the name. They were perfectly level on top and perpendicular on the sides, and as double-faced as the most matter-of-fact nicknamer could desire. Sunset came, found us still in the bay, and left us there. Then the dusk crept up from the black water beneath, like an exhalation. It grew chilly.

Just as we were turning the face of Screen Cliff a sound of singing reached us, ricocheting over the water. It had a plaintive ring, such as peasant songs are wont to have, and came, as we at last made out, from a boat homeward

bound from the island, steering a course at right angles to our own. The voices were those of women, and as our courses swept us nearer each other we saw that women alone composed the crew. They had been fagot-cutting, and the bunches lay piled amidships, while fore and aft they plied their oars and sang. The gloaming hid all but sound and sex, and threw its veil of romance over the trollers, who sent their hearts out thus across the twilight sea. The song, no doubt some common ditty, gathered a pathos over the water through the night. It swept from one side of us to the other, softened with distance, lingered in detached strains, and then was hushed, leaving us once more alone with the night.

Still we paddled on. It was now become quite dark, quite cold, quite calm, and we were still several good miles off from Nanao. Finally, on turning a headland the lights of the town and its shipping came out one by one from behind a point, — the advance guards first, then the main body, — and, wheeling into place, took up their position in a long line ahead. We began to wonder which were the nearer. There is a touch of mystery in making a harbor at night. In the daytime you see it all well ordered by perspective; but as you creep slowly in through the dark, the twinkles of the shipping only doubtfully point their whereabouts. The most brilliant may turn out the most remote, and the faintest at first the nearest after all. Your own motion alone can sift them into place. If we could voyage through the sea of space, it would be thus we might come upon some star cluster, and have the same delightful doubt which should become our sun the first.

In half an hour these mundane stars were all about us: the nearer revealing by their light the dark bodies connected with them; the farther still showing only themselves. The tea houses along the water-front made a milky-way ahead.

We threaded our course between the outlying lights, while the milky-way resolved itself into star-pointed silhouettes. Then skirting along it, we drew up at last at a darksome quay, and landed Yejiro to hunt up an inn. I looked at my watch: it was ten o'clock. We had not only passed my estimate of time somewhere in the middle of the bay; we had exceeded even the boatmen's excessive allowance. Somehow we had put six hours into the voyage. I began to perceive I had hired the wrong men. Nor was the voyage yet over, if remaining attached to the boat for fully an hour more be entitled to count. For Yejiro did not return, and the boatmen and I waited.

I was glad enough to make pretense at arrival by getting out of the boat upon the quay. The quay was a dismal place. I walked out to the farther end, where I found an individual haunting it, with an idea of suicide apparently. His course struck me as so appropriate that I felt it would be hollow mockery to argue the point with him. He must have become alarmed at the possibility, for he made off. Heaven knows he had small cause to fear; I was certainly at that moment no unsympathetic soul.

Having only come to grief on the quay, I next tried a landward stroll, with much the same effect. The street, or place, that gave upon the wharf was as deserted as the wharf itself. Half the houses about it were dark as tombs; the other half showed only glimmering *shōji*, taunting me by the sounds they suffered to escape, or by a chance silhouette thrown for a moment upon the paper wall by some one within. Now and then, as if still further to enhance the solitude, a pair passed me by in low self-suited talk.

Still no sign of the boy. Every few minutes I would walk back to the boat, and linger beside it till I could no longer stand the mute reproach of the baskets huddled in a little pile on the stones,

poor, houseless immigrants that they were. And from time to time I made a touching spectacle of myself by pulling out my watch and peering, by what feeble light I could find, anxiously at its face to make out the hour.

At last Yejiro turned up in the company of a policeman. This official, however, proved to be accompanying him in a civil capacity; and, changing into a guide, he led the way through several dark alley-ways to an inn of forbidding face, but better heart. There did we eventually dine, or breakfast, for by that time it was become the next day.

XIII.

ON THE NOTO HIGHWAY.

On the morrow morning we took the road in *kuruma*, the road proper, as Yejiro called it; for it was the main bond between Noto and the rest of Japan. This was the nearest approach it had to a proper name, — a circumstance which showed it not to be of the first importance. In Japan all the old arteries of travel have distinctive names: the Nakasendō or Mid-Mountain road, the Tōkaidō or Eastern Sea road, and so forth. Like certain other country relations, their importance is due to their city connections, not to their own local magnitude; for, when well out of sight of the town, they do not hesitate to shrink to anything but imposing proportions. In mid-career you might often doubt yourself to be on so celebrated a thoroughfare. But they are always delightful to the eye, as they wander through the country, now bosomed in trees among the mountains, now stalking between their own long files of pine, or cryptomeria, across the well-tilled plains. This one had but few sentinels to line it in the open, but lost little in picturesqueness for its lack of pomp. It was pretty enough to be very good company itself.

It was fairly patronized by wayfarers to delight the soul, — cheerful bodies, who, though journeying for business, had plenty of time to be happy, and radiated content. Take it as you please, the Japanese people are among the very happiest on the face of the globe, which makes them among the most charming to meet.

Nothing notable beyond such pleasing generalities of path and people lay in our way, till we came to a place where a steep and perfectly smooth clay bank shot from a spur of the hills directly into the thoroughfare. Three urchins were industriously putting this to its proper use; coasting down it, that is, on the seats of what did them for breeches. An over-grown-up regard for my own trousers alone deterred me from following suit instantly. No such scruples prevented my abetting them, however, to the extent of a trifling bribe for a repetition; for they had stopped abashed as soon as they found they had a public. Regardless of maternal consequences, I thus encouraged the sport. But after all, was it so much a bribe as an entrance fee to the circus, or, better yet, a sort of subsidy from an ex-member of the fraternity? Surely, if adverse physical circumstances preclude profession in person, the next best thing is to become a noble patron of art.

From this accidental instance, I judged that boys in Noto had about as good a time of it as boys elsewhere; the next sight we chanced upon made me think that possibly women did not. We had hardly parted from the coasters on dry ground when we met in the way with a lot of women harnessed to carts filled with various merchandise, which they were toilsomely dragging along toward Nanao. It was not so picturesque a sight as its sex might suggest; for though the women were naturally not aged, and some had not yet lost all comeliness of feature, this womanliness made the thing the more appealing. Noto

was evidently no Eden, since the local Adam had thus contrived to shift upon the local Eve so large a fraction of the primal curse. It was as bad as the north of Germany. The female porters we had been offered on the threshold of the province were merely symptomatic of the state of things within. I wonder what my young Japanese friend, the new light, to whom I listened once on board ship, while he launched into a diatribe upon the jinrikisha question, the degrading practice, as he termed it, of using men for horses, — I wonder, I say, what he would have said to this! He was a quixotic youth, at the time returning from abroad, where he had picked up many new ideas. His proposed applications of them did him great credit, more than they are likely to win among the class for whom they were designed. A cent and two thirds a mile, to be had for the running for it, is as yet too glittering a prize easily to be foregone.

Of the travel in question, we were treated to forty-three miles' worth that day by relays of runners. The old men fell off gradually, to be replaced by new ones, giving our advance the character of a wave, where the particles merely oscillated, but the motion went steadily on. The oscillations, however, were not insignificant in amount. Some of the men must have run their twenty-five miles or more, broken only by short halts; and this at a dog-trot, changed of course to a slower pull on bad bits and when going up hill. A fine show of endurance, with all allowances. In this fashion we bowled along through a smiling agricultural landscape, relieved by the hills upon the left, and with the faintest suspicion, not amounting to a scent, of the sea, out of sight on the right. The day grew more beautiful with every hour of its age. The blue depths above, tenanted by castles of cloud, granted Fancy eminent domain to wander where she would. Even the

road below gave free play to its caprice, and meandered like any stream inquisitively through the valley, visiting all the villages within reach after a whimsical fashion of its own. All about it meadows were tilling, and the whole landscape breathed an air of well-established age amid the lustiness of youth. The very farmhouses seemed to have grown where they stood, as indeed the upper part of them had; for from the thatch of their roofs, deep bedded in mud, sprang all manner of plants that made of the eaves gardens in the air. The ridgepoles stood transformed into beds of flowers; long tufts of grass waved in the wind, the blossoms nodding their heads amicably to the passers-by. What a contented folk this should be whose very homes can so vegetate! Surely, a pretty conceit it is for a peasantry thus to sleep every night under the sod, and yet awake each morning to life again!

At the threshold of Kaga we turned abruptly to the left, and attacked the pass leading over into Etchii. As we wound our way up the narrow valley, day left the hollows to stand on rosy tiptoe on the sides of the hills, the better to take flight into the clouds. There it lingered a little, folding the forests about with its roseate warmth. Even the stern old pines flushed to the tips of their shaggy branches, while here and there a bit of open turned a glowing cheek full to the good-night kiss of the sun. Over beyond it all rose the twilight bow, in purplish insubstantiality, creeping steadily higher and higher above the pine-clad heights.

I reached the top before the jinrikisha, and, as a sort of reward of merit, scrambled a little farther up the steep slope to the left. From here I commanded the pass, especially that side of it I had not come up. The corkscrew of the road carried the eye most pleasingly down with it. I could see a tea house a few hundred feet below, and

beyond it, at a much lower level, a bridge. Beyond this came a comparatively flat stretch, and then the road disappeared into a gorge. Here and there it was pointed with people toiling slowly up. Of the encircling hills the shoulders alone were visible. While I was still surveying the scene, the jinrikisha men, one after the other, emerged from the gulf, out of sight, on the right, and proceeded to descend into the one on the left. When the last had well passed, and I had tickled myself with the sense of abandonment, I scrambled back, took a jump into the road, and slipped down after them. At the tea house below one of the men awaited me, and, stowing me in the little vehicle, started to rattle down the descent. The road, unlike us, seemed afraid of its own speed, and brought itself up every few hundred feet with a round turn. About each of these we swung only to dash down the next bend and begin the oscillation over again. The men were in fine excitement, and kept up a shouting out of mere delight. In truth, we all enjoyed the dissipated squandering, in a few minutes, of the energy of position we had so laboriously gained by toiling up the other side. Over the bridge we rattled, bowled along the level stretch, and then into the gorge and once more down, till, in another ten minutes, the last fall had shot us out into the plain with mental momentum enough to carry us hilariously into Imaisurugi, where we put up for the night.

At breakfast, the next morning, the son of the house, an engaging lad, presented me with an unexpected dish,—three fossil starfish on a platter. They were found, he said, in numbers on the sides of the hill hard by, a fact which would go to prove that this part of Japan has been making in later geologic time. Indeed, I take it the better part of Etchin has thus been cast up by the sea, and now lies between its semicircle of peaks and its crescent of beach

like a young moon in the western sky, a new bay of rice field in the old bay's arms. We had come by way of its ocean terminator along its fringe of sand; we were now to cross its face.

As we pulled out from the town and entered the great plain of paddy fields, it was like adventuring ourselves in some vast expanse of ocean, cut up only by islets of trees. So level the plain and so still the air on this warm May morning, the clumps shimmered in mirage in the distance like things at sea. Farmhouses and peasants at work in the fields loomed up as ships, past which we slowly tacked, and then dropped them out of sight behind. And still no end of the same infinite level. New clumps rose doubtfully afar, took on form, and vanished in their turn. Our men rolled along at a good six-knot gait, and mile went to join mile with little perceptible effect on the surroundings. Only the misty washes of the mountains, glistening in spots with snow, came out to the south, and then swung slowly round like the sun himself. Occasionally we rolled into a village, of which I duly inquired the distance from the last known point. One of these, Takaoka, was a very large place, and stretched a mile or more along the road, with ramifications to the side.

At last we neared some foothills, which we crossed by a baby pass, and from the farther side looked off against the distant Tateyama range. Descending again, another stretch of plain brought us to Toyama, the old feudal capital of the province. It is still a bustling town, and does a brisk business, I was told, in patent medicine, which is hawked over Japan generally, and cures everything. But the former splendor of the place has left it forever. The rooms in the inn where neighboring daimyos were wont to rest on their through journeys are still superb with carving, lacquer, and paintings, but no daimyo will ever again hold his traveling court before

their *tokonoma*. The man, perchance, may again tarry there, but the manner of it all has gone to join the past. Now, he who wills may ensconce himself in the daimyo's corner and fancy himself a feudal lord; nor will the breeding of those about him disillusion his midday dream.

The castle has been turned into a public school; and as I strolled into its close I met bands of boys in foreign *lycée*-like uniform trooping out, chubby-faced youngsters in stiff visored caps. Girls there were, too, in knots of twos and threes, pretty little things in semi-European dress, their hair done *à la grecque*, stuck with a single flower, who stopped in their chatter to stare at me. To think that the feudal times are to them as much a tale as the making of the plain itself, where its ruins stand already mantled with green!

XIV.

THE HARINOKI TÔGE.

There now befell us a sad piece of experience, the result of misplaced confidence in the guidebook. Ours was the faith a simple public pins upon print. "Le journal, c'est un jeune homme," as Balzac said, and even the best of guidebooks, as this one really was, may turn out — a cover to many shortcomings.

Its description of the crossing of the Harinoki tōge implied a generality of performances that carried conviction. If he who read might not run, he had at least every assurance given him that he would be able to walk. That the writer might not only have been the first to cross, but the last as well, was not evident from the text. Nor was it there apparent that the path which was spoken of as difficult, and described as "hanging to the precipitous side of the cliff," might have become tired of hanging thus for the sake of travelers who never

came, and have given itself over at last to the abyss.

In the book, the dead past still lived an ever-youthful present. In truth, however, the path, at the time of the account, some twelve years before, had just been made by the *samurai* of Kaga to join them to the capital. Since then the road by the sea had been built, and the Harinoki pass had ceased to be in practice what it purported to be in print. It had in a double sense reverted to type. There was small wonder at this, for it was a very Cerberus of a pass at best, with three heads to it. The farthest from Etchū was the Harinoki tōge proper.

The guidebook and a friend had gone over one season, and the guidebook had induced another friend to accompany him again the year after. Whether there were any unpersonally conducted ascents I am not sure. But, at any rate, all this happened in the early days; for years the Harinoki tōge had had rest.

We ought to have taken warning from the general skepticism we met with at Toyama, when we proposed the pass. But, with the fatal faith of a man in his guidebook, we ignored the native forebodings. Besides, there were just people enough who knew nothing about it, and therefore thought it could be done, to encourage us in our delusion. Accordingly we left Toyama after lunch, in the best of spirits, in *jinrikisha*, for Kamidaki, or Upper Fall, to which there professed to be a *jinrikisha* road. The distance was three *ri* (seven miles and a half). Before we had gone one of them the road gave out, and left us to tack on foot in paths through the rice fields, which, in one long inclination, kept mounting before us. Just before reaching the village, a huge tree in full faint purple bloom showed up a little to the left. Under a sudden attack of botanical zeal, I struck across lots to investigate, and after much tacking among the paddy dykes found, to my surprise, on

reaching it, that the flowers came from a huge wistaria that had coiled itself up the tree. The vine must have been at least six feet round at the base, and had a body horribly like an enormous boa that swung from branches high in air. The animal look of the vegetable parasite was so lifelike that one both longed and loathed at the same time to touch it.

At Kamidaki, after the usual delay, we found porters, who echoed the doubts of the people of Toyama, and went with us, protesting. Half an hour after this we came to the Jindōgawa, a river of variable importance. It looked to have been once the bed of a mighty glacier that should have swept grandly round from unseen fastnesses among the hills. At the time of our visit, it was, for the most part, a waste of stones, through which two larger and several lesser streams were in much worry to find their way to the sea. The two larger were just big enough to be unfordable; so a Charon stationed at each ferried the country folk across. At the smaller, after picking out the likeliest spots, we took off our shoes and socks and waded, and then, upon the other side, sat some time on stones, ill modeled to that end, to draw our things on again.

Our way now led up the left bank, — the right bank, according to aquatic convention, which pleasingly supposes you to be descending the stream. It lay along a plateau which I doubt not to have been the river's prehistoric bed, so evidently had the present one been chiseled out of it to a further depth of over fifty feet. At first the path struck inland, astutely making a chord to the river's bow, an unsuspected sign of intelligence in a path. It was adventurous, too, for soon after coming out above the brink it began upon acrobatic feats in which it showed itself nationally proficient. A narrow aqueduct had been cut out of the side of the cliff, and along its outer embankment, which was two feet wide, the path proceeded to balance it-

self. The aqueduct had given way in spots, which caused the path to take to some rickety boards, put there for its benefit. After this exhibition of daring, it descended to the stream, to rise again later. Meanwhile, night came on, and the river bottom began to fill with what looked to be mist, but was in reality smoke. This gave a weird effect to the now mountainous settings. Into the midst of it we descended to a suspension bridge of twisted strands of the wistaria vine, ballasted at the ends with boulders piled from the river's bed. The thing swayed cheerfully as we passed over.

On the top of the opposite bank stood perched a group of houses, not enough to make a village, and far too humble to support an inn. But in the midst of them rose a well-to-do temple, where, according to the guidebook, good lodging was to be had. It may indeed be so. For our part, we were not so much as granted entry. An acolyte, who parleyed with us through the darkness, reported the priest away on business, and refused to let us in on any terms. Several bystanders gathered during the interview, and had it not been for one of them we might have been there yet. From this man we elicited the information that another hamlet lay half a mile further up, whose headman, he thought, might be willing to house us. We followed straight on until some buildings showed in still blacker silhouette against the black sky; and there, after a little groping in the dark and a second uncanny conversation through a loophole, — for the place was already boarded up for the night, — we were finally taken in.

The house was a generous instance of a mountain farmhouse. The floors were innocent of mats, and the rooms otherwise pitifully barnlike. Yet an air of largeness distinguished the whole. It was clearly the home of a man of standing in his community, one who

lived amply the only life he knew. You felt you already knew the man from his outer envelope. This in some sort prepared me for a little scene I was shortly to witness. For, while waiting for Yejiro to get dinner ready, I became aware that something was going on in what did for hall; and, on pushing the shōji gently apart, I beheld the whole household at evening prayers before an altarpiece lighted by candles and glittering with gilded Buddhas and bronze lotus flowers. The father intoned the service from a kind of breviary, and the family joined from time to time in the responses. There was a sincerity and a sweet simplicity about the act that went to the heart and held me there. At the close the family remained bowed, while the intoner reverently put out the lights and folded the doors upon the images within. Locked in that little case lay all the luxury which the family could afford, and to which the rest of the house was stranger. There is something touching in any heartfelt belief, and something pathetic too.

This peaceful parenthesis was hardly past before the trials of travel intruded themselves again. The porters proved refractory. They had agreed to come only as far as they could, and now they refused to proceed further. Here was a pretty pass. To turn back now was worse than not to have set out at all. Besides, we had not yet even come in sight of the enemy. Yejiro reasoned with them for some hours in the kitchen, occasionally pausing, for lack of further argument, to report his want of progress. It seemed the men valued their lives above a money consideration, strangely enough. They made no bones about it; the thing was too dangerous. The streams they declared impassable, and the charcoal burners the only men who knew the path. Yejiro at once had these witnesses subpoenaed, and by good luck one of them came, who, on being questioned, repeated all the porters had

said. But Yejiro's blood was up, and he boldly played his last trump. He threatened them with the arm of the law, a much more effective weapon in Japan than elsewhere. He proposed, in fine, to walk three ri down the valley to the nearest police station, and fetch a policeman who should compel them to move on. It is perhaps open to doubt whether even a Japanese policeman's omnipotence would have extended so far. But the threat, though not conclusive, had some effect. This strategic stroke I only learnt of later, and I laughed heartily when I did. That night, however, it was no laughing matter, and I began to have doubts myself.

But it was no time for misgivings, so I went in to help. The circle round the kitchen fire was not a cheerful sight. To have the courage of one's convictions is rare enough in this weak world, but to have the courage of one's doubts is something I uncover to. To furnish pluck for a whole company, including one's self, to hearten others without letting them see how much in need of heartening is the heartener, excites my utmost admiration. If only another would say to him that he might believe the very things he does not believe, as he says them to that other, they then might at least seem true. Ignorance saved me. Had I known what they did, I should have agreed with them on the spot. As it was, I did what I could, and went back to my own room, the prey of somewhat lonely thoughts.

XV.

TOWARD THE PASS.

I was waked by good news. The porters had, to a certain extent, come round. If we would halve their burdens by doubling their number, they would make an attempt on the pass, or, rather, they would go on as far as they

could. This was a great advance. To be already moving implies a momentum of the mind which carries a man farther than he means. I acquiesced at once. The recruits consisted of the master of the house — his father, the officiator at family prayers, had retired from the cares of this world — and a peasant of the neighborhood. The charcoal burners were too busy with their own affairs. From the sill, as I put on my boots, I watched with complacency the cording of the loads, and then, with quite a light-some gait, followed the lengthened file out into the street. One after the other, we tramped forth past the few houses of the place, whose people watched us go, with the buoyant tread of those about to do great things, and so out into the open.

The path behaved very well at first. It trotted soberly along across a mountain moor until it came out above the river. It then wound up stream, clinging to the slope several hundred feet above the valley bottom. It was precipitous in places, but within reason, and I was just coming to consider the accounts exaggerated when it descended to the river bed at a point where a butt of *névé* stuck a foot into the shingle. The stream, which had looked a thread from above, turned out a torrent when we stood upon its brink. The valley was nothing but a river bed, a mass of boulders of all sizes, through the midst of which the stream plunged with deafening roar, and so deep that fording was out of the question. A man's life would not have been worth a rush in it.

We followed up the boulder bank in search of a more propitious spot. Then we followed down again. Each place promised at a distance, and balked hope at hand. At last, in despair, we came to a halt opposite the widest and shallowest part, and, after no end of urging, one of the porters stripped, and, armed with his pole, ventured in. The channel lay well over to the farther side; thrice

he got to its nearer edge, and thrice he turned back, as the rush of water became too great. His life was worth too much to him, he said, not unnaturally, for him to throw it away. Yet cross the stream we must, or return ignominiously; for the path we had so far followed had fallen over the cliff in front.

We improved the moments of reflection to have lunch. While we were still discussing *vivæ* and viands, and had nearly come to the end of both, we suddenly spied a string of men defiling slowly down through the wide boulder desert on the other side. We all rose and hailed them. They were so far away that at first they failed to hear us, and even when they heard they stared vacantly about them, like men who hear they know not what. When at last they caught sight of us, we beckoned excitedly. They consulted, apparently, and then one of them came down to the edge of the stream. The torrent made so much noise that our men could make themselves intelligible only in part, and that by bawling at the top of their lungs. Through the envoy, they invited the band to string themselves across the stream, and so pass our things over. The man shook his head. We rose to fabulous sums, and still he repeated his pantomime. It then occurred to Yejiro that a certain place lower down might possibly be bridged, and, beckoning to the man to follow, he led the way to the spot in mind. A boulder, two thirds way in stream, seemed to offer a pier. He tried to shout his idea, but the roar of the torrent, narrow though it was, drowned his voice; so, writing on a piece of paper, "What will you take to build us a bridge?" he wrapped the paper round a stone and flung it over. After reading this missive, the spokesman held a consultation with his friends, and a bargain was struck. For the huge sum of two *yen* (a dollar and a half) they agreed to build us a bridge,

and at once set off up the mountain side for a tree.

The men, it seemed, were a band of woodcutters who had wintered, as was their custom, in a hut at Kurobe, which was this side of the Harinoki tōge, and were just come out from their hibernation. They were now on their way to Ashikura, where they belonged, to report to their headman, obtain supplies, and start to return on the after-morrow. It was a two days' journey either out or in.

Bridges, therefore, came of their trade. The distance across the boulder bed was considerable, and as they toiled slowly up the face of the opposite mountain they looked like so many ants. Picking out a trunk, they began to drag it down. By degrees they got it to the river bed, and thence eventually to the edge of the stream. To lay it was quite a feat of engineering. With some pieces of driftwood which they found lying about, they threw a span to the big boulder, and from the boulder managed to get the trunk across. Then, with rope which they carried at their girdles, they lashed the whole together, until they had patched up a very workmanlike affair. We trod across in triumph. With praiseworthy care lest it should be swept away, they then took the thing all down again.

Such valuable people were not idly to be parted with. Here was a rare chance to get guides. When, however, we approached them on the point, they all proved so conscientious about going home first that the attempt failed. But they gave us some important information on the state of the streams ahead and the means of crossing them, and we separated with much mutual good will.

For my part, I felt as if we had already arrived somewhere. I little knew what lay beyond. While I was plodding along in this blissfully ignorant state of mind, communing with a pipe,

the path, which had frisked in and out for some time among the boulders, suddenly took it into its head to scale a cliff on the left. It did this, as it seemed to me, without provocation, after a certain reckless fashion of its own. The higher it climbed, the more foolhardy it got, till the down-look grew unpleasant. Then it took to coquetting with the gulf on its right, until, as I knew would happen, it lost its head completely and fell over the edge. The gap had been spanned by a few loose boards. Over the makeshift we all, one after the other, gingerly crawled, each waiting, with the abyss gaping on his side, for the one in front to move on.

We had not yet recovered from the shock when we came to another place not unlike the first. Here again the path had given way, and a couple of logs had been lashed across the inner elbow of the cliff. We crossed this by balancing ourselves for the first two steps by the stump of a bush that jutted out from a crevice in the rock; for the next two we touched the cliff with the tips of our fingers; for the last two we balanced ourselves alone.

For the time being the gods of high places had tempted us enough, for the path now descended again to the dry bed of the stream, and there for a certain distance tripped along in all soberness, giving me the chance to look about me. The precipitous sides of the mountains that shut in the narrow valley were heavily masked in forest; and for some time past the ravines that scored their sides had been patched with snow. With each new mile of advance the patches grew larger and merged into one another, stretching toward the stream. We now began to meet snow on the path. In the mean time, from one cause and another, insensibly I fell behind. The others passed on out of sight.

The path, having lulled me into a confiding unconcern, started in seeming innocence of purpose to climb again. Its

ingenuousness but prefaced a malicious surprise; for of a sudden, unmasking a corner, it presented itself in profile ahead, a narrow ledge notched in naked simplicity against the precipice. Things look better slightly veiled; besides, it is more decent, even in a path. In this case the shamelessness was earnest of the undoing; for on reaching the point in view and turning it, I stood confronted by a sight sorry indeed. The path beyond had vanished. Far below, out of sight over the edge, lay the torrent; unscalable the cliff rose above; and a line of fossil footprints, leading across the face of the precipice in the débris, alone marked where the path had been. Spectres they seemed of their former selves. Crusoe could not have been more horrified than was I.

Not to have come suggested itself as the proper solution, unfortunately an impracticable one; and being there, to turn back was inadmissible. So I took myself in hand, and started. For the first few steps I was far too much given up to considering possibilities. I thought how a single misstep would end. I could see my footing slip, feel the consciousness that I was gone, the dull thuds from point to point as what remained of me bounded beyond the visible edge, down, down . . . And after that what? How long before the porters would miss me, and come back in search? Would there be any trace to tell what had befallen? And then Yejiro returning alone to Tōkyō to report — lost on the Dragon Peak! Each time I almost felt my foot give way as I put it down, right before left, left before right.

Then I realized that this inopportune flirting with fate must stop; that I must give over dallying with sensations, or it would soon be all over with me. I was falling a prey to the native Lorelei, — for all these spots in Japan have their familiar devils, — subjectively, as befits a modern man. I numbed sensibility as best I could, and cared only to make

each step secure. Between the Nirvana within and the Nirvana below it was a sorry hell.

In mid-career the path made an attempt to recover, but relapsed to further footprints in the sand. At last it descended to a brook. I knelt to drink, and on getting up again saw my pocket handkerchief whisking merrily away down stream. I gave chase, but in vain; for though it came to the surface once or twice to tantalize me, it was gone before I could seize it. So I abandoned the pursuit, reflecting that, after all, it might have fared worse with me. If the Lorelei had hoped to turn my head, I was well quit of my handkerchief for her only trophy.

Shortly after this, the main stream divided into two, and the left branch, which we followed, led up to a gorge, — beyond a doubt the abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet. I do not remember a landscape more ghastly. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, not even decent earth, in the whole prospect. Apparently, the place had been flayed alive, and sulphur had then been poured into the sore. Thirty years before, a cataclysm had occurred here. The side of one of the mountains had slid bodily into the valley. The débris, by damming the stream, caused a freshet, which swept everything before it, and killed quantities of folk lower down the valley. The place itself has never recovered to this day.

Although the stream here was a baby to the one below, it was large enough to be impassable to the natural man. From our woodcutter friends, however, we had learned of the leavings of a bridge, upon which in due time we came, and, putting the parts of it in place, we passed successfully over.

We began now to enter the snow in good earnest, — incipient glacier snow, treacherously honeycombed. It made, however, more agreeable walking than the boulders. The path had again be-

come precipitous and kept on mounting, till of a sudden it landed us upon an amphitheatral arena, dominated by high, jagged peaks. One unbroken stretch of snow covered the plateau, and at the centre of the wintry winding-sheet a cluster of weather-beaten huts appealed pitiaibly to the eye. They were the buildings of the Riūzanjita hot springs; in summer a sort of secular monastery for pilgrims to the Dragon Peak. They were tenanted now, we had been told, by a couple of watchmen. We struck out with freer strides, while the moon, which had by this time risen high enough to overtop the wall of peaks, watched us with an ashen face, as in single file we moved across the waste of level white.

XVI.

RĪZANJITA.

We made for the main hut, a low, mouse-colored shanty, fast asleep and deep drifted in snow. The advance porter summoned the place, and the summons drew to what did for door a man as mouselike as his mansion. He had about him a subdued, monkish demeanor that only partially hid an alertness within, — a secular monk befitting the spot. He showed himself a kindly body, and after he had helped the porters off with their packs led the way into the room in which he and his mate hibernated. It was a room very much in the rough: boards for walls, for ceiling, for floor; its only furnishing a fire. It was the best of furnishing, in our eyes, and we hastened to squat round it in a circle, in attitudes of extreme devotion, for it was bitter cold. The monkish watchman threw a handful more twigs on the embers, out of a cheerful hospitality to his guests.

The fireplace was merely a hole in the floor, according to Japanese custom, and the smoke found its way out as best

it could. But there was very little of it; usually, indeed, there is none, for charcoal is the common combustible. A caldron hung, by iron bars jointed together, from the gloom above. It was twilight in the room. Already the day without was fading fast; and even at high noon none too much of it could find a way into the building, now half buried under the snow. A second watchman sat muffled in shadow on the farther side of the fire. He made his presence known, from time to time, by sympathetic gutturals, or by the sudden glow of a bit of charcoal, which he took out of the embers with a pair of chopstick fire-irons to relight his pipe. The talk naturally turned upon our expedition, with Yejiro for spokesman, and from that easily slid into the all-important question of guides. Our inquiries on this head elicited nothing but doubt. We tried at first to get the watchmen to go. But this they positively refused to do. They could not leave their charge, in the first place, they said; and for the second, they did not know the path. We asked if there was no one who did. There was a hunter, they said, near by who was by way of knowing the road. A messenger was sent at once to fetch him.

In the mean time, if they showed themselves skeptical about our future, they proved most sympathetic over our past. Our description of the Friday footprints especially brought out much fellow-feeling. They knew the spot well, they said, and it was very bad. In fact, it was called the Oni ga Jo, or place of many devils, because of its fearfulness. It would be better, they added, after the mountain opening on the tenth of June.

"Mountain opening!" said I to Yejiro. "What is that? Is it anything like the 'river opening'?" For the Japanese words seemed to imply, not a physical, but a formal unlocking of the hills, like the annual religious rite upon

the Sumidagawa, in Tōkyō. Such, it appeared, it was; for the tenth of June, he said, was the date of the mountain-climbing festival. Yearly on that day all the sacred peaks are thrown open to a pious public for ascent. A procession of pilgrims, headed by a flautist and a bellman, wend their way to the summit, and there encamp. For three days the ceremony lasts, after which the mountains are objects of pilgrimage till the twenty-eighth day of August. For the rest of the year the summits are held to be shut, the gods being then in conclave, to disturb whom were the height of impiety. A pleasing coincidence of duty and pleasure, that the scaling of the peaks should be enjoined upon pilgrims at the times of easiest ascent! Preparatory to the procession all the paths of approach are repaired. It was this repairing to which the watchmen referred, and which concerned our secular selves.

Our difficulties began to be explained. We were very close to committing sacrilege. We had had, it is true, no designs on the peaks, but were we wholly guiltless in attempting so much as the passes in this the close season? Apparently not. At all events, we were a month ahead of time in our visit, which in itself was of questionable etiquette.

At this point the messenger sent to find the hunter returned, without his man. Evidently the hunter was a person who meant to stand well with his gods, or else he was himself a myth.

Distraught in mind and restless in body, I got up and went out into the great snow waste. The sunset afterglow was just fading into the moonshine. The effect upon the pure white sheet before me was indescribably beautiful. The warm tint of the last of day, as it waned, dissolved imperceptibly into the cold lustre of the night, as if some alchemist were subtly changing the substance while he kept the form. For a new spirit was slowly possessing itself

of the very shapes that had held the old, and the snow looked very silent, very cold, very ghostly, glistening in its silver sheen.

The sky was bitterly clear, inhumanly cold. To call it frosty were to humanize it. Its expanse stretched far more frozen than the frozen earth. Indeed, the night sky is always awful. For the most part we forget it for the kindlier prospect of the cradling trees, and the whispers of the wind, and the perfumes of the fields, the sights and sounds that even in slumber stir with life; and the nearer thrust away the real horror of the far. But the awe speaks with insistence when the foreground itself is dead.

Shivering, I returned to the fire and human companionship. The conversation again rolled upon precipices, which, it appeared, were more numerous before than behind, and casualties among the woodcutters not unknown in consequence. There was one place, they said, where, if you slipped, you went down a ri (two miles and a half). It was here a woodcutter had been lost, three days before. The ri must have been a flight of fancy, since it far exceeded the height of the pass above the sea. But a handsome discount from the statement left an unpleasant balance to contemplate.

This death had frightened one of the watchmen badly, as it may well have done. The facts were these: Separated from the hot springs of Riūzanjita by two passes lay a valley, uninhabited except for two bands of woodcutters, who had built themselves a couple of huts, one on either side the stream, in which they lived the year round. It was these huts that went by the name of Kurobe. During the winter they were entirely cut off from the outside world. As soon as practicable in the spring, a part of each band was accustomed to come out over the passes, descend to Ashikura, and return with provisions and money.

Now this year, before the men in the valley had thought it time to attempt the passes, a solitary woodcutter came up to the hot springs from below, and, in spite of warning from the watchmen, started alone for Kurobe. On the afternoon of the third day after his departure, the regular band appeared at Riūzanjita, having left Kurobe, it seemed, that morning. They passed the night at the hot-springs hut, and, on being questioned by the watchmen about the man of three days before, they said they had heard of no such person. It turned out, to the horror of both parties, that he had never reached Kurobe. It was only the night before we arrived that the woodcutters had been there, and the affair was still terribly fresh in the watchman's thoughts; in fact, it was the identical band that had built us our bridge. These men were thoroughly equipped for snow-climbing, and had come over safely; and yet, as it was, the headman of the other band at Kurobe had been afraid to cross with them, and had, instead, gone all the way round by the river and the sea, a very long and rough journey. Fatal accidents, the watchmen said, were of yearly occurrence on the passes.

And all this was only the way to Kurobe. Beyond it lay the Harinoki tōge. That pass no one had yet crossed this year. At intervals during the talk the watchman repeated excitedly, as a sort of refrain, "It is impossible to go on,—it is impossible to go on."

This talk, a part of which I understood, was not very heartening, following as it did the personal experience of the Oni ga Jo. The prospect began to

look too uncertain in its conclusion and too certain in its premises to be inviting. If professionals, properly accoutred, found crossing so dangerous a matter, the place was hardly one for unprovided amateurs. These mountaineers were not tied together, but wore over their *waraji*, or straw sandals, a set of irons, called *kanakajiki*. We were shown some of them which had been left by the woodcutters against their return. They were skeleton sandals, iron bands shod with three spikes. They looked like instruments of torture from the Middle Ages, and indeed were said to be indispensable against backsliding.

On the other hand, one Blondin feat over the Devil Place was enough for me. To take it on the road rather than turn back was one thing; to start to take it in cold blood another. I had had quite enough of balancing and doubt, so I asked if there were no other way out.

We might, they said, go to Arimine.

And how was the road?

Oh, the road was good, they answered cheerily.

Could we get a guide?

Apparently we could not, for an awkward pause ensued, until, after some suspense, the bigger of the two watchmen, he who sat in the shadow of the corner, volunteered to pilot us himself; and, he added, we should not have to start betimes, as the snow would not be fit to travel on till the sun had melted the crust.

Upon this doubly comforting conclusion I bade them good-night, and betook me to the cell-like room allotted me for sleep.

Percival Lowell.

THE SPEAKER AS PREMIER.

DURING the last half dozen years American newspapers have fallen into the habit, half joecose and half complimentary, of calling the Secretary of State the Premier. At the same time, a small and very earnest band of men have urged upon the country the adoption of something resembling the English parliamentary system, with a prime minister at the head. Both the wits and the reformers have failed to observe that there has actually grown up within our system of government an officer who possesses and exercises the most important powers entrusted to the head of the administration of England. This insistence upon a development which has not taken place, and neglect to notice one of the most remarkable phenomena of our constitutional growth, perhaps is due to a confusion as to the real place and powers of the English prime minister. I shall attempt, therefore, to set forth what he may do, and how far the Speaker of the House of Representatives stands in his place.

The English Premier, or prime minister, — a title unknown to the law, — is the person acting as the official head of the party, or combination of parties, having a majority in the House of Commons. There is no formal election. The Queen summons the man whom she believes to be best possessed of the confidence of his party; and if he succeed in inducing a sufficient number of his fellow-members in either house to take office with him, and if the other members of the party tacitly accept the ministry thus formed, the Premier remains in power until he is no longer able to command a majority in the Commons. The popular title of Premier is well applied, since its possessor is at the same time the head of the executive power of the

nation and the leader of Parliament. In the first capacity he is responsible for the acts of all his colleagues, unless he disavows them. He takes counsel with the other ministers, and their resolutions upon certain subjects of detail have, under the name of Orders in Council, the force of law. The foreign policy of the nation, the maintenance of internal peace, the execution of laws, are subject to the ministry, and in the action of the ministry he must lead, or lose prestige.

The second great function of the Premier is that of leader of Parliament. The ministry bring forward a series of government propositions, which have precedence over bills introduced directly by private members. Not only are the important bills introduced by the ministry; the order in which they shall be brought forward and pressed to a vote is also decided by the ministry, who form, therefore, practically a committee of both houses on a legislative programme. The Premier is usually one of the best debaters in Parliament, able to defend his ministry against criticism upon their executive action and against attack upon their bills. Should the House of Commons at any time refuse to accept a government measure upon which the ministry insist, or should it adopt a different order of business from that laid down as a government programme, the ministry, by long-established custom, must immediately resign.

Under the American system of government, the two functions of the English ministry are also exercised, but by the deliberate action of the framers of the Constitution those duties are divided. Whether or no the parliamentary system is better than our own, it is certainly precluded by the Constitution as it stands, and does not obtain in any State of the Union. The executive duties per-

formed in England by the Premier, in the United States are performed by the President. The Secretary of State is constitutionally a subordinate of the President, and stands upon the same footing as the other cabinet ministers, with the single exception that by the act of 1886 he is the first named in the succession to the presidency, in case of lapse, through death or disability, of the President and Vice-President. By long-established custom he is usually, although not invariably, a recognized leader of the party to which the President belongs. It is the President, however, through whom the unity of the administration is preserved; it is the President alone who can decide between conflicting policies or conflicting acts of his secretaries. Not only has Congress no power to interfere with the acts of the President or to cause his resignation; it cannot cause the dismissal of any of his secretaries or their subordinates. On the other hand, the President and his secretaries have no powers of control or direction over either house of Congress. In accordance with an early and unfortunate custom, all communications between the cabinet ministers and Congress are made in writing. One day in August, 1789, President Washington appeared in the Senate with General Knox, the Secretary of War, and announced that the latter would explain to the Senate a scheme of Indian treaties. The Senate, uneasy at the presence both of President and Secretary, referred the matter to a committee. Knox returned alone, a few days later; but since that time it does not appear that any cabinet officer has been heard in either house; and since 1801 the Presidents have made their communications in writing. Secretary Blaine is reported to have said that he would give two years of his life for an opportunity to debate in Congress a measure which he considered of prime importance. A rule of either house would

at any time establish the custom of listening to ministers, and would thus prevent much jarring and disharmony. Neither house has ever shown any disposition to pass such a rule.

The congressional system has led to a great practical inconvenience. At the beginning both houses were small: the House had but sixty-five members, the Senate but twenty-two. They legislated for a people of four millions, for the most part in agricultural communities. The Senate now has eighty-eight members, the House three hundred and thirty-two. They represent a people of sixty-three millions, with many varied interests. The subjects of legislation have, therefore, steadily increased, and the quantity of legislation has grown even in greater proportion. In Washington's first administration, 1789-93, 196 acts were presented for the President's signature; in Cleveland's administration about 3700 acts went through both houses of Congress and were submitted for executive approval. This enormous mass of legislation has taxed to the utmost the digestive powers of Congress. Measures of great public moment have failed to be considered, or have failed to pass, on account of the confusion and crush of public business; and the closing days of each Congress have witnessed scenes of reckless voting on measures hardly read or not understood, which must be carried through within a few hours or fail altogether. An examination of the statute books shows that in the administrations of Hayes and Arthur about one fifth of the acts of Congress received the President's signature in the last three days of the final sessions; in Cleveland's administration about one ninth. President Arthur signalized the last three days of his term by signing 217 bills. President Cleveland, on March 1 and 2, 1889, signed 162 bills.

Very early in the history of Congress it was seen that it was impossible for

the House as a body to examine all the bills submitted. In the Continental Congress and the Confederation there had already been established a system of select and standing committees for the consideration of special branches of legislation, and for the preparation of bills. For instance, the celebrated Northwest Ordinance of 1787 was reported by a select committee. As the system of responsible ministers was not adopted, and as the houses deliberately chose to deprive themselves of the presence and voices of the President's advisers, the committee system was continued without much consideration. For many years business was assigned usually to select committees. The first standing committee of the House was formed in 1789; in 1812 there were but nine. As the business of Congress increased, the number of the committees increased in like ratio. There are, in 1891, forty-nine standing committees in the House and forty-two in the Senate, besides eleven so-called select committees in each, which do not essentially differ from the standing committees. Each Congress frames its own rules, but it is usual to adopt the classification of committees which has already been found convenient. Those members who are reelected are likely again to receive appointment to the committees on which they have served in the previous Congresses. In this way there is established a certain continuity of service and of position. The chairmen of the committees and the majority of the members are always of the dominant party. So important is the committee work considered that there is a fierce strife among the members to secure valued appointments, and men have often won great reputation as successful administrators in important committees. Thus the late Samuel J. Randall was for many years chairman of the powerful Committee on Appropriations.

Although the business of Congress and

the number and complexity of the committees have increased, the number of days in the year has remained constant. The committees have learned by long experience that a measure upon which they have spent much time in the perfection of details may at last fail for simple want of consideration in one of the houses. There is, therefore, a constant and increasing strife between the chairmen of committees for the possession of the floor and the opportunity to report their bills, although they are members of the same party, and usually not unfriendly to each other. The result is that a very appreciable portion of the time, especially of the House of Representatives, is spent in fighting for the floor. One committee and its measures stands in the way of another, and it is nearly impossible for the House to select between two rival measures that which it desires to consider first. When sweeping measures are reported, involving great party principles, and likely to affect approaching elections, Congress usually spends a considerable part of its time in discussing which shall be discussed. Days may pass without any appreciable advance in the business of the houses. The sixty committees have their own interests and their own favorite projects, which seem larger to them than great party measures. The result is confusion, waste of time, failure to consider bills, and a consequent legislative stampede at the end of the session, in which the good and deserving measures, in which the House is sincerely interested, are more apt to be trampled down than private measures, urged by a few persistent members.

With all its evils, the committee system, in two ways, relieves the House from the pressure of legislation. In the first place, no bill can be considered without having passed through a committee and having been reported by it. The result is the strangling of eight tenths of the bills presented to Congress.

In the Fiftieth Congress, 1887-89, there were introduced into the House no less than 12,933 bills and joint resolutions. Of these, 9632 were never heard of again after having been referred to a committee, leaving 3301 which received some sort of consideration. Only 1605 passed the House, and of these only 1385 passed the Senate. Nearly nine tenths of the bills introduced had thus failed at some stage before presentation for the President's signature. The pigeon-holes of the committees are the resting-places of many thousands of unfledged measures. In the second place, the committees digest and arrange the details of measures, and many important bills, especially those correcting defects found in the working of the government, go through Congress substantially as reported by the committees. It is here that the cabinet ministers exercise their only direct influence on legislation. They appear before the committees, urge and explain particular measures, and not infrequently submit drafts of bills, which are accepted almost verbatim by the committee, and afterward by Congress. The great difficulty has been the lack of some institution to unify legislation. The bill reported by Committee B might unwittingly repeal the bill passed yesterday on report of Committee A; or the House is called upon to spend its brief and valuable time in settling questions in dispute between committees — questions upon which an agreement ought to have been reached before any report was rendered.

That some relief must be obtained from such confusion and perplexity statesmen have long agreed. They have not seen so clearly that, by a process of silent development, there was being evolved a power which could simplify and unify the legislative process. That power is the Speaker, and he has reached his present importance by the absorption, based on the consent of the House, of five successive sets of powers.

The first Speaker, chosen in 1789,

was simply a moderator. His duty was like that of other presiding officers, — to apply the rules of the House so as to give the fairest opportunity of discussion, and to permit the freest expression of the will of the House. The Speakers of some of the colonial assemblies had been distinctly party leaders; and after national parties were organized, — that is, from about 1793, — the Speakers were chieftains of great influence in their party, but they still felt themselves simply to be moderators.

The first access of power came through the appointment of committees. The House for one year tried the experiment, which the Senate has successfully carried on to the present day, of choosing committees by ballot; but in January, 1790, they voted to give this power to the Speaker. So long as the number of committees was small and committee positions were little sought for, this was still rather an administrative than a political power. As committee government grew, the power of the Speaker to give opportunities of distinction to his party friends also increased. By about 1840 the great influence of the committees was distinctly recognized: first in shaping legislation, and then in preventing legislation, by refusing to report bills to which the committee was opposed, but which the House might have approved. The Speaker began to assert a control over legislation through his power to appoint committees. Thus, in the choice of Speaker in 1849, a candidate who was on the point of being chosen lost the election, because it appeared that he had promised to constitute certain committees to the dissatisfaction of some of his party. The principle once completely established made the Speaker next in dignity and power to the President. He could decide at the beginning of the session what measures should not be brought to the attention of Congress; and he could have great influence, through the committees, in the preliminary shaping

of the measures which would be submitted. There were, however, two practical restrictions upon this power: it was to be exercised not for his personal advantage and advancement so much as for the party which made him Speaker; and the members of the committees, once appointed, felt no direct sense of responsibility to the Speaker, and thus might report measures to which he was personally opposed.

The period of the civil war did much to strengthen the powers of Congress at the expense of other departments; it also gave to the Speaker greater opportunities, both through the appointment of committees and through personal influence. The speakership became more and more desirable, not only for itself, but because it was an avenue to the presidency. Speaker Colfax was chosen Vice-President in 1868. His successor, Speaker Blaine, became a candidate for the nomination in 1876. But the third development of the Speaker's power rose rather out of the increasing pressure of the "floor;" that is, for the opportunity to take part in debate. There had been many cases in the history of Congress where members had been silenced, or the attempt had been made to silence them, by the infliction of some discipline. Such were the attempted censures of John Quincy Adams in 1832, 1837, and 1842. The rules had often been interpreted so as to cut off an obnoxious debater, as in the case of the first great abolition speech in Congress, in December, 1835. Somewhere between 1880 and 1890 there grew up the practice of the Speaker's refusing to recognize members because they had some propositions to bring forward obnoxious to his party. When, in 1887, a member wrote to Speaker Carlisle, asking that he might be recognized to move a repeal of the tobacco tax, the Speaker replied that he could not consent to entertain a motion against which the caucus of the party having a major-

ity in the House had pronounced itself. The Speaker assumed the right, sanctioned by precedent, to refuse to permit a hearing for a proposition contrary to the principles of his party. The history of the session shows that the minority was free to introduce propositions and amendments, and that the restriction was not invariably applied to members of the majority. The principle which Mr. Carlisle seems to lay down is that the Speaker is a party chief, bound, so far as members of his own party are concerned, to carry out the policy accepted by the party in caucus or by general agreement. Mr. Carlisle expressed his purpose more openly than any of his predecessors had done. The power was a familiar one, and has since been exercised.

From this point there is but a short step to a practice of refusing to recognize members because they are personally obnoxious to the Speaker. During the last thirty years members have sometimes sat through an entire session, or even through two sessions of Congress, without ever being able to catch the Speaker's eye. Their only opportunity has been that of presenting bills on the call by States, or of discussion in committees. At the adjournment of Congress in 1887, a member from Nebraska, who had a bill for a public building in his district, and who could not obtain the Speaker's recognition, walked for two hours up and down in front of the desk, entreating, cajoling, and ejaculating, and in the end tore his bill into fragments, and deposited them as a protest at the Speaker's feet. In all formal discussions, no member, with the exception of the accepted party leaders, need expect to be heard unless he has previously requested the Speaker to recognize him; and arbitrary Speakers do not hesitate to deny the applications of men whom they personally dislike.

The powers of the Speaker as thus developed, as moderator, as party chief,

as the appointer of committees, and as the dispenser of the right of taking part in debate, have made the Speaker's place more and more important, and more and more desired. But his authority has been negative rather than positive; the Speaker could prevent legislation, but he could secure none without a majority of the House. The Speaker might deny the floor, but he seldom occupied it. Henry Clay, the most distinguished and popular Speaker of the House, who was six times elected, and never had one of his decisions reversed, was accustomed to take active part in the debate. This practice has now become very rare. The Speaker has, however, had a large share in determining the policy of his party in caucus, and in holding the party to that policy. His power of appointing to committees has made his favor desirable. His prestige as Speaker, when backed by personal qualities of character and leadership, has made him by far the most important figure in Congress, and the second figure in the nation. The abler Speakers have had within their own party a political influence and predominance quite comparable with the party position of the English Premier.

The fifth and most important step in welding together the powers of the Speaker and in correcting the defects of the congressional system has been taken within the past two years. The Speaker, and a few other eminent members from his own party, have been constituted, by the consent of that party, an informal committee to decide upon an order of business. The commission of the Speaker rests simply upon the fact that he has been chosen by the members of his party in the House as their legislative leader. Without precisely intending to create a new or a more powerful authority, the present majority has thus committed itself to the practice of entrusting to a small body, in which the Speaker must be the predominant member, the direction not only of the policy

of the party, but of the legislation of the House. The step is in no way connected with peculiar principles either of the Republican or of the Democratic party. It is a natural and a desirable solution of the difficulties which have long beset Congress. The Committee on Rules, which now exercises this power, is made up of the Speaker and four associates, of whom two belong to the minority, and are practically excluded even from the routine business of the committee. The code of rules for the immediate government of the House, which that committee has pressed and which has been the subject of so much discussion, is the least interesting part of its work, because it has no necessary force after the expiration of the present Congress. The important and the permanent service of that committee has been to point out a way in which the majority in Congress may present in succession those measures upon which it desires to have a vote. The committee is superior to all other standing committees in Congress, because it expresses the general will of the party as to whether the work of those standing committees shall or shall not be brought to the attention of the House. The man who controls or is most powerful in that committee is, therefore, a recognized political chief, a formulator of the policy of the party, a legislative Premier. That man is the Speaker.

The parallel between the English and the American Premiers is, of course, by no means exact. In the first place, our Speaker is powerful only in the House, while the Premier, through his majority in the House of Commons, may, and frequently does, overawe the House of Lords. The Senate is not bound to recognize the leadership of the Speaker of the House of Representatives; but even here there is an evident convenience in having a party chief, capable of laying down a policy of successive measures and of urging those measures through.

Whenever hereafter the two houses are controlled by the same party, it is probable that some *junto*, of which the Speaker is the leading member, will arrange a programme of legislation for both houses. In the second place, the Speaker is chosen for a definite term of two years, unless by vote compelled sooner to resign. But parties in the United States are much more stable than in England. The party which elects the Speaker invariably holds its majority to the end of that Congress. Nothing, therefore, but the disregard of the wish of his own followers is likely to destroy the Speaker's power; and when his followers no longer stand by him, his position is much like that of the Premier against whom the House of Commons has passed a vote of want of confidence. The Speaker must resign, and his political influence will be destroyed. The executive part of the Premier's power is not within reach of the Speaker; but if the tradition of party action through the Speaker continues, the general policy of the party will be formed so as to include executive action. A President who wishes to stand well with his party is likely to aid in carrying out the programme arranged by the *junto* of which the Speaker is the leading member.

This most recent addition to the Speaker's power has not been conferred by the recent vote of the House in adopting rules, and in fact is not expressed in

the Constitution, the acts of Congress, or the rules of the House. It is a natural growth, and part of the tendency throughout the national, state, and municipal systems to put responsibility upon individuals rather than upon boards. It is a wholesome reaction from the divided irresponsibility and wasteful system of conducting the business of legislation. It secures at least the consideration of the measures held by the leaders of the majority to be most important. Those measures may or may not be for the public good; but under the new system the public has a better opportunity to place responsibility upon those members of Congress who, under any system, must control its operations, namely, the great leaders of the majority. The system is, therefore, likely to be continued in principle, if not in the same form, by each party when in the majority. The powers now exercised by the Speaker will probably be exercised by each succeeding Speaker, and will somewhat increase. Since the legislative department in every republic constantly tends to gain ground at the expense of the executive, the Speaker is likely to become, and perhaps is already, more powerful, both for good and for evil, than the President of the United States. He is Premier in legislation; it is the business of his party that he be also Premier in character, in ability, in leadership, and in statesmanship.

Albert Bushnell Hart.

RAILROAD PROBLEMS OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

I.

THE EXISTING SITUATION.

THE Interstate Commerce Law aimed to secure equality of treatment between different shippers in place of the system

of preferences which had prevailed up to that time. Different persons were to be treated exactly alike; different places, different commodities, or different quantities of the same commodity were to be treated differently only so far as a difference of circumstances and conditions

actually warranted it. The law did not try to prescribe rates, — it left this power in the hands of the railroad agents; it simply forbade the railroads to reduce rates for one shipper without extending the same privileges to others.

It is four years since the law went into operation; not time enough, perhaps, to test its merits, but time enough to disappoint the extravagant hopes which were at first entertained in some quarters. The act is far from being a solution of the problem of railroad control. It is but a single step in that direction. Some men are dissatisfied with the means provided for securing the objects of the law. Others regard those objects themselves as weak and unsatisfactory. Those who believed that the law would put an end to the agitation which preceded it, or would leave us more settled than we were before, have already seen their mistake. So far from being the end, it is but the beginning.

The American railroad system has grown up under the theory that it was a business to be managed by the investors, rather than a public agency to be run by the State. The theory has been that the public interest would be better served by allowing railroads to go where business demanded them and charge what they could get, than by letting the legislature decide which railroads were wanted and how much they should charge. The Interstate Commerce Law involved no radical departure from this theory. Except for the clause prohibiting pools, which was foreign to the general drift and tenor of the act, it aimed only to check specific abuses, leaving the general methods of management untouched. The Interstate Commerce Commission has been at times disposed to go a little farther than this; the state authorities have gone a great deal farther; while the expressions of popular opinion, especially in the West and South, demand a total change of base, which would make railroad man-

agement a socialistic rather than a business enterprise. There is a distrust of corporations as such, and a fear of the growth of corporate power. There is a belief that the present scale of charges is unnecessarily high, and that the people are taxed to pay dividends on watered stock. All these feelings are intensified by the fact that many of the railroads situated in some sections of the country are owned in entirely different ones, so that there is a local conflict of interests as well as an industrial one. Finally, there is a belief that if the government should own and manage the roads it would give better service and lower rates than we enjoy at present. It is a matter of feeling rather than knowledge, but it adds force to the agitation for lower rates by offering an alternative resource to the shipper and a menace to the corporation. Every convention of laborers in the city or of farmers in the country emphasizes this possibility; every schedule of grievances, directly or indirectly, reflects this view of the matter. The last platform of the Minnesota Farmers' Alliance contains this declaration: —

"We demand governmental control of railways, both by State and nation, to the end that all discriminations shall cease; that reasonable rates shall be established; that watered stock shall not receive the reward of honest capital; that the pooling of rates is such an element of monopoly as should be absolutely prohibited; that our legislature shall enact a freight-rate law which shall fix rates no higher than those now in force in Iowa, and the reduction of railroad passenger rates to two cents per mile. We anticipate the ultimate ownership of railroads by the government as the solution of this question."

Nor is this state of feeling confined to any one country. It is part of the drift of uneducated public sentiment the world over. Here is a statement recently laid before the English Board of Trade, less

comprehensive than that of the American farmers, but even more terse and explicit:—

"What we want is to have our fish carried at *half* present rates. We don't care a — whether it pays the railway or not. Railways ought to be made to carry for the good of the country, or they should be taken over by the government. This is what all traders want, and mean to try and get."

II.

REASONS AGAINST GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

Although the feeling in favor of eventual state ownership is so widespread, it does not seem likely that it will lead to any practical results in the immediate future. The American people have become accustomed to a standard of efficiency and economy in railroad service which no other railroad system has ever equaled. We do more work with fewer hands, and, on the whole, at lower rates. The very abuses which have crept into our railroad system only throw into stronger relief the superiority of corporate management as a whole. We hear constantly of watered stock and the inflated capitalization of railroads, but the waste due to government construction is more than the waste due to private finance. The actual capitalization of the railroads of the United States is about \$50,000¹ a mile. That of the government railways of New South Wales is just about the same. Yet the railways of the latter country are on a distinctly lower level than those of the United States. They have almost no double track; they run no fast trains; they accomplish no great feats of engineering. If we take a government system which stands on something like the same level

¹ The figure ordinarily given — \$58,000 — includes a great deal more than the stocks and

as our own, that of Germany, for example, we find that it costs \$100,000 per mile instead of \$50,000. The same causes which interfere with economy of construction interfere also with economy of operation.

Under these circumstances, it is useless to expect as good results from state roads as from private roads, and a very short trial would be enough to prove it. If state roads were run without reference to the payment of interest, it would be not only a burden on the taxpayer, but a matter of outrageous favoritism which district should have roads built for its convenience, as is the case to-day with river and harbor improvements. If they were run with a view to profit, they would probably be managed on pretty much the same principles as private roads. There would be less elasticity of management and less readiness to introduce improvements, and the inferior economy of government ownership would prevent the building of lines and the establishment of train services which would barely pay under private corporations. All these results have been felt in Germany, where the rates are low, but the train service only one half as large as that of England, or one third that of the United States, while the handling of goods, the running of trains, and the introduction of modern appliances have been slow in the extreme.

Even in those cases where the government railroads of Europe seem to have done better than our own, the difference is apparent rather than real. The new tariff in Hungary, by which passengers are carried at little over half a cent a mile, is often quoted as an example of what America could and ought to do. But, in point of fact, Americans would not endure Hungarian service at Hungarian rates. If you have a large population, you can either carry the passengers in a few cheap trains, with enormous bonds actually outstanding, or ever likely to be outstanding.

mous train loads, at very cheap rates; or you can have more trains and better trains, with fewer passengers on each train, and higher rates of fare. The train mile is the unit of expense: if a given number of people are satisfied with few trains, they can get lower rates; if they want a great many trains, they must pay more. Which direction passenger traffic development will take depends upon the character of the popular demand. If time and comfort are more valuable to the traveler than a few cents' difference in fare, he will pay a few cents more for time and comfort. If a laborer makes less than ten cents an hour, he can afford to lose an hour to save ten cents. If he makes more than ten cents an hour, time is money to him. The former is the case in Hungary or in India; the latter, in England or in America.

Cheapening of rates by reduction of facilities is just what the United States could not endure. Her commercial prosperity depends upon rapid development of railroad service, in quantity as well as quality. The popular feeling in favor of state ownership, widespread as it may be, is little more than a preference of unknown evils to known ones, — a preference likely to disappear at the point of actual trial.

III.

FORCED REDUCTIONS OF RATES.

The tendency toward enforced reductions of charge is, unfortunately, a much more real and immediate danger. Many of the States seem bent on repeating the experiences of the Granger legislation, half a generation ago. Iowa has already gone to the utmost limit of what is constitutional, if not beyond it; other States seem likely to do the same thing. Even the Interstate Commerce Commission has departed from the principle of simply securing equal rates, and tries to take

final jurisdiction as to what is reasonable.

There are two ways of trying to reduce rates: by limiting profits, or by actually fixing a scale of charges. In most parts of the country public sentiment limits railroads to ten per cent dividends; in some cases the law reduces this to eight; the Farmers' Alliance measures propose six. These restrictions are often evaded by issue of new capital stock, either at less than its face value, or at any rate less than its market price. But even when enforced they commonly defeat their own ends. They discourage efficient business management by placing it on the same level with inefficient. They take away from a prosperous railroad the inducement to develop new business by lower rates and increased facilities. The assumption that the profit will be given back to the shippers in the form of cheaper rates never holds good. As far as there is any effect, it simply prevents reduction. As expressed by Sir Thomas Farrer, for many years secretary of the English Board of Trade: "The principle of limitation of dividend is in itself faulty. So long as the charge is not too high, the public have no interest in the reduction of dividend. Their interest is in the reduction of price, which is a totally different thing. The fallacy lies in supposing that what is taken from the shareholders necessarily goes into the pocket of the consumer. It does no such thing; it is probably wasted in extravagances, which the company have no motive whatever for reducing. Indeed, one of the worst consequences of the system is that it takes away inducements to economy. It leads not only to extravagance in current expenses, but to an extravagant waste of capital. In fact, in this parliamentary limitation of dividend and capital, we have gone on a perfectly wrong tack, and have involved ourselves in a maze of absurdities." If the rate of profit were fixed as low as

the Farmers' Alliance demands, the effect would be even worse. It would simply prevent the investment of capital at all. If successful, it is to be limited to a low rate of profit; if unsuccessful, it would have to take all the risks of loss. It would simply be a death-blow to business enterprise.

While laws limiting profits defeat their own ends, those limiting charges attain their immediate object at the sacrifice of other more important ones. A community can have what transportation it is willing to pay for. If it lets the roads make what rates they please, it can have railroads in every section which can afford them, and facilities for every line of business which can possibly pay for transportation. If, on the other hand, it seeks to limit charges, it can only have the facilities where traffic is densest and most profitable. In proportion to population, it will have fewer roads and fewer trains. Fix a limit of charge by law, and the amount of service adjusts itself to that limit.

The economic principles involved in fixing railroad charges are not radically different from those involved in fixing the price of bread; it is only that their operation is slower and more obscure, and that the public has learned the lesson less completely. There was a time when it was thought necessary to have the public authorities fix the price of bread. People feared that, if matters were left to themselves, the sellers would have a monopoly, and take every advantage of the needy buyers. But, as time went on, it was found that such laws did more harm than good. If the price was fixed too high, it was useless; if it was fixed too low, the supply of bread fell short of the demand, and while some people got their bread cheap, others got none at all. The suffering of the latter class was greater than the advantage to the former. A new system gradually superseded the old. Sellers were allowed to get what price they could, buy-

ers to pay what price they would. In that way, and in that way only, was there an adjustment of quantity of service to public demand.

The same thing has happened in the case of railroads. Under the influence of the Granger movement, from 1870 to 1875, laws were passed limiting railroad charges to what the shippers desired. The first effect was to give the farmers a chance to ship their goods at lower rates. But this did not last long. Railroad facilities ceased to develop as they had done before. When the companies could not pay interest, the building of new roads stopped, and the service on the old ones deteriorated rapidly. Some men were able to ship cheaper, but others were unable to ship at all. The loss to the latter far outweighed the gain to the former. The development of the States which had passed restrictive laws was checked; the more stringent the law, the more severe the reaction. The laws were either allowed to fall into disuse, or, in some cases, were repealed by the very men who had passed them. Long before the Supreme Court had had time to pass on the constitutionality of such legislation, the logic of events had proved that it was destructive to the very interests which it was designed to protect.

The same thing must repeat itself to-day. Although the greater size of our consolidated systems renders the reaction against the legislation of any one State less speedy and obvious, our roads as a whole are working too near the margin of profit to endure reduction of charge anywhere without corresponding reduction of service. Their net earnings are only a little over \$2000 a mile. A slight reduction will be enough to cut off the supply of capital for new roads, and to limit the service on old ones. Any such change must make itself quickly felt by the shippers. We have not been building new lines with any great rapidity since the close of

1887, so that the supply of transportation service is not very largely in excess of the demand. If this slight excess were converted into a deficiency, it would be a quicker and more effective means of checking radical legislation than any influence which can be brought to bear through the courts or upon the legislatures. While the courts may pronounce, and in some cases have pronounced, such legislation unconstitutional, they are as a rule disposed to give it the benefit of the doubt. If it complies with certain forms of procedure, they will not stand in the way of its operation, unless it has been found actually to work serious damage. The railroads must "prove poison by taking it." From the legislatures there is even less hope. The attempt which has been made in some quarters to use corruption as a means of fighting such legislation is worse than useless. It simply puts it into the power of every corrupt man to blackmail the companies, and adds a new source of danger to those already existing. It is on themselves, rather than on the public authorities, that the investors must rely for protection.

IV.

THE PROBLEM OF CORPORATE CONTROL.

The action of investors has been, and still is, seriously hampered by the fact that those who are put in charge of the property and who ought to be representatives of their interests are not really so. This criticism does not apply merely to those who have acquired control of the property by dishonest methods, with the intent of sacrificing legitimate owners. It applies to many railroad directors and presidents who are thoroughly honorable men, but have no special fitness for the position in which they are placed.

The investors are interested in the

successful operation of the property. Their representatives whom they place in control are often more immediately interested in the purchase or sale of certain securities connected with it. They operate in Wall Street rather than in the railroad itself. Their interest is a speculative one. Even when they hold a large share in the securities, they contemplate the possibility of selling them at an advance. If they are at all dishonest, they are likely to be still more interested in outside corporations whose interest is adverse to the property which they nominally represent. This is not at all universally so. There have been great financiers, like Vanderbilt, who were also great railroad men. But, as a rule, a large part of the control of our great properties is in the hands of men who are dealers in railroad securities rather than legitimate investors in railroads. It is one of the most serious charges which can be maintained against our financial system that so much money is to be made in the former way, and so little in the latter.

While such leaders have often shown great shrewdness in matters of temporary importance, they have too frequently neglected what was of the greatest value to the permanent interests of the property. Their horizon has lain within the limits of the year's balance sheet. They have known little of the feeling among the employees of the road, and have had little of the instinct of leadership which would cultivate *esprit de corps* or prevent disaffection and strikes. They have known to some extent how to deal with corrupt legislatures; they have not known how to deal with the public opinion along the line, uncorrupt but unenlightened, which renders the action of such legislatures dangerous. They know how to make combinations for their own financial purposes; but of the methods by which a combination is made to secure good railroad economy or steadiness in rates they know little or nothing.

This defect has made itself strongly felt under the operation of the pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce Law. While the law as a whole imposed new duties on railroads, the prohibition of pools took away one of their chief means of performing those duties. They were charged with the responsibility of treating all shippers alike. But when a single large shipper, or a combination of shippers, threatened to divert enormous quantities of freight from one road to another, and thus cause great loss to a company which would not accede to a demand for special favors, the railroads were forbidden to combine to protect themselves. Or when a single reckless agent, acting perhaps in defiance of instructions, made secret concessions which secured freight for his line, the other roads were compelled either to follow suit, or to see the traffic diverted to the least law-abiding among them. The Interstate Commerce Commission was practically powerless to protect them. Previous to the passage of the act they had avoided this evil by a division of traffic or earnings according to percentages. Now, however, in the words of the general manager of one of the roads which had made the strongest effort to conform to the law, "the old and tried methods, imperfect though they were, were legislated out of existence."

Partly as a result of this cause, partly from the reckless over-construction of roads in 1887, the net earnings of the Central and Western systems began to fall rapidly. Investors were unwilling to buy railroad securities, old or new. Those who made their profit from dealings in such securities found their market gone. They tried to restore public confidence by the "Gentlemen's Agreement," whose outcome was the Interstate Commerce Railway Association. A stenographic report of the proceedings of their conferences has been preserved. It reads more like congressional debates than like sober talk of sensible men.

The participants were thinking of what they wanted to accomplish rather than of the practical means of attaining it. They were aiming to gain public confidence rather than to deserve it; and anybody who tried to bring the latter point into view, or ask how they proposed to carry out any of the difficult parts of their programme, received about as much encouragement as he would if he asked the same question about a platform in a party convention. There was much talk of harmony, but no means of securing it; some provision for boards to control nominal rates, but no system of joint agencies or traffic arrangement which should insure that the real rates were anywhere near the nominal ones.

Had the public allowed its confidence to be restored by so transparent a device, it would have been the worst thing which could have happened. The association, in spite of the ability of its chairman, has been a pretty complete failure, and before these lines appear in print will have been considerably remodeled. There seems to be danger that in the new association, as well as in the old, there will be a high standard of nominal requirement combined with comparatively slight means of enforcement. Thus far the unwillingness of the public to buy securities, resulting as it does in a lessened supply of transportation facilities, has been more of a protection against future rate-cutting than all the combinations of Western roads. If this unwillingness continues, the financial authorities now in control will have to turn their attention less to the market, and more to improvements in the method of operation. When it becomes impossible to sell a road to advantage except by operating it to advantage, the interests of the financier and investor will cease to conflict.

Another encouraging sign is the agitation for important reforms in corporation law. In some respects the law has hitherto been about as bad as it could

be. Stock has been issued for no consideration, or a grossly inadequate one. The actual investment has been furnished by bondholders, while the stockholders obtained absolute temporary control of other people's money. If dishonest, they could give themselves lucrative contracts at the expense of the real investor. Even without actual dishonesty they could commit a company to an unwise policy, from which it would take many years to recover. There is room for law reform in all these matters. The position of a director of a great corporation is in large measure that of a trustee. In England it is treated as such, and he is forbidden to use the money of the corporation for contracts in which he is personally interested. While it might not be practicable to go as far in this country, the responsibility of the directors could be largely increased, and such contracts surrounded by safeguards which are now conspicuously absent. It is strongly urged in some quarters that the bondholders, furnishing as they do so large a share of the investment, should be given a voice in the management. As compared with the present state of things this would be an improvement, but it might be wiser to deal with the evil one step further back, and insist that the bondholders should not furnish

so large a share of the investment as they now do; that the amount of money actually invested by stockholders should at least equal the amount of bonds issued, so that the latter should be reduced within a fair limit of risk, and should really be what they pretend to be, an investment security.

No matter how much the law may do, the main hope of reform must be in the increased intelligence of the investors themselves. We have learned that representative government cannot be made a success in politics unless the voters have a sufficient degree of enlightenment to manage it. We must learn the same lesson in industry. With the increasing tendency toward monopoly due to modern commercial methods, the chance for mistakes becomes greater, and the demand for intelligence more exacting. Unless the stockholders learn to use their votes and their rights, the management of industry will tend to give more and more irresponsible power to individuals; the relations between our political theories and our business practice will become more and more discordant; the demand for state socialism will grow more and more powerful. To keep control of large industries without the most disastrous conflicts investors must show themselves worthy to exercise it.

Arthur T. Hadley.

PLEASURE: A HERESY.

It is an interesting circumstance in the lives of those persons who are called either heretics or reformers, according to the mental attitudes or antecedent prejudices of their critics, that they always begin by hinting their views with equal modesty and moderation. It is only when rubbed sore by friction, when hard driven and half spent, that they venture into the open, and define their

positions before the world in all their bald malignity. Now I have a certain sneaking sympathy, not with heretics or reformers, but with that frame of mind which compels a hunted and harried creature suddenly to assume the offensive, cast prudence to the winds, nail his thesis conspicuously to the doorpost, and snortingly await developments. He is not, while so occupied, a winning or

beautiful figure, when judged by the strict standards of sweetness and light; but he is eminently human, and is entitled to the forbearance of humanity.

It is now over a year since, in an article called *Fiction in the Pulpit*, and published in this magazine, I ventured to say, or rather I said without any consciousness of being venturesome, that the sole business of a novel-writer was to give us pleasure; his sole duty was to give it to us within decent and prescribed limits. It seemed to me then that the assertion was so self-evident as to be hardly worth the making; it was a little like saying an undisputed thing "in such a solemn way." I have learned since how profoundly I was mistaken in the temper, not of writers only, but of readers as well, — how far remote I stood from the current of ethical activity. It is needless to state that this later knowledge has been brought to me by the mouths of critics: sometimes by professional critics, who said their say in print; sometimes by amateur and neighborly critics, who expressed theirs frankly in speech. It is needless, also, to state that, of the two, the professional critics — brothers and sisters of my own household I count them — have been infinitely more tolerant of my shortcomings, more lenient in their remonstrances, more persuasive and even flattering in their lines of argument. The ordinary reviewer, anonymous or otherwise, is not the ruthless destroyer, "ferocious, dishonest, butcherly," whom Mr. Howells so graphically portrays, but rather a kindly, indifferent sort of creature, who cares so little what you think that even his reproaches wear an air of gentle and friendly unconcern.

In all cases, however, the verdict reached was practically the same. The business of fiction is to elevate our moral tone; to teach us the stern lessons of life; to quicken our conceptions of duty; to show us the dark abysses of fallen

nature; to broaden our spiritual vistas; to destroy our old comfortable creeds; to open our half-closed eyes; to expand our souls with the generous sentiments of humanity; to vex us with social problems and psychological conundrums; to gird us with chain armor for our daily battles; to do anything or everything, in short, except simply give us pleasure. It is not forbidden us, to be sure, to take delight, if we can, in the system of instruction; a good child, we are told, should always love its lessons; but the really important thing is to study and know them by heart. Verily

"This rugged virtue makes me gasp"!

Why should the word "pleasure," when used in connection with literature, send a cold chill down our strenuous nineteenth-century spines? It is a good and charming word, caressing in sound and softly exhilarating in sense. As in a dream, it shows us swiftly rich minutes by a winter firelight, with *The Eve of St. Agnes* held in our happy hands; long, lazy summer afternoons spent right joyously in company with *Emma Woodhouse* and *Mr. Knightley*; or perhaps hours of content, lost in the letters of *Charles Lamb*, dear to us alike in all seasons and in all moods, a heritage of delight as long as life shall last. I do not, indeed, as I have been accused of doing, employ the word "pleasure" as synonymous with amusement. Amusement is merely one side of pleasure, but a very excellent side, against which, in truth, I have no evil word to urge. The gods forbid such base and savorless ingratitude! This is not at best a merry world. "There is a certain grief in things as they are, in man as he has come to be;" and the background of our lives is a steady, undeviating sadness. Who, then, has not felt that sudden lifting of the spirits, that quick purging of black, melancholy vapors from the brain, as wise old *Burton* would express it, when some fine jest appeals irresistibly to one's

sense of humor! There comes to the alert mind at such a moment a distinct revelation of contentment; a conscious thought that it is well to be alive, and to hear that nimble witticism which has so warmed and tickled one's fancy. "Live merrily as thou canst," says Burton, "for by honest mirth we cure many passions of the mind. A gay companion is as a wagon to him that is wearied by the way."

If amusement can help us so materially in our daily life, which is a daily struggle as well, how much more pleasure!—pleasure which is the rightful goal of art, just as knowledge is the rightful goal of science. "Art," says Winckelmann, "is the daughter of Pleasure;" and as Demeter sought for Persephone with resistless fervor and desire, so Pleasure seeks for Art, languishing in sunless gloom, and, having found her, expresses through her the joy and beauty of existence, and lives again herself in the possession of her fair child, while the whole earth bubbles into laughter. We cannot separate these two without exchanging sunlight for frost and the cold, dark winter nights. Mr. E. S. Dallas, who, in those charming volumes pleadingly entitled *The Gay Science*, has made a gallant fight for pleasure as the end of art, and for criticism as the path by which that end is reached, shows us very clearly and very persuasively that, in all ages and in all nations, there has been a natural, wholesome, outspoken conviction that art exists for pleasure, and, pleasing, instructs as well. There is a core of truth, he grants, in the Horatian maxim that art may be profitable as well as delightful, "since it always holds that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, that enduring pleasure comes only out of healthful action, and that amusement, as mere amusement, is in its own place good if it be but innocent. There is profit in art as there is gain in godliness and policy in an honest life. But we are not to pursue art

for profit, nor godliness for gain, nor honesty because it is politic."

This, then, is the earliest lesson that the student of art has to learn: that it exists for pleasure, but for a pleasure that may be profitable, and that stands in no sort of opposition to truth. "Science," says Mr. Dallas, "gives us truth without reference to pleasure, but immediately and chiefly for the sake of knowledge. Art gives us truth without reference to knowledge, but immediately and mainly for the sake of pleasure." The test of science, then, must always be an increase of knowledge, of proven and demonstrable facts; the test of art must always be an increase of pleasure, of conscious and sentient joy. "What is good only because it pleases," says Dr. Johnson, "cannot be pronounced good until it has been found to please."

The joy that is born of art is not always a simple or easily analyzed emotion. The pleasure we take in looking at the soft, white, dimpled Venus of the Capitol is something very different from that strange tugging at our heart-strings when we first see the sad and scornful beauty of the Venus of Milo, or the curious pity with which we watch the dejected Cupid of the Vatican hanging his lovely head. But with both the Venus of Milo and the Vatican Cupid, the sensation of pleasure they afford is greater than the sensation of pain, or pity, or regret. It triumphs wholly over our other emotions, and gains fullness from the conflict of our thoughts. We feel many things, but we feel pleasure most of all, and this is the final test and the final victory of art. In the same manner, the mixed emotions with which we listen to music resolve themselves ultimately to pleasure in that music; and the mixed emotions with which we read poetry resolve themselves ultimately to pleasure in that poetry. If it were otherwise, we should know that the music and the poetry had failed in their crucial trial. If we did not feel more

pleasure than pain in the tragedy of *Othello*, it would not be a great play. That we do feel more pleasure than pain, that our pleasure is subtly fed by our pain, proves it to be a masterpiece of art.

There is still another point to urge. While art may instruct as well as please, it can nevertheless be true art without instructing, but not without pleasing. The former quality is accidental, the latter essential, to its being. "Enjoyment," says Schiller, "may be only a subordinate object in life; it is the highest in art." We cannot say that The Eve of St. Agnes teaches us, directly or indirectly, anything whatever. The trembling lovers, the withered Angela, the revelers,

"The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,"

the storm without, the fragrant warmth and light within, are all equally innocent of moral emphasis. Even the Beadsman is not worked up, as he might have been, into a didactic agent. But every beauty-laden line is rich in pleasure, the whole poem is an inheritance of delight. I never read it without being reminded afresh of that remonstrance offered so gently by Keats to Shelley, — by Keats, who was content to be a poet, to Shelley, who would also be a reformer: "You will, I am sure, forgive me for sincerely remarking that you might curb your magnanimity, and be more of an artist, and load every rift of your subject with ore." Load every rift of your subject with ore, — there spoke the man who claimed no more for himself than that he had loved "the principle of beauty in all things," and to whose hushed and listening soul the cry of Shelley's "divine discontent" rang jarringly in the stillness of the night. If the poetry of Keats, a handful of scattered jewels left us by a dying boy, is, as Matthew Arnold admits, more solid and complete than Shelley's superb and piercing song, to what is this due, save that Keats pos-

sessed, in addition to his poetic gift, the tranquil artist soul; content, as Goethe was content, to love the principle of beauty, and to be in sympathy with the great living past which has nourished, and still nourishes, the living present. The passion for reconstructing society, and for distributing pamphlets as a first step in the reconstruction, had no part in his artistic development. The errors of his fellow-mortals touched him lightly; their superstitions did not trouble him at all; their civil rights and inherited diseases were not matters of daily thought and analysis. But what he had to give them he gave unstintedly, and we to-day are rich in the fullness of his gift. "The proper and immediate object of poetry," says Coleridge, "is the communication of immediate pleasure;" and are our lives so joyous that this boon may go unrecognized and unrecognized? Which is best for us in this chilly world, — that which pleases, but does not instruct, like The Eve of St. Agnes, or that which instructs, but does not please, like Dr. Ibsen's *Ghosts*? I do not say, Which is true art? because the relative positions of the two authors forbid comparison; but, judged by the needs of humanity, which is the finer gift to earth? If, with Pliny, we seek an escape from mortality in literature, which shall be our choice? If, with Dr. Johnson, we require that a book should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it, which shall we take for a friend?

"Everything that is any way beautiful is beautiful in itself, and terminates in itself," says Marcus Aurelius; and the pleasure we derive from a possession of beauty has characteristic completeness and vitality. This pleasure is not only, as we are so often told, a temporary escape from pain; it is not a negation, a mere cessation of suffering; it is not necessarily preceded by craving or followed by satiety; it is emphatically not a matter of prospect, as Shelley

would have us believe;¹ it is a matter of conscious possession. "Vivre, c'est penser et sentir son âme;" and when a happy moment, complete and rounded as a pearl, falls into the tossing ocean of life, it is never wholly lost. For our days are made up of moments and our years of days, and every swift realization of a lawful joy is a distinct and lasting gain in our onward flight to eternity.

It seems to me strangely cruel that this philosophy of pleasure should be so ruthlessly at variance with the ethical criticism of our day. If it has come down to us as a gracious gift from the most cheerful and not the least wholesome of heathens, it has been broadened and brightened into fresh comeliness by the spirit of Christianity, which is, above all things, a spirit of lawful and recognized joy. Nothing is more plain to us in the teaching of the early Church than that asceticism is for the chosen few, and enjoyment, diffused, genial, temperate, and pure enjoyment, is for the many. "Put on, therefore, gladness that hath always favor before God, and is acceptable unto him, and delight thyself in it; for every man that is glad doeth the things that are good, and thinketh good thoughts, despising grief."² Through all the centuries, rational Christianity has still taught us bravely to endure what we must, and gratefully to enjoy what we can. There is a very charming and sensible letter on this point, written by the Abbé Duval to Madame de Rémusat, who was disposed to reproach herself a little for her own happiness, and to think that she had no right to be so comfortable and so well content.

"You say that you are happy," writes this gentlest and wisest of confessors; "why then distress yourself? Your happiness is a proof of God's love to-

¹ "Pain or pleasure, if subtly analyzed, will be found to consist entirely in prospect."

² Shepherd of Hermas.

ward you; and if in your heart you truly love him, can you refuse to respond to the divine benevolence? . . . Engrave upon your conscience this fundamental truth: that religion demands order above all things; and that, since the institutions of society have been allowed and consecrated, there is encouragement for those duties by which they are maintained. . . . But especially banish from your mind the error that our pains alone are acceptable to God. A general willingness to bear trial is enough. Never fear but life and time will bring it. Dispose yourself beforehand to resignation, and meanwhile thank God incessantly for the peace which pervades your lot."

This is something very different from Ruskin's ethics, — from the plain statement that we have no right to be happy while our brother suffers, no right to put feathers in our own child's hat while somebody else's child goes featherless and ragged. But there is a certain staying power in the older and simpler doctrine, and an admirable truth in the gentle suggestion that we need not vex ourselves too deeply with the notion of our ultimate freedom from trial. It was not given to Madame de Rémusat, any more than it is given to us, to ride in untroubled gladness over a stony world. All that she attained, all that we can hope for, is distinct and happy moments, brief intervals from pain, or from that rational *ennui* which is inseparable from the conditions of human life. But I cannot agree with the long list of philosophers and critics, from Kant and Schopenhauer down to Mr. Dallas, who have taught that these passing moments are negative in their character; that they are hidden from our consciousness and elude our scrutiny, — existing while we are content simply to enjoy them, vanishing if, like Psyche, we seek to understand our joy. The trained intelligence grasps its pleasures, and recognizes them as such; not after

they have fled, and linger only, a golden haze, in memory, but alertly, in the present, while they still lie warm in the hollow of the heart. There is indeed a certain breathless and unconscious delight in life itself, which is born of our ceaseless struggle to live, a sweetness of honey snatched from the lion's mouth. This delight is common to all men, and is probably keenest in those who struggle hardest. When society is reorganized on a Utopian basis, and nobody has any further need to elbow his own way through hardships and difficulties, there will be one joy less in the world; and, missing it, many people will realize that all which made life worth having has been softened and improved out of existence. They will cease to value and refuse to possess that which costs them nothing to preserve.

This fundamental happiness in life, and in the enforced activity by which it is maintained, is hidden from our consciousness. We feel the hardships, and do not especially feel any relish in ceaselessly combating them, though the relish is there; not keen enough for palpable felicity, but vital enough to keep the human race alive. All other pleasures, however, we should train ourselves to enjoy. They flow from many sources, and are fitted to many moods. They are fed alike by our most secret emotions and by our severest toil, by the simplest thing in nature and by the utmost subtlety of art. A primrose by a river's brim often makes its appeal as vainly as does Hamlet or the Elgin Marbles.

What we need is, not more cultivation, but a recognized habit of enjoyment. There is, I am told, though I cannot speak from experience, a very high degree of pleasure in successfully working out a mathematical problem. Burton confesses frankly that his impelling motive, in long hours of research, was primarily his own gratification. "The delight is it I aim at, so great pleasure,

such sweet content, there is in study." I think the most beautiful figure in recent literature is Mr. Pater's Marius the Epicurean, whose life, regarded from the outside, is but a succession of imperfect results, yet who, deserted and dying, counts over with a patient and glad heart the joys he has been permitted to know.

"Like a child thinking over the toys it loves, one after another, that it may fall asleep so, and the sooner forget all about them, he would try to fix his mind, as it were impassively, on all the persons he had loved in life, — on his love for them, dead or living, grateful for his love or not, rather than on theirs for him, — letting their images pass away again, or rest with him, as they would. One after another, he suffered those faces and voices to come and go, as in some mechanical exercise; as he might have repeated all the verses he knew by heart, or like the telling of beads, one by one, with many a sleepy nod between whiles."

Here is a profound truth, delicately and reverently conveyed. That which is given us for our joy is ours as long as life shall last; not passing away with the moment of enjoyment, but dwelling with us, and enriching us to the end. The memory of a past pleasure, derived from any lawful source, is a part of the pleasure itself, a vital part, which remains in our keeping as long as we recognize and cherish it. Thus, the pleasure obtained from seeing the Venus of Milo or reading *The Eve of St. Agnes* is not ended when we have left the Louvre or closed the book. It becomes a portion of our inheritance, a portion of the joy of living; and the statue and the poem have fulfilled their allotted purpose in yielding us this delight. There is a curious fashion nowadays of criticising art and poetry, and even fiction, with scant reference to the pleasure for which they exist; yet a rational estimate of these things is hardly possible from any other

standpoint. Mr. Ruskin, we know, has invented that pleasing novelty, ethical art-criticism, and, by its means, as Mr. Dallas frankly admits, he has made, not the criticism only, but the art itself, intelligible and palatable to his English readers. It would seem as if they hardly held themselves justified in enjoying a thing unless there was a moral meaning back of it, a moral principle involved in their own happiness. This meaning and this principle Mr. Ruskin has supplied, bringing to bear upon his task all the earnestness and sincerity of his spirit, all the wonderful charm and beauty of a winning and persuasive eloquence. It is well-nigh impossible to withstand his appeals, they are so irresistibly worded; and it is only when we have withdrawn from his seductive influence, to think a little for ourselves, that we realize how much of his criticism, as criticism, is valueless, because it consists in analyzing motives rather than in estimating results. He assumes that the first interest in a picture is, what did the painter intend? the second interest is, how did he carry out his intention? whereas the one really important and paramount consideration in art is workmanship. We have, many of us, the artist's soul, but few the artist's fingers. It is a pleasant pastime to decipher the mental attitude of the painter; it is essential to understand the quality and limit of his powers.

Reading Mr. Ruskin's criticisms on Tintoret's pictures in the Scuola di S. Rocco — on the Annunciation particularly — is very much like listening to a paper in a Browning Society. Perhaps the poet, perhaps the painter, did mean all that. It is manifestly impossible to prove they did n't, inasmuch as death has removed them from any chance of interrogation. But by what mysterious and exclusive insight have Mr. Ruskin and the Browning student found it out? The interpretation is not suggested as feasible, it is asserted as a fact; though

precisely how it has been reached we are not suffered to know. Many unkind and severe things have been said about judicial criticism, but Mr. Ruskin's criticism is not judicial, — which infers an application of governing principles; it is dogmatic, the unhesitating expression of a personal sentiment. He shows you Giotto's frescoes in the cloister of Santa Maria Novella; he pleads with you very prettily and charmingly to admire the Birth of the Virgin; he points out to you with rather puzzling precision exactly what the painter intended to imply by every detail of the work. This is pleasant enough: but suppose you don't really care about the Birth of the Virgin when you see it; suppose you fail to follow the guiding finger that reveals to you its significance and beauty. What happens then? Mr. Ruskin retorts in the severest manner, and with a degree of scorn that seems hardly warranted by the contingency: "If you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not, by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it."

So Florence with all its loveliness is lost to you, unless you can sufficiently sympathize with one small fresco. It would be as reasonable to say that all English literature is lost to you, unless you truly enjoy *Comus*; that all music is lost to you, unless you delight in *Parsifal*. It is the special privilege of ethical criticism to take this exclusive and didactic form; to bid you admire a thing, not because it is beautiful in itself, but because it has a subtle lesson to convey, — a lesson of which, it is urbanely hinted, you stand particularly in need. On precisely the same principle, you are commanded to cleave to Tolstoi, not because he has written able novels, but because these novels teach a great many things which it is desirable you should know and believe; you are bidden to revere George Meredith, not be-

cause he has given the world some brilliant and captivating books, but because these books contain a tonic element fitted for your moral reconstruction. If you do not sufficiently value these admirable lessons, then you are told, in language every whit as contemptuous as Mr. Ruskin's, to amuse yourself, by all means, with Lever, and Gaboriau, and Jules Verne; for all higher fiction is, like the art of Florence, a sealed book to your understanding.

"Most men," says Mr. Froude, "feel the necessity of being on some terms with their conscience, at their own expense or at another's;" and one very popular method of balancing their score is by exacting from art and literature that serious ethical purpose which they hesitate to intrude too prominently into their daily lives, rightly opining that it gives much less trouble in books. So prevalent is this tone in modern thought that even a consummate critic like Mr. Bagehot is capable of saying, in one of his supremely moral moments, that Byron's poems "taught nothing, and therefore are forgotten." Et tu, Brute! Such a sentence from such a pen makes me realize something of the bitterness with which the dying Cæsar covered up his face from his most trusted friend. That Lord Byron's poems are forgotten is rather a matter of doubt; that they are given over entirely into the hands of "a stray school-boy" is a hazardous assertion to make; but to say that they are forgotten *because* they teach nothing is to strike at the very life and soul of poetry. It does not exist to teach, but to please; it can cease to exist only when it ceases to give pleasure.

Perhaps what Mr. Bagehot meant to imply is that it would be a difficult task to review Byron's poetry after the approved modern fashion; to assign him, as we assign more contemplative and analytic poets, a moral *raison d'être*. Pick up a criticism of Mr. Browning, for example, and the first word we see is

this: "What was the kernel of Browning's ethical teaching, and how does he apply its principles to life, religion, art, and love?"¹ It would be as manifestly absurd to ask this question about Byron as it would be to review Fielding from the standpoint adapted for Tolstoi, or to discuss Sheridan from the same field of view as Ibsen. With the earlier writers it was a question of workmanship; with our present favorites it has become a question of ethics. Yet when we seek for simple edification, as our plain-spoken grandfathers understood the word, as many innocent people understand it now, the new school seems as remote from furnishing it as the old. Browning, Tolstoi, and Ibsen have their own methods of dealing with sin, and richly suggestive and illustrative methods they are. The lessons taught may be of a highly desirable kind, but I doubt their practical efficacy in our common working lives; and I cannot think this possible efficacy warrants their intrusion into art. Great truths, unconsciously revealed and as unconsciously absorbed, have been in all ages the soul of poetry, the subtle life of fiction. These truths, always in harmony with the natural world and with the vital sympathies of man, were not put forward crudely as lessons to be learned, but primarily as pleasures to be enjoyed; and through our "sweet content," as Burton phrased it, we came into our heritage of knowledge. To-day both poetry and fiction have assumed a different and less winning attitude. They have grown sensibly didactic, are at times almost reproachful in their tone, and, so far from striving to yield us pleasure, to increase our "sweet content" with life, they endeavor, with very tolerable success, to prevent our being happy after our own limited fashion. Their principal mission is to worry us vaguely about our souls or our neighbors' souls, or the social order which we did not establish and the painful prob-

¹ Quarterly Review.

lems that we cannot solve. Our spirits, at all times restless and troubled, respond with quick alarm to these dismal agitations; our serenity is not proof against the strain; our sense of humor is not keen enough to cure us with wholesome laughter; and nineteenth-century cultivation consists in being miserable for misery's sake, and in saying solemnly to one another at proper intervals, "This is the eternal progress of the ages."

It was a curious and rather melancholy experience, a year ago, to hear the comments of those patient women who devoted their afternoons to Ibsen readings, and to turning over in their minds the new and unprofitable situations thus suggested. The discussions that followed were invariably ethical, never critical; they had reference always to some moral conundrum offered by the play, never to the artistic or dramatic excellence of the play itself. Was Nora Helmer justified, or was she not, in abandoning her children with explicit confidence to the care of Mary Ann? Had Dr. Wangel a right, or had he not, to annul his own marriage tie with the primitive simplicity of the king of Dahomey?

To answer such questions as these has become our notion of literary recreation, and there is something pathetically droll in the earnestness with which we bend our wits to the task. Indeed, poor little Nora's matrimonial infelicities threatened to become as important in their way as those of Catherine of Aragon or Josephine Beauharnais, and we talked about them quite seriously and with a certain awe. The unflinching manner in which Ibsen has followed Sir Thomas Browne's advice, "Strive not to beautify thy corruption!" commends him, naturally, to that large class of persons who can tolerate sin only when it is dismal; and Baudelaire, praying for a new vice, was jocund in comparison with our Norwegian dra-

matist, unwearyingly analyzing the old ones. Yet what have we gained from the rankness of these disclosures, from these horrible studies of heredity, these hospital and madhouse sketches, these incursions of pathology into the realms of art? What shall we ever gain by beating down the barriers of reserve which civilized communities have thought fit to rear, by abandoning that wholesome reticence which is the test of self-restraint? We try so hard to be happy, — we have such need each of his little share of happiness; yet Ibsen, troubling the soul more even than he troubles the senses, has chosen to employ his God-given genius in deliberately lessening our small sum of human joy. When shall we cease to worship at such dark altars? When shall we recognize, with Goethe, that "all talent is wasted if the subject be unsuitable"? When shall we understand and believe that "the gladness of a spirit is an index of its power"?

"To live," says Amiel, "we must conquer incessantly, we must have the courage to be happy." Enjoyment, then, is not our common daily portion, to be stupidly ignored or carelessly cast away. It is something we must seek courageously and intelligently, distinguishing the pure sources from which it flows, and rightly persuaded that art is true and good only when it adds to our delight. For this were our poets and dramatists, our painters and novelists, sent to us, — to make us lawfully happier in a hard world, to help us smilingly through the gloom. And can it be they think this mission beneath their august consideration, unworthy of their mighty powers? Why, to have given pleasure to one human being is a recollection that sweetens life; and what should be the fervor and transport of him to whom it has been granted to give pleasure to generations, to add materially to the stored-up gladness of the earth! "Science pales," says Mr. Dallas, "age after age is forgotten,

and age after age has to be freshened ; but the secret thinking of humanity, embalmed in art, survives as nothing else in life survives." This is our inheritance from the past, — this secret thinking of humanity, embalmed in imperishable beauty, and enduring for our delight. The thinking of that idle vicar, Robert Herrick, when he sang, on a fair May morning : —

"Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time !
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty."

The thinking of Theocritus, who, lying drowsily on the hillside, saw the sacred waters welling from the cool caverns, and heard the little owl cry in the thorn brake, and the yellow bees murmur and hum in the soft spicy air : —

"All breathed the scent of the opulent summer, of the season of fruit. Pears and apples were rolling at our feet ; the tender branches, laden with wild plums, were bowed to earth ; and the four-year-old pitch seal was loosened from the mouth of the wine-jars."

Here is art attuned to the simplest forms of pleasure, yet as lasting as the

pyramids, — a whispered charm borne down the current of years to soothe our fretted souls. But the tranquil enjoyment of what is given us to enjoy has become a subtle reproach, in these days of restless disquiet, of morbid and conscious self-scrutiny, when we have forfeited our sympathy with the beliefs, the aspirations, and the "sweet content" that linked the centuries together. We are suffering at present from a glut of precepts, a surfeit of preceptors, and have grown sadly wise and very much cast down in consequence. We lack, as Amiel says, the courage to be happy, and glorify our discontent into an intellectual barrier, pluming ourselves on a seriousness that may not be diverted. But if we will only consent to calm our fears, to quiet our scruples, to humble our pride, and to take one glad look into the world of art, we shall see it bathed in the golden sunlight of pleasure ; and we shall know very well that didacticism, whether masquerading as a psychological drama or a socialistic forecast, as a Sunday-school story or a deistical novel, is no guide to that enchanted land.

Agnes Repplier.

MR. ALDRICH'S NEW VOLUME.¹

MR. ALDRICH has collected in this volume his recent verse, — much of it already prized by his readers as they have found it from time to time in these and other pages, but some of it now enlarged or corrected from the printed form in which it first came to them. It is only in the compass of a book, however, that the varied nature of his talent, the sureness of his touch, and the continued charm of his art in many styles can really be felt and valued. So small

¹ *The Sisters' Tragedy. With Other Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic.* By THOMAS BAILEY

a volume as this, covering but a year or two of literary activity, cannot show the author's full range in verse, but it is singularly adequate to much of his finest quality, and exceeds, we think, in interest any previous similar collection from his hand. One misses from the book the sonnet and the quatrain in the forms ; the romantic element in the color is less than heretofore ; but the whole is characteristic of the poet as he has made himself known by years of artistic ALDRICH. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

expression, and brings into prominence some traits of his maturity which have not been fully recognized.

That which especially distinguishes the volume is the more constant presence of the dramatic faculty, both in the express form of dialogue, and implicitly in the handling of some of those pieces which might not at once be classed as in the province of drama. This note is struck, perhaps unintentionally, in the title poem that opens the first group, *The Sisters' Tragedy*, which, brief as it is, contains contrasted character, situation, development, emotional intensity, and a tragic climax and surprise; again, in *Pauline Pavlovna* there is a definite dramatic scene, managed more obviously in accordance with the rules of this kind of literary art; and, to take at present but one more striking instance, the poem which holds the first place in the group called *Bagatelle*, that delightful mocking pastoral of *Corydon*, is equally governed by a dramatic feeling and interest which are not lost in the successive descriptive passages, as in a purely lyrical poet might have happened. The hand of the dramatist is in these three poems, which are among the best in the book, as well as in several others which the reader will find for himself; but it is to be observed that the author uses this gift very sparingly and with unusual restraint. Those who are familiar with his prose drama, *Mercedes*, will recall how much he relies, in that work, on the story of the piece as mere action, and how closely he has pruned the language to the limit of what is necessary to set forth the characters and plot. This economy of phrase and imagery, which betrays a feeling that a drama is not a poem, but a living action, is in accord with rules and reasons of art; but it results in a literary form more bare, more condensed, and in a sense more ascetic than has been usual with Mr. Aldrich. This leading characteristic of *Mercedes*, though not exactly reproduced in the

shorter dramatic poems of the present collection, belongs to them in a greater or less degree. In *Pauline Pavlovna* a story is told, and the absence of anything superfluous in the telling, the care taken that the words of the interlocutors shall advance the narrative and intensify the interest up to the *dénoûment*, the excision of the poetical and rhetorical in language for its own sake, are all in line with the method followed in *Mercedes*. In *The Sisters' Tragedy* there is less of verbal restraint; the feeling for economy is shown mainly in the brevity of the poem. As a time narrative the subject would have afforded many times the space that was possible for it as a dramatic moment; but this very brevity illustrates what has just been urged of the artistic control which the poet exercises in many ways whenever he puts his dramatic power into play. *Corydon*, shot through with beauty, sentiment, and a felicitous blending of the poetry of nature with the charm of girlish form, is not an exception; for the subject itself permits this heightened expression, since the scene is *Arcady*, and the *dramatis personæ* true shepherds of the Renaissance pattern. To follow the examples a trifle further, Act V. is almost a fragment in its condensation, where a simple succession of briefly touched pictures, a line or two to each, is made to give the romantic effect of an entire *Romeo* passion, and the poem lies largely in that part of it which was left unwritten. In *The Shipman's Tale*, *Thalia*, and *The Last Cæsar* the dramatic feeling is a strong element; and in the single ballad, *Alec Yeaton's Son*, it is as definite and simple as in the best of that sort of writing since it became a conscious literary form, and by the author's success in this particular point he brings the poem very near to the ancient model.

We must not be led aside, however, in our brief review, to a disproportionate emphasis on one quality among many, though we desire to see Mr. Aldrich's

dramatic faculty more recognized than it has been, and wish this the more for the very reason that he has refused all sensationalism in his method, and has sought his effects by vigorous artistic means which render them less obvious to the crude sense of our popular criticism and appreciation; but in developing more fully this part of his literary talent, in which he has been helped, doubtless, by his experience as a narrative writer, he has not lost any of that lyrical flow and delight in pure poetry which have made him a favorite with those who care more for song and beauty and the charm of the art itself than for anything else. Few are the lines, even in so unusual a metrical structure for him as that employed in *At the Funeral of a Minor Poet*, which have any jar or friction in their syllables, so smooth is the ordinary workmanship throughout; but in point of pure melody the *Echo-Song*, which opens the group of poems called *Interludes*, is as musical as anything that the poet has written, and there are on nearly every page some lines which the ear takes notice of with peculiar pleasure, and which one recurs to for their verbal beauty. In the use of the pentameter couplet especially there is more than ordinary skill, — something of the music that the earlier poets of this century were able to extort from its reluctant syllables with more success than falls to the Victorians. In the distinctly lyrical poems this songlike quality is most present, but the measure is often strong without quite rising to lyricism, as in the stanzas to Tennyson: —

"So year by year the music rolled afar,
From Euxine wastes to flowery Kandahar,
Bearing the laurel or the cypress wreath."

And even in those poems which fly lowest toward verse, toward the utterance of pure reflection or the narration of fact, there is never wanting a lift and quality which belong to one who must write with music if he write poems at all.

To say that this definite power of melody pervades all of Mr. Aldrich's poetical work is more than perhaps it seems at first; for it means that he not only masters that technique which is within the reach of all verse-writers in a greater or less measure, and may fairly be required of them as a condition of writing at all in our day, but that he is thoroughly poetical, whether he writes as a dramatist, a traveler, a wit, a romancer, or in any of the many phases which his verse takes. He remains through all a poet first, and the rest afterwards. This is, in particular, what distinguishes his lighter verse, — what might be called society verse, were it not for this transfusion of poetical feeling in it which sets it apart from the work of others in this region, of late years so prolific in rhymes. In *Corydon*, for example, which we have already mentioned, this poetical feeling is the whole of the poem, if we except the touch of humor at the end; but in all this *Bagatelle*, in *At a Reading*, *L'Eau Dormante*, and the *Palinode*, this touch of the poet raises the verse above what such subjects commonly are capable of in the hands of those who most affect the style; and in *Thalia*, which is in our judgment one of the most artistic poems in the collection, the blending of the modern society form with the dramatic and the poetical in style is so admirable as to make the verses unique; a certain emotion colors the lines here and there without passing the limit of expression so far as to disturb the sedate decorum of what is conceivable in the Muse's drawing-room. Such a couplet, for instance, as this, —

"Before my kisses grow tame, before my
moodiness grieve you,
While yet my heart is flame, and I all lover,
I leave you," —

is poetically far from the ordinary tones of light verse. The quality which it illustrates is to be observed elsewhere, and it explains how it is that Mr. Aldrich has worked out an individual man-

ner which is really all his own, and which makes an unusually strong element in the attractiveness of his work. There remain, besides, the intellectual quality, the felicitous and often curt phrase just adequate to the moment, the badinage in poetical disguise, the compliment, and a certain youthfulness of temper which takes the form of sympathy with youth, the more pleasant because it is not too serious. These poems, however, should not be too much dwelt upon, being a kind of by-play, and we must reserve what little space is left to say something more concerning one or two of those pieces in which the author's talent is best employed in another sort.

The poem which is at once the most complete and the most varied, and outranks the rest, is *The Last Cæsar*. The combination of the sonnet structure in it with a pendant of reflective and descriptive verse in a more familiar style is novel, but it succeeds in rendering the scenes and the moods evoked by them with a union of dignity and force in the former, and of grace and seriousness in the latter, wholly admirable. The portrait of Napoleon III. is exact and vigorous, and the description of the garden of the Tuileries and the historic neighborhood about, as all lay quiet in the brown sunset, has not been surpassed by any contemporary in transparency and ease of style perfectly fitted to the theme. The lines do not fail at any point of criticism; they are pervaded by human interest and a sense of the near presence of great events which shadow the air with a certain weird power, and they show the author at his best in serious verse. The *Monody on the Death of*

Wendell Phillips also stands very high among these poems, in our judgment, with its brief portraiture of Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Emerson, its contrast of Phillips with these, and the characterization of the latter, which is strong, eloquent, and especially felicitous in the metaphors employed. The personal element in the volume, which is noticeable in these poems, is also greater than in previous collections. The praise and enjoyment of nature are throughout incidental and brief, and confined mostly to a few lyrics; but there is much in honor of the poet's craft, — the lines *In Westminster Abbey*, the whole of the characterization of the *Minor Poet*, the eulogy of Tennyson and Shakespeare, and the two tributes, one to E. R. Sill and the other to an unnamed writer; and the lines upon *Booth's Portrait*, in which the difficult task of writing familiar verse with dignity, simplicity, and sincerity is so well discharged, completes the list. In each of these we find something kindly, generous, graceful, — something more and better than style, point, and music, however attractive these may be; and in this self-expression of the poet's regard for men, for the fame of the great and the endeavor of those who fail of real distinction or right appreciation, is one of the pleasantest traits of the entire volume.

We have not attempted to analyze Mr. Aldrich's poetic gift, because it would be unjust to found such a criticism on what is a small part of his work; but if we have indicated certain qualities especially shown in these later verses, and have expressed the high value we place upon them, it is all that the present occasion allows.

THE INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.¹

NOAH WEBSTER might frown if he could read the title-page of the last edition of his American Dictionary. To be "international" was the very thing he wished to avoid; for he held that the English tongue as spoken in America was a legitimate development of seventeenth-century English, and as rightly entitled to be reckoned a standard as the form which the language had assumed under different forces in its older home. Successive editors have eliminated most of the provincial element in his original work. In the Unabridged of 1884 all his innovations in spelling, except the few which have commended themselves to the public, like the terminal *or* instead of *our* in Latin words received through the French, were rejected. The pronunciations did not differ from those of his rival, Worcester, except in a few instances where the first and second of two alternatives were reversed. His etymologies had disappeared, with the exception of a few lucky guesses. Now his distinctive feature of Americanism is repudiated on the title-page.

Nevertheless, the International of 1890 is in the line of development from the American Dictionary of the English Language of 1827, and invites comparison with the form immediately preceding it, the Unabridged of 1884, rather than with the absolute or ideal dictionary. Webster's dictionaries have, too, a character of their own. They are not simply the scholar's nor even the literary man's handbooks. They are the student's dictionaries, and besides are found in all printing and newspaper offices, — especially in the smaller ones, — and in thousands of households which possess no other book of an encyclopædic

character. The International makes a great advance along the lines characteristic of the Webster dictionary, though it may be questioned if the advance is as great as might have been expected, in view of the increase in breadth and accuracy of scholarship during the last twenty-five years, — the Unabridged really dates from 1864, — and of the stores of linguistic material that an unceasing and minute study of words has put at the disposal of modern revisers.

For the new dictionary, the preliminary article on the pronunciation of the English language has been entirely rewritten and much extended. It occupies twelve additional pages, and presents the results of modern phonetics systematically and compactly. It would make an admirable textbook, for it is characterized as well by common sense as by mastery of the subject. The list of words differently pronounced by different authorities contains about two hundred new cases. It contains, too, a much larger proportion of every-day words, and is evidently the result of an exhaustive comparison. Perry, Knowles, and Cooley are omitted from the collaterally compared authorities; Cull is placed by his modern representative, the Imperial; and Stormonth and the Encyclopædic are added. It is worth noticing that the Englishmen differ from each other quite as frequently as they do from the Americans. The International is easy to consult on questions of orthoepy, for every word presenting any difficulties has been respelled. This is in addition to the full diacritical marking, and renders the pronunciation evident at a glance even to Springfield, Mass: G. & C. Merriam & Co. 1890.

¹ Webster's *International Dictionary of the English Language*. Being the authorized edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

one not thoroughly familiar with the symbols.

English orthography resists scientific treatment very stubbornly. The spelling of a word rests on definite usage which is exactly recorded. A change in pronunciation comes by imperceptible growth, and does not make itself perceived until it is well established, and then it is passed on by a body which can agree to conventions; but the introduction or dropping of a single letter is, in the eyes of proof-readers, "gross, palpable, and mountainous." Furthermore, a decided change in pronunciation does not at all necessitate a change in spelling, for the English written language is largely logographic. Words are represented by combinations from twenty-four characters, whereas forty would not be too many to represent all the elementary sounds. We read words as wholes, and there is a very slight bond between the component letters and the spoken syllables. It would be easier to introduce the metric system than a few desirable simplifications in spelling. It would have been pleasant to find, for instance, that the International gave *rime* precedence to that etymological conglomerate *rhyme*; but it could not properly do so, for a dictionary is simply a register of facts, and experience has proved that any one can do little towards promoting orthoepic changes, and, further, that it ought not to try to do so. Recognizing its true function, the new edition tabulates with absolute fidelity American spelling as it is, and not as some people think it ought to be.

A full list of words spelled in more than one way is given, but no authorities are cited. A comparative list of different spellings from American and English dictionaries would be instructive, and would show that, where American usage differs from English, historic precedent and logical analogy are quite as often followed here as in England.

As might be expected, the greatest improvement is evident in the etymologies. Dr. Mahn's work in the edition of 1864 represented the philological science of that date. The International embodies the results of modern research in derivations, and corrects most of the errors of its predecessors. *Pie* is no longer referred to *pastry* by a desperate guess, — which, if carried out, would connect all words beginning with the same letter and having similar significations, — but is credited to its origin in a Celtic kitchen-word. The Unabridged had rejected the crude notion that *God* was somehow related to the word *good*; but the International goes further, and shows the true origin of the Teutonic *God* in a root meaning "that which is to be feared or propitiated." *Surly*, which the Unabridged derives from *sour-like*, is now explained, rather grudgingly, to come from *sirlike*, or lordly, — an etymology thoroughly sustained by the middle English spelling, and by the fact that the word never was an adverb. *Surround* is no longer said to come from *sur* and *round*, but from *superundare*, to overflow. The curious fact that since the seventeenth century this word has taken up the meaning "encompass," and has thereby driven the genuine word *round* out of the language and stolen its office, is not alluded to. *Slughorn* is correctly defined to be *sloggorne*, a corruption of *slogan*, and not a horn at all; but Chatterton's amusing mistake, "Some caught a sloggorne and an onset wound," and Browning's, "Dauntless I set the slughorn to my lips and blew," are not cited, though they are the only authorities for the word. *Cock*, a male bird, is given as of "Anglo-Saxon etymology, of unknown origin." Skeat shows that, in all probability, it was taken into Anglo-Saxon from Latin, since the Teutonic form *hana* is used in manuscript Gospels written before 1100.

The superiority of the new edition is

very evident in its treatment of the adjective *fast*. It gives in forty-one lines eight meanings and four illustrative quotations. The Unabridged has twenty-six lines, six meanings, and three quotations. The two new ones, "fast colors" and "fast flowers of their smells," explain themselves, and one is obsolete. But in the International the double root of the word in Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian, through which it obtained two such different meanings as "firm" and "rapid," is well brought out. This is entirely ignored in the Unabridged. Neither under *harbor* nor *cold* can be found, in either book, an allusion to Cold Harbor, an inn where shelter could be obtained, but no food, though the phrase has given a name to several towns. In the Unabridged the expression a "chopping sea" is only indirectly referred to the old verb *chop*, to bargain, and to "chop logic" is not cited. In the International a "chopping sea" is derived directly from *chop*, to bargain, or demand and offer alternately, and to "chop logic" is brought under the same head, though defined as meaning to argue sophistically, instead of to take turns in reasoning on one side or the other. The Unabridged gives, with rather an apologetic air, it is true, the ridiculous derivation of *Amazon* from a privative and *μαλός*, the breast. Its successor is discreetly silent on this derivation. *Upstart* is still referred, with conservative and probably sound judgment, to *up* and *start*. But the radical meaning of *start* is sudden motion from a state of rest, whereas an *upstart* is one who has risen and is offensively conscious of merit. Skeat suggests that *upstart* may be from *up* and *steort*, a tail, the same word seen in the name of the bird *red-start*, and in *stark naked*. This would be a forcible folk-metaphor; but as it is not based on much documentary evidence, the revisers exercise good judgment in excluding it, though it might safely have been admitted as an alter-

native. *Tickler* is defined as "a book containing a memorandum of notes and debts arranged in the order of their maturity." This is the banker's use of the word, but it is sometimes extended to mean any private book of informal charges. It seems highly probable that it is connected with *ticket*, a memorandum charge, from which comes the old slang word *tick*, or credit. This etymology is not accepted, as the *l* cannot be accounted for, unless *ticketer* was influenced in sound by the word *tickle*. *Tickler* is certainly not "commercial cant," but is a technical word in good standing; much better than is *tick*, upon whose character no imputation is cast.

The noun *upspring* is defined "upstart," as if it were compounded of *up* and *spring*, and the passage is cited where Hamlet, speaking of his uncle, says:—

"The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring
reels."

Upspring is the name of a dance, the German *hupauf*, translated "upspring" by Chapman. Hamlet in effect says "he reels through the swaying dance," and is speaking quietly and explaining facts. It would have been out of character for him, at this period, to revile his uncle, though he rebukes drunkenness in general. The definition in the International is clearly wrong. The expression *dog cheap* is entered under *cheap*, where it properly belongs, instead of under *dog*, and is explained as an inversion of "good cheap," instead of meaning as "cheap as dog's meat," the origin suggested in the Unabridged. Skeat's etymology is that the *dog* in *dog cheap* is the Scandinavian *dag*, meaning "very," as seen in the Swedish *dag snall*, extremely greedy, and *dag lat*, very idle. This is certainly worthy of mention as an alternative. Besides, "good cheap" does not mean "dog cheap."

Of course a dictionary cannot record all the etymological conjectures that may commend themselves to individual judgments. Its function is to be a safe guide, and it should state the conclusions on which there is a professional consensus of opinion. This the International has done with perhaps an excess of caution, for philologists are very much afraid of each other, — probably with good reason. In some cases a word or two would have made the connection between the etymology and some of the derived meanings more evident to the student, but, on the whole, the derivations in the International are based on the accepted conclusion of modern philology. The amazing explanation in the Unabridged of the origin of *haberdasher*, from *habt ihr das, herr?* must be regarded as an attempt on the part of the reviser to relieve his weariness by a mild etymological joke.

The treatment of the word *companion* may be taken as an illustration of the superiority of the new edition. In the old one it is given but eighteen lines, has only one definition, — the Shakespearean use is entirely overlooked, — and is illustrated by two citations and four instances of special usage. In the International it takes up thirty-one lines; the meaning is arranged under four heads, and is explained by three citations and four idiomatic uses. *Fellow*, however, is treated as well in the old as in the new edition. Other words showing the same fullness of treatment are *line*, *grass*, — which has nearly a column more than it had, — *telescope*, *high*, and *low*. *Love* has twice as much space allotted to it as it had before, but the treatment is not more satisfactory. In both books, Platonic love and love in its absolute or mystic sense are not noticed. Indeed, throughout the International, the words which have a philosophic or ethical content are much less satisfactory than are the scientific words. Nearly every definition seems to have been re-

written, though traces of the old phrasing are still evident.

The question of inclusion is a very difficult one. The bounds of the English language are ill defined. At the bottom lies the great body of slang words, most of which are whimsical and temporary inventions, though a few, like *crank* and *boom*, are genuine folk-metaphors, and in time find their way into the language, despite all hostile lexicographic legislation. Foreign words are continually making incursions from France or Italy, and a few of them become permanent settlers. Some of the great body of disused words, sloughed off in every generation, retain a literary character which entitles them to a place in a dictionary. Scientific and technical words are now as numerous as all other classes; there are sixty thousand zoological terms, and botanical words are as many as the trees, if not as the leaves. To draw the lines of inclusion for a working dictionary is a task demanding delicate judgment and training. No one man can estimate the value and character of every word. In each department much must be trusted to specialists, whose estimation of the importance of a word will very probably depend on its value in their own work. Again, the literary man, the word-epicure, delights in obsolete uses, and would emulate the Chinese, who retain in their word-books characters of which the meaning and pronunciation have been entirely forgotten. The Arab's name for a dictionary means "ocean," a word which expresses very well the immensity of the great reservoir of words. The object of a dictionary-maker is to include all the central or literary vocabulary, and so to "round up" detachments from the foreign, the obsolete, the colloquial, and the scientific groups as will make it probable that the book will rarely be consulted in vain by one of the great body for whose use it is intended. The last revisers of Webster

have shown excellent judgment in determining this question of inclusion. The day has gone by when it was worth while to define a word simply for the purpose of swelling the total. A working book must be kept within working size, and the vocabulary of the International is, if anything, larger than is necessary.

A brief examination of the *Religio Medici* shows that many of Sir Thomas Browne's once-used words are omitted. This is entirely justifiable. Many more of the seventeenth-century Latinisms — Milton's, for example — might have been cut out. They explain themselves to any one with a slight knowledge of Latin, if not from the context. They are not English words, and never were. In a list of some four hundred words used in a peculiar sense in the Bible and contemporary books, we have noted but six omissions. These are *mortify*, in the sense of kill; *incomprehensible*, in the sense of immense; *savour*, in the sense of think (*sapere*, to be wise); *manner*, in the sense of booty (*manus*, the hand); *motion*, in the sense of oral direction; and *overflowed*, in the sense of flooded. These are, it is true, obsolete and rare cases, but they do not differ from many of the included words of the same class: as *occupy*, to do business; *partaker*, an accomplice; *scrabble*, to scrawl on paper; *tache*, a latch or fastening; *underset*, supported; *crudle* for curdle; *glout* for gloat; *whisperer* for informer; and *departe*, to separate, as in the marriage service, "till death us departe," unfortunately corrupted into "till death us do part." *Parcelmeal* in the sense of *piecemeal* is the only new entry.

Enabling as an adjective, seen in the phrase "enabling act," is omitted in both editions, though the old sense of the verb, to make strong, as in the phrase "to enable the heart," is given. *Rondel*, a form of verse, is now included, but the definition of this word, as well

as those of *rondeau*, *ballade*, and *triolet*, is very imperfect. They are definite structures, and can be easily described, as is shown in the case of the kindred word *villanelle*. *Ballad*, the root form of our Early English poetry, deserves more than four lines in a dictionary claiming encyclopædic features. *Demonic* is included, but a citation from Dowden or Symonds would have illustrated the force of the word better than the one given from Emerson. *Phantomnation* is shown the door, after masquerading for years in several dictionaries. It owed its creation to the fact that the phrase of Pope, "the phantom nations of the dead," was written "the phantommations of the dead." This phantom word was gravely registered, under the impression that "the dead" were in the habit of "phantomnizing," and served, at least, to show that lexicographers copy from one another. *Crank* is admitted, with reason, for it is a legitimately derived word, and saves many a tedious paraphrase. *Dude* and *boom* are given ratings, too, and may deserve them. *Boodle*, however, is low slang, and no doubt will be as short-lived as have been many other euphemisms for bribe-money. It disfigures the columns of a dictionary or the mouth of a speaker. Is not the good taste of admitting *soap* in a similar use equally questionable? *Gate*, quite generally used in the sense of five in tallying, and derived from the resemblance of four straight lines crossed at an angle by the fifth to a small gate, is much more respectable. This is not recognized, though it is a real word.

About ten per cent of the Shakespearean words used in a peculiar sense are omitted, all or most of which have strict analogues among those included. Among those left out are *embossed*, *carve*, *ingenier*, *jacks* (the keys of a virginal), *incorrect*, *handsaw* (for *hernshaw*), *abate*, *abroad*, *atomy*, *land-damn*, *hent*, *cobloaf*, *disease*, *captious*, *capricious*, and

about one hundred others of individual — not metaphorical — signification.

It might be said that most editions of the plays contain special glossaries, in which these uses are fully explained, but the great body of the words of this class is included, like *upspring*, before referred to. A curious fact, too, is that by far the greater part of these omissions occur among words beginning with the first letters of the alphabet.

In the difficult department of handicraft words and folk-words the International is strong. Many old semi-technical words which have a vigorous life among the people have not found their way into books. These are a valuable part of the living tongue, and should be registered, though they lie a little to one side of the well-worked field of the lexicographer. They are quite distinct from dialect words. *Brash* and *dozy* as applied to wood are in constant use. *Brash* is entered, but *dozy* is not, though its etymology could easily have been conjectured. *Putlog* and *ledger*, mason's terms for parts of the scaffold, are given, the former for the first time. *Hawk* and *darby* are both included. *Hawk* is the small square board upon which mortar is carried. Conservatism and a fear of rival lexicographers prevent the revisers from suggesting a derivation from *hawk*, to carry about. The word *novel* is defined as the bottom part of a mould or of a flask, and also as the core. It would be difficult to find a moulder who uses *novel* in the sense of core. This definition seems to be due to a desire to connect the word with *newel*, seen in "newel post," which is from the Old French *nual*, a kernel, or stone of a fruit. The newel was first the central column in a winding stair, then the central post in an ornamental curve of the railing. The moulder's word, *novel*, is etymologically puzzling. If connected with *noll*, the head, it should mean the top of the mould, but this is called the cope. The novel almost

invariably contains the mould proper, and possibly the word originally did not carry the idea of head so much as of shell or casing, in which case a connection could be made with *noyau*, a nut.

Dr. Johnson said that "the interpretation of a language by itself is very difficult, for there is no other word to express the idea, and simple ideas cannot be described." Probably there is nothing harder than to define a word, even the name of a thing, for all words have color and associations. We learn the force of words by hearing them used in definite connections, not by having them explained to us. This is the reason why the chronologically arranged citations of the Philological Society's dictionary are so satisfactory. The word seems to stand out almost like a living thing, so vivid becomes our apprehension of its etymological skeleton, its accretions of significance, its branches, its changes of fortune. No man can appreciate the different meanings of a word without a body of citations before him. There are more citations in the International than there were in the Unabridged, but there are still hardly enough. In a few cases they do not seem to illustrate the meaning under which they are given; more often a self-explaining metaphorical use has been made one of the divisions of the definition.

Under *bishop* the following citation is made: "It is a fact now generally recognized by theologians of all shades of opinion that in the language of the New Testament the same officer in the church is called indifferently 'bishop' (*ἐπίσκοπος*) and 'elder' or 'presbyter.'" This does not throw any light on the meaning of the word, and suggests a theologic subacidity out of place in a dictionary, if not in any modern book.

Credence table is put under *credence*, belief. There is no connection between the two words, as the first is very remotely related to *credo*, if at all. It

comes either from *greden*, to prepare, or, more probably, from the Italian *credenzia*, meaning a cupboard, which may possibly have some relation to *credo*. The etymology of *jube*, too, is well known. It comes from the words *jube domine*, just as *dirge* comes from *dirige domine*. Ecclesiastical words seem to have been regarded as bearing the mark of the beast.

Noah Webster was not a man of broad culture. He could write from Cambridge, England, "The colleges are mostly old stone buildings, which look very dreary, cold, and gloomy to an American accustomed to the new public buildings of our country." He did not approach the treatment of words from the literary side. It is too much to expect that a dictionary intended for the great body of the public should treat words as artistic material, and it is, perhaps, unavoidable that tradition should impart a certain wordy, wooden, and dogmatic tone to successive editions of his book, even when greatly modified by descent; but we may fairly demand that a work which has grown so much in size should improve more than this has done in stylistic precision. The *aura* of Webster's dictionaries, though scholarly, is unliterary; perhaps necessarily so. Over them all is the strain of a labored attempt to reconcile the academic and the popular. At the same time, the International may be pronounced the best working dictionary and the cheapest book in the world. With it on the table one will rarely need to take the Dictionary of the Philological Society from the shelf; for a dictionary is opened one hundred times to determine a question of spelling or pronunciation, and once to look up the history of a word. For these every-day needs the International is admirably adapted.

Considering the peculiar functions of the International, it has no more valuable features than the special dictionaries

at the end. With one exception those of the Unabridged are retained, as is Professor Hadley's masterly monograph on the English language. The list of etymologies of geographical names is cut out. This is a dictinct loss. It was, no doubt, imperfect, especially in Indian etymologies, but surely an Indian scholar could have been found to revise it. The Pronouncing Gazetteer is especially useful. Some few omissions and errors have been pointed out in American Notes and Queries, the only serious one being the retention of Wheeling as the capital of West Virginia, instead of Charlestown. The Biographical Dictionary seems to have been faithfully revised, and contains about five hundred new names. In one column there are nineteen new insertions and fourteen corrections of dates. Deaths as late as 1889 are noted. The pronunciation of the name of the genial London novelist, Walter Besant, should, however, be accented to rhyme with "pleasant," not with "his ant." In the Dictionary of Noted Names in Fiction space has been so greatly utilized by condensation that thirty pages in the new dictionary are occupied instead of the forty-seven in the old one, though there are some one hundred new entries. The condensation has been judiciously done, though there is no reason why Bluebeard should still occupy several inches of space, when every primary-school boy knows his tragic story. But the inclusion of names is very arbitrary and imperfect. The admission to this list should have been determined by the question, Is a certain name likely to be alluded to in current literature? As it stands, Dickens, Shakespeare, Sterne, and Scott are well represented, but Thackeray is not. Becky Sharp has a place, but her counterfoil, Amelia Osborne, is absent. We find Pendennis, but no allusion to that typical figure, the old Major, nor to Blanche Amory, Foker, and Warrington. Colonel Newcome is included, but no other

name of the family. "If Sarah Battle is introduced, why should not Bridget Elia also be brought forward?" Why, too, should not the delightful Parson Wilbur accompany his friend Hosea Biglow? Among the many fathers mentioned we miss "Father Tom," who "made a hare of the Pope." Buffalo Bill is included, for the benefit of coming generations, no doubt, but might have waited for his promotion. Dinadan and King Mark are not found in the list of Arthurian heroes, though the latter is as well entitled to notice as is Tristram. Under this last name some allusion should have been made to Tristram's character as the first gentleman sportsman and inventor of the nomenclature of the chase, dear to the tongue of every true hunter. French literature is almost entirely neglected, though the names of classic French fiction are continually alluded to in current English literature, and are the very ones a student would be apt to seek in this list. He would find Quasimodo, but not Esmeralda, and would look in vain for most of Hugo's and Balzac's and Daudet's characters.

Running hastily through the names without any check-list, the following omissions are noticeable, to all of which analogues are included: Madame Bovary, Eugénie Grandet, Lady Betty Modish, Haroun Al Raschid, Vittoria Corombona, Duchess of Malfi, Tom Cringle, Peter Simple, Numa Roumestan, Tartarin, Saladin, Anna Karénina, Lucile, Lothair, Pippa, Balaustion (and Browning's names generally), Lorna Doone, Richard Feveril (and Meredith's names generally), the Jew of Malta, Athos, Porthos, D'Artagnan, the Count of Monte Cristo, Bayard, Udolpho, O'Malley, Handy Andy, and many other equally well-known names. This

lack is the more to be regretted as the list is of very great value to reading young people, and a few hours' work with any good handbook would have completed it on some definite principle. It seems odd, too, to find John Company under "Company, John," as if "Company" were a surname.

The reference to Leigh Hunt as the "original" of Harold Skimpole is unjust to the memory of a gentle, industrious, pure-minded man of letters. The word "original" implies resemblance in essentials, and Skimpole is a cruel caricature. Perhaps he resembles Leigh Hunt as much as any one of Dickens's characters resembles a human being.

Illustrations are a popular feature, but of very little real value in a dictionary, except to explain simple mechanical devices. They may assist one in forming an idea of the appearance of animals. The notion any one could gain from them of a complicated piece of machinery, the sugar mill, for example, would probably be as definite as that of Mr. Kinglake's Turk, who described cotton mills, locomotives, and printing presses by waving his hands and saying vaguely, "Whiz, whiz, all by steam; whir, whir, all by wheels!" Illustrations belong to an encyclopædia where things, not words, are explained. It seems strange, however, not to find in so well printed a book an illustration of a printing press. Botany and conchology are well presented. In particular, the page of illustrations of grasses is likely to be useful.

The strictures we have made on the International Dictionary refer to surface matters only, and opinion about them may very likely depend on what a reader considers a language to be. In essentials it is a credit to the publishers, to the editors, and to American scholarship.

TWO FRENCH NOVELS.

THE dawn and the twilight, that moment when the stars pale in the brightening sky, and that when the vanished sun lends its rose rays to the clouds, its gold to the risen moon, are alike the inspiration of the painter, the times when Nature seems to hold the secret in her hand most near and open to the earth. In history, also, the great epochs of exhaustion and of renewal command the supreme interest of student and philosopher, listening to catch from the lips of an expiring world the word in which its experience is summed, or to seize the primal meaning of the message with which a new world is starting into life. From age to age men go back to these crises of thought with emotions as diverse as those which clashed or mingled then, taking part with the vanquished or with the triumphant idea, or finding in the juxtaposition of the two a spell which neither could exercise alone upon his mind, as the artist finds a harmony in the blending of two lights. It is in such a period, in the early Christian centuries, that M. Anatole France has laid the scene of his latest novel, *Thais*.¹ To readers of English speech *Thais* will be very likely to suggest a comparison with *Marius the Epicurean*. Neither book is an historical novel, in the ordinary sense of the word; each is the result of intellectual curiosity and of literary fastidiousness. M. Anatole France is a *délicat*; one might go a step further, and say a *raffiné*. Mr. Pater is an æstheten, which is the English word corresponding to the latter rather than to the former term. Mr. Pater presented, in *Marius*, together with a careful study of Rome under Marcus Aurelius, a view of the gradual passage of the old thought into the new in an individ-

ual mind. His work was in the theological sense constructive, in the æsthetic piously decorative. In a style which had the attenuated beauty of "linked sweetness long drawn out," he set before us "the tender grace of a day that is dead," leading his hero through guarded passageways of thought into the tranquil glow of a new era. *Marius the Epicurean* was a careful and elaborate performance, but it somehow lacked salt. It appealed to the intellect, but failed to stimulate it. We confess that, for our own part, we prefer *Thais*, with its beauty, not of artistic research, but of art, and its indication of an intelligence perpetually alive, and abounding in little surprises of idea and unlooked-for delicacies of phrase.

M. Anatole France takes us, not to Italy, but to Egypt; to a desert peopled with anchorites, and an Alexandria inhabited by philosophers of all schools and dilettanti of every shade. In the desert, Paphnuce the monk, praying in his hermitage, is visited by the recollection of the beautiful courtesan *Thais*, seen and admired by him, in his unregenerate days, in the theatre at Alexandria; and the spirit moves him to return to the city and undertake the conversion of *Thais*. He is warned by the simple monk Palémon, working in his garden, that it is rash to go too far from home in the search of a duty, and that the venerable St. Anthony had said: "Fish drawn into dry places find there only death; thus also it chanceth that monks who go forth from their cells to mingle with the children of the century do wander from the way of wisdom." He is warned by Nicias, the man of the world, to "beware of offending Venus; her vengeance is a terrible one." Following the voice which calls him, he turns a deaf ear to Christian and pagan

¹ *Thais*. Par ANATOLE FRANCE. Paris. 1891. Boston: C. Schoenhof.

remonstrances, makes a pilgrimage to Alexandria, visits Thais, resists the seduction of her beauty, and accomplishes his mission. The ground has been prepared beforehand. Thais, a woman brought up amid surroundings of vice, but in whose heart a neglected childhood had kept forever something of the child, had listened, in early years, to wondrous stories of the Christian religion from the lips of a persecuted slave, the only being who had been kind to her. She hears the message again with yielding ear, obeys it unresistingly, and suffers herself to be led to a convent, where she passes the remainder of her days in sanctity. Paphnuce, on the other hand, returns to his desert, taking with him the dangerous image of her beauty. It establishes itself in his cell, rendering his fasting and prayer of no avail. In vain he undergoes strange and unnatural penances, standing on a pillar, like St. Simon Stylites, and seeing an adoring crowd below healed of its ills by the touch of his pedestal. He cannot obtain peace. The venerable St. Anthony withholds his blessing from one whose soul is revealed to him as possessed by the three demons, Pride, Luxury, and Doubt. Hearing that Thais is dying, Paphnuce casts away every thought but that of rage that he should have allowed a happiness to escape him. He hastens to her bedside with a declaration of his love, only to see her pass away in peace, and himself to flee from the scene, a lost soul like Faust, with the stamp of sin upon his face.

Such, roughly outlined, is the story of Thais, in which, as will be seen, there is a moral; but no outline can convey an idea of the manner in which it is told, the suavity of touch, the fine, delicate irony. Primarily, it is neither a novel, nor a study of the epoch, nor a philosophic treatise. It is a piece of Parisian platonism, a sort of poem in prose, in which truths are tied up in paradox, and the poetry is infused with a mock-

ery which would be fatal to the poetic spirit, if the two contradictions were not brought into harmony by that individuality which marks all M. France's writing. Thais is not an individual; she is an incarnation of things ancient, but unextinct, and her grand, impersonal beauty, scarcely described, is felt throughout, like the beauty of Charmides in the dialogue of Plato. The most striking scene in the book is a banquet, cleverly suggestive of the Symposium, — very graceful, though perhaps over-refined in execution, light and fantastic in substance. Stoic, Epicurean, and Arian discuss, with the alternate sequence and negligence of real conversation, questions of philosophy and life, under the inspiring eyes of Thais and other courtesans, while Paphnuce, taking no part in the talk, looks on as from another world. He hears many heresies, cynicisms, and utterances of a sacrilegious nature; a new version of the story of Adam and Eve; a myth of the courtesan; and choice morsels of paradox, like the following, which has a certain novelty, and shows not a little penetration withal: —

"*Hermodore.* It is true, Zénothemis, that the soul feeds upon ecstasy as the grasshopper upon dew. But let us go further, and say that the spirit alone is susceptible of entire entrancement; for man is a threefold being, composed of a material body, of a soul more subtle, but likewise material, and of an incorruptible spirit. When, issuing from the body as from a palace abandoned to sudden silence and solitude, and traversing in flight the gardens of the soul, the spirit loses itself in God, it experiences the anticipated delights of death, or rather of a future life, since to die is to live; and in this condition, which partakes of the divine purity, it possesses at once infinite joy and absolute knowledge. It enters into that unity which is the whole. It is perfect."

The philosophy of Thais is just now

being actively discussed in Paris, where protests against its skepticism are made not only by the adherents of established faiths, but by a large party of "young France" in healthy reaction against the long-preached gospel of negation. What is it, on the whole, this philosophy? Is it a defense of the Hellenic spirit, a protest against Hebraism, such as Matthew Arnold uttered in far different, graver, more authoritative tones? We cannot undertake to say. A number of creeds appear to crumble under the persiflage of M. France's pen; we find insinuations of malicious irony delicately turned against Hebraism, Christianity, asceticism, systems of philosophy, and theories of creation. If any reader of skeptical yearnings can discover in the book a consistent doctrine of negation, he is welcome to set down his footstool and worship; if any find a windmill to attack, he will do well to sharpen his lance: the only danger in either case will be that of having overweighed M. France's gravity as a writer, and undervalued his intelligence. For a reader willing to take a turn round the spheres merely for enjoyment and intellectual exercise, a reader enamored of literary grace, glad of an occasional side-light upon life and of the companionship of a mind of much fineness and individuality, Thais may prove a draught of pleasure with a delicate aroma of philosophy.

M. Fabre depicts the strength and the weakness of Catholicism, attacking the pride and self-deceptions of asceticism, but in a spirit and from a point of view as remote as possible from those of M. France. He speaks of these things with the intimate knowledge, the fervid earnestness, of a reformer, and that even in a book of a romantic vein like *Le Marquis de Pierruerue*. This novel, published in 1873, M. Fabre has now recast and reprinted under the title of *Un Illuminé*,¹ for the reason, as he explained

¹ *Un Illuminé*. Par F. FABRE. Paris. 1890. Boston: C. Schoenhof.

the other day to a literary acquaintance, that he had always felt dissatisfied with the treatment he had bestowed upon a theme which possessed a strong attraction for him, and had wished for an opportunity to retouch the work, giving it greater conciseness and force. It cannot be otherwise than interesting, and it might be a lesson in criticism of the best sort, to compare the versions made under such circumstances, and to note the passages retrenched or altered by an author when print and time have brought his book for him into a new perspective. Unfortunately, M. Fabre has rewritten his novel mainly with the scissors, an instrument which does not lend itself to the expression of *nuances*. *Le Marquis de Pierruerue* was longer than his books usually are, and he has reduced its two volumes to one of closer print; abridging descriptions, condensing conversations, imparting more movement to the story, but too often leaving the action bare of that analysis of motive which gave it value and interest.

In comparing *Un Illuminé* with its predecessor and original, we find in one or two instances, at least, omissions which injure the force and meaning of the remaining passages; we find still oftener omitted details of observation which we are sorry to miss for their own sake, for M. Fabre is an analyst as well as a novelist, or rather because he is a novelist. We are inclined to suspect that if the interest flags in *Le Marquis de Pierruerue* the fault lay in the subject, not in the treatment, and that it exists in *Un Illuminé* as well. The story is one, not of actual every-day life, but of an experiment in living. *Le Marquis de Pierruerue*, one of the *vieille noblesse*, devoted heart and soul to the Catholic Church and to the Royalist cause, and seeing the former attacked by skepticism, the latter shaken by revolutions, conceives the idea of educating public opinion by the formation of a Society of Intellectual Aid. The object of this society is

to succor young men of talent who are hampered in their career by poverty, to provide them with the means of study and literary or professional work; making only one stipulation, — that they shall devote themselves, in return, wholly and for life to the cause of the Catholic Church and of the Royalist party. Noble, disinterested, and self-sacrificing, the marquis is incapable of perceiving the force of any argument lying outside this idea. His own fortune, the fortunes of his friends, the happiness of his daughter, are relentlessly sacrificed to the cause. The ingratitude of his children, as he calls the *protégés* of the society, is a source of perplexed sadness to him; he is unable to comprehend the revolted pride of the young author, Falgouët, who, caught in the toils of the society by the charms of Mademoiselle Claire de Pierrerie, is retained for the Church by the double fatality of disappointed love and of his intense Breton nature. M. Fabre has created in his books many strong and admirable types of sacerdotal life, developing them by analysis in a manner which has not failed to impress his readers by its resemblance to that of Balzac. Like Balzac, who was a realist not so much by his literary methods or general view of life as by his literary power and detailed observation, M. Fabre has his romantic leanings, and like Balzac he commands respect and attention by his intellectual virility even in those studies where the interest is largely of a fanciful or speculative order. This is the case in the book before us. The Intellectual Aid Society is an allegory, its founder a myth, and the reality or unreality behind them the Catholic Church. To say this is to say that M. Fabre is

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on ground that he knows thoroughly, but this circumstance makes us regret the more vividly that he should not confine himself to the rendering of the actual every-day aspects of a life with which he is so familiar, and of which he has given us such masterly pictures in *L'Abbé Tigrane* and *Les Courbezons*. Not that the characters in *Un Illuminé* lack vitality; that of Falgouët is finely worked out, especially at the end, and the blind martyr-bishop of Lha-Ssa, Monseigneur Tamisier, is a portrait in M. Fabre's strongest and tenderest manner. His account of an interview in which the bishop seeks to interest the marquis's sister, the superior of a convent, in the marriage of Falgouët with Claire sums up M. Fabre's long observations on the Church. She inquires if the young man is of noble birth, and on being answered in the negative utters the exclamation "Ah!"

"Since the day when God, for his glory, permitted me to be deprived of sight, my hearing has acquired by continual exercise an extraordinary acuity of perception. That 'Ah!' which escaped from the lips of Claire-Antoinette de Pierrerie betrayed such a disappointment, such self-deception, that I could hardly contain myself. What! to have immolated to God one's youth and one's life; to have lived for thirty years in a cell face to face with Jesus Christ, who died to make all men alike worthy of heaven; to have acquired superhuman virtues, and not yet have succeeded in annihilating pride! . . . Thénen, religion in a simple soul produces something like an eternal festival; in the proud soul it may become the cause and excuse of the most odious defects."

A NEW SILVA OF NORTH AMERICA.¹

THE earliest book devoted entirely to the trees of North America is the *Arbustrum Americanum* of Marshall, published at Philadelphia in 1785. During the century that has elapsed since its publication, botany, and American botany in particular, has changed wonderfully. Explorers and collectors have penetrated further and further what was, in Marshall's day, an unknown wilderness, until at the present time there are only a few remote and small areas that have not been explored with more or less thoroughness by the botanist as well as the geographer; and with the steady encroachment of civilization and the more thorough supervision of the Indians, who, until very recently have guarded the great interior of our country with jealous watchfulness, these remaining districts are rapidly becoming known.

Though many American trees had been technically described, both in general botanical works and scattered memoirs of various kinds, even before Marshall's little book appeared, and many more have been described since then, so that very few species growing within the limits of our land are to-day absolutely unknown, and several attempts at a *silva* have been made in the mean time, Professor Sargent found, on taking up the study of our trees, that the existing books, both general and special, related only to the trees of comparatively limited regions, and therefore presented no general or systematic view of the composition of our forests. Such works as existed were long out of date, too, and included none of the information collected by recent explorers and

observers, and no account whatever of the trees discovered in late years west of the Mississippi River. Many of our trees have never been fully described. All that can be learned about them from books is contained in a few words of purely technical description, of little value to the general reader; and these descriptions are widely scattered in American and foreign publications, to be found only in a few special libraries, beyond the reach of most readers.

Though no important study of such a subject could be undertaken without a knowledge at first hand of what had already been written, and of the names given to the various trees by earlier students, Professor Sargent rightly appreciated that books are only guides towards obtaining a knowledge of trees, which, really to be understood, must be studied as they grow. It was, therefore, a happy circumstance which, some twenty years ago, placed him at the head of the Arnold Arboretum, newly established at Jamaica Plain, and thus enabled him to make an extensive plantation of both native and foreign trees, so arranged as ultimately to exhibit their characters when growing singly and exposed to the elements, as well as in masses more comparable with the natural forest. But carrying a plantation of this sort from the seed to anything approaching maturity is a long and precarious undertaking, and it was a still more fortunate circumstance which, in connection with the census of 1880, enabled Professor Sargent to study our native trees — many of which, moreover, could not be cultivated in the try-

¹ *The Silva of North America.* A Description of the Trees which grow naturally in North America exclusive of Mexico. By CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT. Illustrated with Figures and Analyses drawn from Nature by CHARLES

EDWARD FAXON, and engraved by PHILIBERT and EUGÈNE PICART. Volume I. Magnoliaceæ to Ilicineæ. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

ing climate of New England — in their home, the forests of the entire country.

So great a task as this could not be completed by a single person in the limited time allowed by the census requirements; but by the selection of trained collectors familiar with their several regions, and by visiting personally the more important districts, Mr. Sargent succeeded in preparing for the ninth volume of the last census report a catalogue of our trees, which supplies in a concise form full reference to the descriptions of them which have been published, as well as a very thorough account of their geographical distribution, and of their popular names and the uses made of their products. Even more important than this publication, though necessarily accessible to those only who can visit it, is a collection of woods from the trees comprised in the census report, which its author collected for a public-spirited citizen of New York, and which, labeled so as to present clearly the uses and synonymy of the trees, and accompanied by sketches representing their characters in leaf, flower, and fruit, has very recently been opened to the public at the Central Park Museum in New York city, under the name of the Jesup Collection of North American Woods.

So well has Professor Sargent improved the several opportunities he has enjoyed that, between a study of the forests from Canada to Mexico, and the Atlantic to the Pacific, and an examination of the gardens of America and Europe, there are now hardly a half dozen species of our trees that he has not seen in a living state. From the results of this study and the notes of the most skilled observers of the entire country, he now offers to the public a full and systematic account of our entire tree flora. This work — the first *silva* of North America as a whole — is to consist of twelve thick folio volumes, containing six hundred full-page illustra-

tions, representing every species which reaches the dimensions of a tree within our region, and accompanied by a sufficient account of its synonymy, and copious information as to its usefulness for ornament or in the arts. When completed, the work must form a lasting monument to those who have contributed to its production, a standard authority to which all future students in the same field must turn, and an indispensable part of the equipment of every library which aims at any degree of completeness in either botany or horticulture.

Much of the botanical value of such a work depends upon the faithfulness of the illustrations it contains. Its appearance is no less dependent upon the artistic taste with which these are drawn and the skill with which they are prepared. Up to the present time few extensive works on American botany have been adequately illustrated, owing to the great cost of really good work. Many years ago, Professor Gray undertook the preparation of a work on the genera of our native plants, which was to have included all of them, the illustrations for which were drawn by Sprague; but on account of the expense of the undertaking and for other reasons it never went beyond the second volume. Later, a beginning was made by the same author and artist on a *silva*, but this was also abandoned. Since then no thoroughly and artistically illustrated botanical work of equal comprehensiveness has been undertaken in this country.

For the new *Silva*, Professor Sargent has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Faxon, whose drawings need not be more highly praised than by saying that they show the same artistic composition and fullness and clearness of detail which have long been admired in those of Sprague. The execution of the engravings from these drawings is all that could be asked by the severest critic, since they are printed from copper

plates engraved in Paris by the Picart brothers, under the supervision of the veteran botanical artist Riocreux. The only other extensive American works on botany which can compare at all favorably with the new *Silva* in this respect are those by Professor Gray on the botany of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition, and Dr. Engelmann on the Cacti of the Mexican Boundary Expedition; both of which were also illustrated by plates engraved in Paris.

Although but one volume of the *Silva* has yet been issued (dated 1891, but really published in October last), its uniform completion is assured by the announcement of the publishers that the drawings for the entire work and the engravings for three volumes are already made, the engravers being under contract to devote their whole time to the

work until it is finished. It is announced that two volumes a year will be published, as nearly as may be, until all are issued.

Paper, typography, and press-work are all that can be asked. Only one thing can stand in the way of a large demand for the book, — its expensiveness; for the cost of the entire work will amount to three hundred dollars. But so many Americans are now becoming interested in economic botany, and particularly forestry, and the beautiful and thorough manner in which the *Silva* is brought out must appeal so strongly to all lovers of good books, that even this cost ought not to prove a bar to its extensive purchase, which is rendered easier by the considerable intervals at which the volumes are to be issued from the press.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry and the Drama. The two volumes devoted to American sonnets, namely, *Representative Sonnets by American Poets*, edited by Charles H. Crandall, and *American Sonnets*, selected and edited by T. W. Higginson and E. H. Bigelow (Houghton), are so diverse in plan and execution that they offer an interesting example of the two uses to which volumes of selections may be put. The smaller volume is a companionable book, which one may slip into his pocket and read on a ramble, or keep at his side for the moment stolen from work or sleep. It is choice, and by its apparatus shows the scholarly care with which it has been prepared. It is a book, in fine, for one who knows literature and wishes refreshment from it. By the way, is it not something new to accent Greek words written in capitals? Mr. Crandall's book is addressed rather to younger readers who are to make their acquaintance with the subject. The editor's enthusiasm and ardent love for his subject are disclosed in his readable introduction, which deals with

the sonnet structurally and historically, and in his copious notes, which are almost a biographical dictionary. He is able, by his plan, to introduce a large number of examples of sonnet-writing and to give a running survey of English poetry of this form, so that his book is a pretty comprehensive one. — *Poems*, by Edna Dean Proctor. (Houghton.) Miss Proctor has done well to reissue, with additions, poems which she wrote and first published several years ago, for the fervor which glows in them is not of the kind which leaves only ashes after the lapse of time. — *Julius Cesar*, an Historical Tragedy in five acts, by Edward Willard. (Horace Willard, Philadelphia.) It cannot be said that the author is wanting in courage when he takes up this theme, the more so that one hears a curious echo of Shakespeare in his verses. He introduces one new character, however, unthought of by his predecessor, a Nazarene prophetess, who hints at the dawn of Christianity. He appears thus to be as indifferent as Shakespeare to historical actualities.

—Echoes from Dreamland, by Frederic Allison Tupper. (Shelburne Falls, Mass.) There is the shell of poetry in this book.

—An Irish Crazy-Quilt, Smiles and Tears, woven into Song and Story, by Arthur M. Forrester. (Alfred Mudge & Son, Boston.)

A medley of verse and prose: the verse for the most part Moorish, as often happens among Irish bards; the prose chiefly of the rudely humorous and satirical sort. A tough palate will feel the pepper in both verse and prose. —The Dragon Yoke, Sonnets and Songs, by Elizabeth Dupuy. (John B. Alden, New York.) The title of this little book is a conundrum which we give up. The sonnets and songs are often musical, but it is a sort of music without words; for one reads the lines and they sound melodious, but somehow they do not mean very much. —Idle Hours, by W. De Witt Wallace. (Putnams.) Quite so.

—Under the Nursery Lamp, Songs about the Little Ones. (Randolph.) A pretty little collection of songs and poems, not for the child to hear so much as for the mother and nurse to enjoy, as putting into speech the maternal instinct. We like best those which are most objective, and dwell with the happier feeling upon the simple pleasures of infantile life. The worries and anxieties the mother or nurse may be trusted to know without the aid of verse.

—The Franklin Square Song Collection: Two Hundred Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside. No. 7. Selected by J. P. McCaskey. (Harpers.) The novel feature of this collection is the insertion on nearly every page of a prose paragraph upon some musical topic, as the history of a song or song-writer, or comment on musical customs. These notes sometimes hit the subject of the adjoining song, sometimes miss it. The editor evidently pays no heed to the couplet,

"Next to singing, the most foolish thing
Is to talk about what we sing."

A few pages at the close are devoted to Elements of Music. The collection is miscellaneous rather than very choice.

Law. Legal Hygiene, or How to Avoid Litigation, by A. J. Hirschl. (Egbert, Fidler & Chambers, Davenport, Iowa.) This is a transcript of lectures of interest to all persons who have property or expect to acquire any. Mr. Hirschl is a lively writer, and begins wisely by frightening the

reader out of his boots, when he shows him how impossible it is for a layman to know law, and how inevitably law is entangled with the ordinary transactions of life. He cautions the reader also against the various legal nostrums which are hawked about under such alluring titles as Every Man a Law to Himself (we are not going to render ourselves liable by quoting the real title), and in this way keeps the reader on the anxious-seat while he proceeds to show him the terrors of the law for two hundred pages. We think it likely there is a good deal of sound sense in the book, but we are inclined to apply to the book as well as to the law itself, Don't.

History and Politics. Millionaires of a Day, an Inside History of the Great Southern California "Boom," by T. S. Van Dyke. (Fords.) The history of a craze, written by so clever an observer as the author, does not fail of being entertaining, and would be if Mr. Van Dyke reported only what he saw and heard. We are not sure but the book would have been even better if it had not the sort of sporting-paper humor which pervades it; still, the solid worth of the book as a lively and very contemporaneous account of what the author calls "the greatest piece of folly that any country has ever seen" is not to be gainsaid, and after one has done being amused by it he is likely to remember its moral. —Speeches, Arguments, and Miscellaneous Papers of David Dudley Field, edited by Titus Munson Coan. (Appleton.) The third volume, completing the series, and containing addresses and papers from 1844 to 1890. There is a pretty wide range taken, covering politics, sociology, jurisprudence, legislative reform, and personalia, as in his memorial addresses on Mark Hopkins and William Curtis Noyes, and other occasional tributes. —In the Story of the Nations the latest issue is Switzerland, by Lina Hug and Richard Stead. (Putnams.) The book is orderly and is well illustrated, but it seems a pity that, in treating of such a subject, the forces which make for nationality should not be dwelt upon more fully, and the reader enabled to see, what few writers undertake to show, the living Switzerland of to-day with its roots in the past. —The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States, by J. G. Rosengarten. (Lippincott.) A second edition of a scholarly little book. It is a pity Mr. Rosen-

garten should have allowed his book so far to retain the earliest pamphlet form as to miss the advantage which comes from division into chapters. One passes from one period to another with very little notification on the part of the author. — *Battle Fields and Camp Fires, a Narrative of the Principal Military Operations of the Civil War, from the removal of McClellan to the accession of Grant*, by Willis J. Abbot. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This book appears to follow the same author's *Battle Fields of '61*. It is written with a good deal of spirit, and keeps closely to its text. It is almost impossible to say whether the illustrations by W. C. Jackson are good or indifferent, so dimly are they reproduced. — *The Greek World under Roman Sway, from Polybius to Plutarch*, by J. P. Mahaffy. (Macmillan.) An independent work, but in the succession to the author's *Greek Life and Thought*. This book has a peculiar interest to modern students, because, incidentally, it helps to outline the gradual amalgamation of the two great forces of the ancient world, Greek thought and art and Roman institutions, which formed the basis of modern history. Nor is there absent some hint of the relation which Judaism bore to both. Indeed, the book might be taken to illustrate the preparation for Christianity.

Fine Arts and Holiday Books. Baby's Kingdom, wherein may be Chronicled as Memories for Grown-Up Days the Mother's Story of the Progress of the Baby, designed and illustrated by Annie F. Cox. (Lee & Shepard.) An oblong, old-gold-covered book, containing, besides rhymes and texts and pretty designs illustrative of babyhood, blank leaves and spaces for the record of the first year, as regards name, christening, gifts, date of first tooth, and the like. Fortunately, we are spared the grim suggestions which similar records sometimes contain of sickness. The book supposes the baby to be the first, plainly. — *Manual of Archæology*, by Talfourd Ely. (Putnams.) A compact presentation, with cuts of varying excellence, of the results chiefly of the latest investigations in prehistoric, Egyptian, Oriental, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman art. It is a convenient summary of information to be found after considerable search in a great number of books, and especially journals, and in unpublished lec-

tures as well. So condensed a statement can do hardly more than point out the directions in which one may study, but in a field so wide and so rich it offers itself a serviceable guide. — *Glimpses of Old English Homes*, by Elizabeth Balch. (Macmillan.) A series of readable papers on Penshurst, Arundel Castle, Chiswick House, Osterley Park, and as many more places, which afford the student of the picturesque a lively pleasure in the seeing and a secondary delight in reading about. There are fifty-one excellent illustrations, and any one reasonably familiar with English history would pass a pleasant hour looking through the book. The style of the text is animated, but not especially elegant. — *Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine*, by W. Hamilton Gibson; illustrated by the Author. (Harpers.) The contents of this handsome volume give a pretty good notion of the themes treated, — *A Midnight Ramble, Night Witchery, Bird Notes, Bird Cradles, Prehistoric Botanists, The Wild Garden*. Mr. Gibson's most interesting, because most novel, ventures are in the textual and pictorial descriptions of night scenery. Such a picture, for example, as that of *Misty Moonlight*, or the tailpiece to *Night Witchery*, is like a piece of news from nature. It is amusing to see how a bird lover will, in his compositions, make a portrait of his little partridge or white-throated sparrow or bobolink, with a whole piece of woods for a background. The affectionate spirit of the book is very attractive. One readily grants that, however much such a book may be produced on demand, it has a genuine spontaneity. — The December number of *The Portfolio* (Macmillan) contains a second paper by its editor, Mr. Hamerton, on *National Supremacy in Painting*, in which he continues his clever comparisons of France and England. He makes the shrewd observation that there is a change coming over the French race. "The age of passion, the youth of the race, is passing away as the nation enters upon its scientific or positive stage." He is speaking more distinctly, it is true, of the artists, but is it not reasonable to suppose that the necessity for self-determination forced upon the French by the political exigency is really affecting character? So long as men are taken care of by the state, and do not themselves take care

of the state, character must be imperfectly developed in the direction of positivism. Mr. McCarthy continues his readable sketch of Charing Cross to St. Paul's with a number on Ludgate Hill, so he may have reached the end, and Mr. Clark Russell has one of his papers on The British Seas. The etchings are one of The Wind and the Rain, by C. O. Murray after McWhirter, Yarmouth after Turner, and St. Paul's Churchyard by Mr. Pennell. — *L'Art* for November 15 and December 1 (Macmillan) has for etchings Alma Tadema's Silence, and La Science by Lurat after Paul Veronese; and for text the completion of H. Meren's paper on Le Dôme d'Orvieto, and a continuation of Paul Leroi's on the Salon of 1890. The abundant illustrations in the text are mainly memoranda of pictures, but there is a delightful border designed for the Salon article, wherein the free, bold execution is a most agreeable change from the refinement sought by finesse of line.

Travel. The Pine-Tree Coast, by Samuel Adams Drake. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mr. Drake is an accomplished antiquarian, and his interest in the seacoast of Maine is less that of a tourist in search of the picturesque than of a student of early New England history. He has made his book a good commentary on the life which has been led in the parts he visits, and if he throws in a good deal of enthusiasm for nature, the reader will remember that the new discovery of Maine is made by lovers of nature. The cuts are pretty rude; none the worse for that when they reproduce objects, but decidedly the worse when their function is to repeat the loveliness or the strength of natural beauty. — *Travel, a Series of Narratives of Personal Visits to Places famous for Natural Beauty and Historical Association.* (W. M. Griswold, Cambridge, Mass.) A serial of which two volumes have been published, composed of reprints, either in full or abridged, of papers which have appeared in a variety of periodicals and books. The personal element gives a special flavor to this serial, and the editor, who is also the publisher, has a keen scent for the interesting, as well as a good faculty for leaving out the superfluous. The English Lakes, Vallombrosa, the Engadine, Lake George, Quebec, the Black Forest, the Pyrenees, Heidelberg, the White Mountains, are among the subjects

treated. The editor has annotated the text judiciously and sparingly.

Books of Reference. The fourth volume of The Century Dictionary (The Century Company) begins with the letter *M*, and ends with the last word which can be found under *P*; and if any one tries to produce a more final combination of letters beginning with *p* than "pyx-veil" he has our sympathy. One interesting feature of the dictionary is the comparative study of the characters themselves, and the full account of the meanings involved in the letters as symbols. One cannot turn the page of such a work without meeting old friends and forming new acquaintances, but as for characterizing the company in a paragraph, one might as well hope to give a notion of Broadway at four o'clock in the afternoon. As a serial work the dictionary has a special charm, for one has a chance to read in a scattering way a sixth of the alphabet, when he would despair of doing anything with the whole. We are struck again with the special value of the architectural illustrations, as in such words as "machicolations;" and with the hospitality which admits such a disgraceful but useful term as "masher." — The sixth volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) runs from Humber to Malta, and covers thus a number of interesting topics in biography, in literature, and in history; for Lincoln, Longfellow, Lowell, and Luther all begin with *L*; Ireland is so much of a subject as to call for three writers on it; and the Inquisition, besides being written by nobody, is revised by Cardinal Manning. This last article is a pretty good example of the honest manner in which a difficult subject is handled. We wish the historical fact cited in the article on Lowell, that he wrote a Life of Hawthorne in 1890, could be verified. The strength of the work lies in its compactness, and the editor's instinct for selecting the salient points of each topic. The maps, too, are excellent and abundant. A capital device was to give ancient Italy on the reverse of modern Italy. — A second edition appears of Bel-*lows's* French-English and English-French Dictionary (Holt), a work which has already established a reputation, and which combines, we venture to say, more ingenious devices in lexicography than any dictionary of its size. The printing of the two vocabularies side by side is one; the

discrimination of feminine from masculine words by the style of type is another ; the printing of substantives in capitals, the pointing of letters to indicate silent or liquid letters, and distinction of type as prepositions are used before nouns or before verbs, all these contribute to compactness and readiness of reference. The type is for the most part small ; we wish it were clearer. There is much useful apparatus, also, in lists of irregular verbs, equivalent values in French, English, American, and German moneys, the metric system variously applied, the comparison of thermometers, hints about idioms, geographical names, and, lastly, blank leaves for addenda. Altogether the book is a model of compactness and convenience, and the compiler shows himself a delightfully independent thinker.

Books on the Stage. The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson (The Century Company) will have an attraction for many through its portraiture of a very kindly nature, and the opening chapters, relating to the childhood of the actor, are charming ; but the permanent value of the work is in the occasional comment on his profession in which Mr. Jefferson indulges. He does not stray much beyond the limits of his own experience, and inasmuch as he is a master within those lines, one listens with attention to the hints which he lets fall. Such, for example, are his account of the manner in which Burke and Burton played up to each other, his reminiscence of Boucicault's criticism upon his first assumption of the part of Caleb Plummer, his observations on the acting at the Théâtre Français, and his very clever distinction of style required in acting in small and large theatres. For the rest, there are many entertaining adventures of a roving life, and some admirable engravings. We wish the publishers had not thought it necessary to build this light piece of literature as if it were a cyclopedia of the mechanic arts.—Curiosities of the American Stage, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) There is a certain method in Mr. Hutton's book,—that is, he groups his anecdotes and memoranda about certain tolerably well-defined subjects, as The Native American Drama, The American Stage Negro, The American Burlesque, Infant Phenomena of America, A Century of American Hamlets ; but there is not much

system, so that, though he has occasion to mention casually one person or another, he touches but lightly on them, and gives little notion of their place or scope. The plan of the book forbids this, and its title contains good warning. It is, therefore, rather a miscellany for one already well up in the history of the American stage, and needing reminders only of persons and plays. As such it is marked by the thoroughness and accuracy which belong to Mr. Hutton's work, and by a lightness of touch which sometimes passes on into humor. Its illustrations are exceptionally good.

Fiction. The Beverleys, a Story of Calcutta, by Mary Abbott. (McClurg.) A brightly written story of life among English officers in India. There is a good deal of naturalness in the characters, though the conventional plot does not greatly encourage naturalness. The writer evidently knows the life she portrays, and has borrowed only her situations from books.—Martha Corey, a Tale of the Salem Witchcraft, by Constance Goddard Du Bois. (McClurg.) The writer has imposed a plot on colonial ground, rather than allowed colonial incidents and characters to suggest a story. Charles Beverly, a young man in England, son of a wealthy father, is required to marry the daughter of an earl, for whom he cares nothing. Rendered pessimistic by the misarrriage of a youthful love affair, he consents to carry out his father's scheme, and is married to Beatrice. A young army officer, who is infatuated with the earl's daughter, connives with the Alicia who was Beverly's early love to bring about a misunderstanding between husband and wife, as a result of which all hands cross the Atlantic, and keep the ball rolling in Salem and Boston, with the Coreys and the Rev. Mr. Parris to introduce the witchcraft delusion. It is a sort of historical masquerade, and not especially edifying either as a story or as a history.—Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars, by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) This is a companion volume to the author's capital Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland, but in drawing it up Mr. Curtin has had recourse to collections already made and printed in Russia, Bohemia, and Hungary. His linguistic attainments, added to his general familiarity with the whole subject, have enabled him

to make a valuable selection. It is to be hoped that he will contribute further from his first-hand knowledge of Indian folklore.—*The Bridge of the Gods*, a Romance of Indian Oregon, by F. H. Balch. (McClurg.) The writer has taken for the central incident of his romance the fall of a natural bridge over the Columbia, which an Indian legend, partly confirmed by science, avers once to have existed. The narrative turns upon the adventures of a New England minister who, two hundred years ago, left New England as an apostle to the Indians, and made his way across the continent. The author has expended a good deal of pains upon the Indian portion, availing himself both of material gained at first hand and of the work of other authors. The result is a bookish book, in which the spirit is very modern and the body ancient in a sort of scholarly fashion.—*News from Nowhere, or An Epoch of Rest*, being some Chapters from a Utopian Romance, by William Morris. (Roberts.) Mr. Morris's book differs from the many dreams of a new world in two respects: it gives details of the revolution by which commercialism was destroyed and socialism took its place, and it emphasizes the end of beauty in life as the goal toward which man's struggles point. It is like many dreams when the imagination has full play unchecked by judgment, and his earthly paradise appears to have no devil whatever in it. The difficulty which one finds with all these books is, that the authors attempt to see a world, when from their very relation to it they can see but an arc. One is uneasy about the other side. Mr. Morris has lived so persistently, in his imagination, in a society of the Morris wallpaper pattern that what strikes most people as fantastic archaism in his new social order probably seems to him fit and consistent.—*My Uncle Benjamin*, by Claude Tillier; translated from the French by Benjamin R. Tucker. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) Mr. Tucker has called back to such life as he can give it in good English a bit of pleasantry written about fifty years ago by a French author, who seems almost then to have been masquerading in the dress and thought of the eighteenth century. The superficial reader sees only a clumsy, allusive sort of wit, which derives its sting chiefly from its audacity, and requires for ap-

preciation a mind that has been trained in artificiality of thought and is breaking its bonds.—*Sweet William*, by Marguerite Bouvet; illustrated by Helen and Margaret Armstrong. (McClurg.) A story of Mont St. Michel, with a cruel Duke William, his daughter Constance and his hated nephew Sweet William, twin cousins, as the author calls them. As a reproduction of Norman life, the story is not unlike the pictures, which give a background of pasteboard castle, and for figures have recourse to the little Lord Fauntleroy of contemporaneous nobility. In truth, there is a languorous sweetness about the whole creation which almost reconciles one to the less dainty current literature for the young, where the imagination dresses the street Arab as a knight in disguise.—*Log of the Maryland, or Adventures at sea*, by Douglas Frazer. (Lee & Shepard.) A good old-fashioned yarn of salt-water experience, when a captain sailed his vessel from an eastern port to China, kept his log, crossed the line, met Chinese pirates and squirted hot water over them, and did all the things which could be asked fairly of an old salt. The book reads like ancient history now, but ancient history is often picturesque.—*Gypsy*, an Obituary, by Helen Ekin Starrett; with an Introduction by Frances Power Cobbe. (Searle & Gorton, Chicago.) An affectionate sketch of a terrier that had the intelligence of his class. Every one who owns—perish the word! every one in whose family there is one of these little three-quarter-human creatures will recognize their own favorite in Gypsy. He would have behaved just so.—*The Strange Friend of Tito Gill*, by Pedro A. de Alarcón; translated from the Spanish by Mrs. Francis J. A. Darr. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) A grotesque tale, in which Death is the principal figure. The reader is always on the verge of feeling clammy, but reassures himself from time to time with a laugh.

Sociology. In Darkest England, and the Way out, by William Booth. (Charles H. Seigel & Co., Chicago.) A book which is depressing, almost as much from the proposed lighting as from the pictures of the darkness. Somewhere in the book Mr. Booth likens his scheme for the regeneration of the submerged tenth to a great machine. He is seeking merely to express in powerful language the comprehensiveness and

effectiveness of his purpose, but his word goes farther. He has in truth learned so to admire the working of the great organization which he has set in motion that he thinks in terms of the Salvation Army, whereas nature has another word to man,

and the kingdom of God is not best typified by an army with banners. Its best exemplification to-day may be seen in the noiseless, sleepless vigilance of thousands of Christian workers in Darkest England, practically ignored by Mr. Booth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Roman of the Romans. OUR Chiara always speaks of herself as "this Colosseum;" half proudly, half sadly referring to her antiquity, her origin, and her round, unwieldy shape. Rheumatism has crept into her dear, willing old legs, so that the lament of her energetic soul is: "I was born too soon. Spirit is not lacking, Signorina, but the foundations are very poor." With a twinkle in her brown eyes, she compares herself to the fabled tortoise, who took seven years to climb the mountain, but tumbled down when he reached the top, exclaiming, "Bother take *haste*, and him who invented it!" Despite her eighty years, however, she makes *risotto* as savory as Esau's pottage, and her soup would put life into a dead man. A New England housewife need not be ashamed of the neatness of a kitchen whose mistress scallops the papers on her shelves, and dissipates Sunday afternoons in bathing and arranging her copper saucepans in the most artistic manner. Chiara considers a few things indispensable to her profession, and of course among these are a pot of parsley on the window sill, a bunch of small tomatoes, and several long strings of onions hanging from her shelves. The monthly purchase of these last from a curly-headed boy of the Campagna, in a picturesque blue jacket, who comes around laden with brooms and onions, is one of the family comedies. He is an old friend of Chiara, so they open negotiations in an amicable way, and she sweetly inquires the price of an attractive string. His answer, fifty soldi, is met with horror-struck indignation and a volley of opprobrious titles, and Chiara slams the door in his face, crying: "My son, I cannot combat with a lunatic; my dinner needs me." The vender responds with a loud peal of

the doorbell. Chiara laughs self-consciously, but opens the door with an angry countenance. The curly-headed youth implores Chiara to make him an offer, and she proposes to give fifteen soldi, if he will throw in a broom; whereupon it is the onionist's turn to be insulted, and he departs in high dudgeon. Chiara settles down to chopping herbs, to be resummoned in a few moments by her friend, who says that as she is an old customer, and he needs money, he will make her a *present* of the string for forty soldi. Of course it is simply as an accommodation to her, and not to have to lug such a load through the streets. He begs her to show them to her mistress, insisting that when she sees them she will want such onions at any price. Chiara laughs him to scorn ("onions are not pink silk"), but consents to pay twenty soldi, as she "needs onions." This performance is repeated four or five times, Chiara again and again retreating to cook an imaginary beefsteak (beefsteak being a synonym, in Rome, for what is *recherché* in food), and her opponent protesting that she must take him for a Jew, to offer him such prices. After twenty minutes of vociferations, stormy departures, and sundry bell-ringsings, the onions, with another bunch thrown in for good measure, are bought for twenty-five soldi, and the satisfied youth leaves, with a friendly farewell and a promise to return as soon as she needs more, while Chiara drags her purchase in triumphantly, with the remark, "Povero Figliuolo, he let me have them very cheap."

The most accomplished waiter cannot keep Chiara out of the dining-room when we are reveling in her good dishes; for, under some pretext or another, the need of fork or spoon, she slips in to know whether

her tidbits please *i padroni*, who are dearer to her than any of her eight children, and to whom she clings with the loyalty of an old retainer. This feminine Caleb Balderstone apologizes to guests for any lack of luxuries or plate with the statement that her mistress has not yet unpacked the safe where the silver is kept during the summer. (This safe is, of course, as shadowy as the oft-mentioned steak.) Considering herself the watchdog of the family purse, she responds to respectable-looking young gentlemen who wish to see the *padrone* on important business with a sympathetic but decided "not at home." One day, when her veracity was impeached by an individual who saw the master in question passing casually through the hall, she replied at once: "Oh, that is not my *padrone*; it is the dining-room servant, who, poor man, has no more than I, though we would both gladly serve you."

This same Chiara is like a well-worn story-book, for the Lethe of years has not touched her memory; and having lived under five popes, she can tell many a tale of her pet heroes and the short-lived republic of '49. Next to her description of Garibaldi's entry into Rome, we like to hear of how she sheltered one of the Italian Liberals in the days of Gregory XVI. The story is tame without a sight of the quaint old figure, in her full, short woollen skirt, flowered shawl, and snowy chemise, the enthusiastic face framed by wavy gray hair, and the sound of the graphic Roman dialect; but I will try to put down here in cold pen-and-ink English what she tells in a more glowing tongue.

"You know that big palace on the Via Condotti, where the court florist has his shop. Well, that is Palazzo Lepre. That belonged to him, and he was a real gentleman. He wished me so well, he used to say, poor man, 'Chiara mine, if we ever get through these bad times, you shall see what I will do for you.' Eh! *poveretto*! God wished it so; but if he had lived, perhaps at this hour Chiara would n't have been as poor as she is."

Here she relapses into silence, and Susie has to start her off again by asking, "How did you know him, Chiara?"

She stirs the embers in the little earthen *scaldino* on her lap, and begins anew:—

"Well, Signorina, it was so. In those

ugly years before '48, when that poor man of my husband was alive, we lived in a house at Sant' Isidoro, where I had been ever since I was born, and of course I knew everybody in the neighborhood. One day Sora 'Malia, who lived just opposite, called me from the window to come over, as she had some washing for me. Imagine, Signorina, whether I went quickly. Chiara was n't any Colosseum then, and the will to work never was lacking. A woman of spirit I have been always. Sora 'Malia opened the door for me herself, led me into the kitchen, and shut the door. 'Now, Chiara mine,' she said, 'you have got to do something which, if it is known, will send us both to the Inquisition.' 'God preserve me from it, then,' said I. 'I've got little children to think of, and a poor woman like me can't be mixing herself up with the Holy Office. Give me the wash, and let me go.' But Sora 'Malia did n't stir. 'No,' she answered, 'if you hold your tongue you have nothing to fear, and you can save the life of a man who will not be ungrateful. It is the poor Marquis Lepre, who has been long suspected by those who command of conspiring with, and sending papers to, the Liberals outside. Last night, while they who think like him were having a meeting in his palace in Via Condotti, the police came. His valet gave warning just in time for him to escape by sliding down a rope into the court. Most of the rest were caught, poor things. He came right here, because I used to be his mother's maid, and for her sake he knew I would take him in. But, Chiara, that mother-in-law of mine is so bigoted she has roaches [the vulgar, disrespectful name for priests] about the house all the time, and if she discovers him hid in my closet he is done for. You can hide him, and no one will suspect a poor woman like you.'

"I did not know what to do. On one side was the danger to mine, on the other that poor gentleman; for to say no to Sora 'Malia was to give him over to prison, or worse. 'Do you think he could stay in that little place under the floor, where I keep those few chickens I raise?' I asked at last. 'Yes, anywhere. God bless you for a heart of gold, Chiara. It is only a few days, and then we shall find another refuge for him. You'll have your reward some day.' She got me the clothes, and said he would come over that night.

"I went home to tell my husband. At first he was not contented, but he always let me have my way, knowing me not a woman of caprices; and then he was a Garibaldino himself, though he never said much about it. There was a little trap door in the floor, opening into a cellar where I kept my chickens. I had sold all but one hen to the cooper in Piazza Barberini, so I cleaned out the place, put a chair in it and a bit of carpet an English lady had given me, so that it looked quite civil, and that Stella of mine begged to play down there; she said it was as pretty as a *presepio*.

"About two hours after Ave Maria, Sora 'Malia's husband brought over the marquis, whose hands were still all torn and wounded from that fearful slide down into the court. Ah! he was a handsome man, as tall as an Englishman, with real Roman eyes, and no pretension at all. At first we were all in subjection to him, — such an aristocratic person, — but in a little while my Beppino was sitting on his knee, and playing with his seals and watchchain, as though the marquis had been his godfather. After that the poor gentleman used to stay in the little cellar as long as it was light. That hen of mine laid every day the most beautiful egg, as large as the ones they sell at the dairies for three *baioocchi* apiece; and when I fried it in just a thread of oil, and carried it to the marquis with a glass of good wine, he would say, with that sympathetic smile of his, 'You have given me a diplomatic dinner, Chiara.' Eggs are good that way, Signorina. I am going to make you one for breakfast to-morrow; you must be tired of that poultice [so Chiara denominates oatmeal], and I can put in an idea of butter instead of the oil. The English are not propitious to oil. Eh! I know what foreigners like, for I have served them from a child, and my mother before me. Romans are good for certain things, but for delicacy of sentiment Chiara prefers foreigners. There is no denying it, Romans are beasts for certain things." (In spite of this harsh statement, there is an unconscious straightening up as Chiara pronounces the words, "I am a Roman myself.")

"In the evening my eldest boy, Cencio (he afterwards ran away to serve with Garibaldi), would be sent out to buy cigars, my husband would take the oil from a flask

of Velletri wine, doors and shutters were bolted, and we all sat around like old neighbors and drank to the health of Marquis Lepre, and under our breath to the Liberals. The marquis used to tell us of the good times for the people if the Italians came to Rome."

Here Susie interrupts Chiara with, "But you are an Italian yourself."

"No, Signorina, we are Romans; those of *outside* are Italians. Basta! before a week we all felt as though he were of our own blood. Alas! one night I dreamed of water, — that means misfortune, you know, — and I had a black presentiment in my soul when I waked. That very evening Sora 'Malia's husband came in to say that they were afraid for the gentleman to stay too long in one place, and they had found him a room near Montanaro. They'd better have left him with me. Chiara betrays no man. They thought the marquis might be recognized if he went out in his own clothes, so I looked up a gray suit which an American gentleman had given me for my husband, the winter before, and when he put them on he looked almost a foreigner. Before he went away he came up to me where I was standing by the *fornello*, and he said: 'Chiara, if ever I am a free man, you shall never want. Giovanni Lepre is your friend.' Something seemed to choke in his throat, and he bent over and kissed my hand. Figure it to yourself, Signorina, — kissed Chiara's hand. Before I could find myself again they were gone.

"It seemed as if the end of the world had come. I put my head down and wept as if he had been my first-born. Gigi told me not to be an imbecile, the man was not dead; but that water of my dream was ever before my eyes, and I knew I should not see him any more. Pazienza! God willed it so, but that good American never knew his clothes would go to finish in San Michele, the prison on the Tiber. Yes, they caught him three days after. That witch of a woman at Montanaro betrayed him to the guards. He never lived to see liberty come to Rome. They said he died in prison, but who knows what poisons they gave him! Those thieves have no conscience. Poor gentleman, he wished me so well!"

The Right to — Surely it is impossible that be Let Alone. the law, which we are accustomed to regard as an agency for protect-

ing our lives and our pockets, with a perfect disregard of our feelings, should stoop to concern itself with the privacy of the individual; and yet nothing less than this appears to be the conclusion of a learned and interesting article in a recent number of the *Harvard Law Review*, entitled *The Right to Privacy*.

It seems that the great doctrine of Development rules not only in biology and theology, but in the law as well; so that whenever, in the long process of civilization, man generates a capacity for being made miserable by his fellows in some new way, the law, after a decent interval, steps in to protect him. Thus, our primeval ancestors cared nothing for their reputation, but hated to be beaten with clubs; and accordingly, at first, the courts took notice only of actual "battery," allowing the enemy's tongue to wag as it would. Next, as people grew more sensitive, the simple threat of violence became unpleasant, and so the law stepped in to prevent and punish the use of truculent language by one man to another. Ages again elapsed, and the nervous system having now attained a morbid development, judges were forced to admit that mere noise might be an injury, and so the beating of drums and other loud sounds calculated to exasperate one's neighbor were held to be actionable. Slander and libel, after another protracted interval, began to seem unpleasant, and the courts, awaking to a perception of this new fact, declared that man had a legal right to his reputation.

What, then, remains for this age of super-refinement to accomplish in a similar direction? It appears that our courts are on the very brink of announcing that the individual has a right to privacy; that photographers may not take or sell his picture without permission; that publishers may not, unauthorized, print his correspondence; that the newspapers are not, as we had all supposed, free to describe and ridicule the peculiarities, depravities, and deformities of himself and of his household.

But is there nothing left in the way of liberty? Is nobody to be fair game for the curiosity, interest, and ridicule of the great public? Yea, one proscribed class is to remain undefended by the law, and, like the Egyptian embalmers, legitimate subjects of insult and contempt. Whoever aspires to

political office must in the future, as of yore, bare his bosom, and the bosoms of all his household, to the gaze, the criticism, and the scorn of the vulgar. A bill, which is supposed to declare the common law, and has been drawn for consideration by the General Court of Massachusetts, after providing that no statement shall be published about private matters contrary to the wish of the person concerned, makes an exception as to any person "who holds, has held, or is seeking to obtain" an office, or "is a candidate," or "is suggested as a candidate," *therefore*.

Will it, one cannot help wondering, be possible, under this new law, to "suggest" one's enemy as "a candidate" (however impossible), and then proceed to deride in the public prints his qualifications for the office to which he is thus "suggested"? Such is the inquiry of an unsophisticated layman.

Sister Dea and her Pet Jay. — Are the members of the Club acquainted with the gentle personality of Sister Dea, a Tuscan poetess of the cinquecento, who loved, lost, and bewailed in elegiac song her pet jay? It would be a pleasure if some friendly voice among the Club should encourage me, as did the courteous interlocutor in Bronzini's ancient dialogue *Of the Dignity and Nobility of Women*. One, speaking of Sister Dea, calls her "that virtuous young woman who, for the lightening of her grief, composed a particular song, . . . judged elegant as possible, and not displeasing to hear." Another responds (and I mean to imagine this kind person a spokesman of the Club), "Favor us with it for our enjoyment and disport, . . . for we shall remain greatly beholden to you."

Although Sister Dea, a woman of one song, and little acquainted with the world, cannot be classed with her predecessors of that century, the noble matrons Vittoria Colonna and Vittoria Gambara, or Gaspara Stampa, a Renaissance Sappho, consumed by passion, neither was she of the throng of nymphs of an artificial Arcadia, whose songs were a mere echo of Petrarcha. Very little is recorded of the life of Dea. She was born about the year 1550, of the family De' Bardi, the great bankers who, more than two centuries before, had, to their lasting hurt, negotiated with Edward III. of England a national loan of many golden

florins. In the cinquecento classicism was a mania, and sponsors in baptism neglected the saints' calendar for the Greek and Roman mythology. So the baby De' Bardi was named Dea, and no doubt her fond kinsfolk declared that in her earliest attempts to toddle was manifest the true goddess. She was educated at the convent of Castel Fiorentino, where, as we shall note, her studies included the classic "humanities." Later, she returned to that cloister to take the veil. The reason is not recorded, but her poem seems to bear internal evidence that she had not been driven to shelter by storms of life, but was, rather, attracted by the tranquil sisterhood, and by the opportunities for culture of the intellect and of the soul.

Her elegy on the pet jay is one of the few examples of vital and sincere poetry among the verse of that period. It shows an inspiration, affectionate and spontaneous, and the polished expression of a virginal heart of rich potentialities. The poem has been twice printed: in the dialogue already cited, and again (according to Signor E. Magliani's valuable *Storia Letteraria delle Donne Italiane*) by an eighteenth-century compiler of Berni's burlesques, who, by some freak of coarse stupidity, placed it there,—a lily among nettles. It is preserved entire in a manuscript of the Strozzi Library at Florence, from which, by courtesy of friends, it has been copied for me. Sister Dea begins, full-voiced, the song of her sorrow (and the Club will be lenient with my translation, remembering that the English vocabulary imitates but harshly the nightingale notes of Tuscany):—

The exceeding sorrow which laid hold on me
When death in one brief moment made to cease
Mine every joy, so greatly doth increase
That my sad soul would disembodied flee,
And threateneth to go
In fond pursuit after its cause of woe.
Hence, lest this thing take place,
Muses who serve the fair-haired deity,
A woman and a maiden as are ye,
I pray you of your grace
This boon, that envious time may not efface
My grievous misery;
Now and henceforth, with my most bitter pain
Let the great worth made plain to all appear
Of her who is dead, alas, my Jay most dear!

It was in the Tuscan springtime, radiant with flower and leaf, that Sister Dea, walking in the convent garden, chose a callow fledgeling from "the little brethren of the brood." With pretty cares she tried to re-

place "the mother bird that mourned on the laurel bough," feeding the young jay from her own lips. In parenthesis it may be confessed that Sister Dea's ornithology was not an exact science, for she calls her pet *ghiandaia* and *gazza* impartially. But not Lesbia and her sparrow had formed a sweeter picture than the nun with her jay pecking at her mouth, "shaking its ruffled wings for gratitude," and giving thanks "with its gentle croak." One believes Sister Dea when she asserts that the convent talked of nothing but the jay. "To beauty matchless upon earth she added virtue of far greater worth," moralizes the demure little nun. The death of her pet is her first experience of grief, it would seem:—

O evil world, the sorry fruit I have known,
Sprung from thy seedling!

and so is she admitted to the great company of the mournful. It is true that her inspiration sometimes fails. The verses are not especially poetic which narrate how the jay was drowned,—

O loathly, dreadful case! within a well;

and verity is the principal grace, also, of the stanza which celebrates the domestic virtues of the bird,—guardian of the hens and their brood, visitor to the convent kitchen, friend of the cat and the dog, and not without an eye to the pots and pans. But from these humbler scenes the lament of Sister Dea rises suddenly to Olympus itself; and, with an invocation which, considering the extreme classicism of her times, does not misbecome her as a nun or seem unnatural to her as a poetess, we hear her claim at the hands of Jupiter the apotheosis of her dead jay:—

Jove, now that cruel death iniquitous
Has quenched the lovely sparkling eyes, beyond
All light of sapphire or of diamond,
And the sweet speech that was so marvelous
To them who heard it, and the song is still
That tears to joyfulness could turn at will,
For virtues known to thee
And worthy deeds, since thou hast set together
In heaven so many birds of earthly feather,
This comfort give to me:
That, far above all weather,
Midway between the beauteous stars benign,
The swan's and raven's sign, there may appear,
Resplendent in the sky, my Jay most dear.

Yet sidereal honors are too remote to appease her tender, forlorn yearnings. Life, restored in this world, is the reward that she craves for her jay's perfections, and she takes heart again of fable:—

My song, if it be true there is a bird,
Forever solo on earth,
Which dies in flame, and presently flies forth
More beauteous than before, —
This only bird of all the universe,
By some new miracle divine, diverse,
I hope may have once more
Life from the water where she died, restore
The world her loss left worse,
And give again to me my heart's delight;
For this indeed were right, — that should appear
Beside the phoenix risen my Jay most dear!

My light task will have been done amiss
if it shall not have revealed under the monastic veil of Sister Dea the real woman, the maiden divining maternal love in care for her pet jay.

The Egotism of Type. — Lately I was much interested in the opinions expressed by a familiar circle as to whether a certain acquaintance were or were not an egotist. The consensus being affirmative, with the froward desire of the non-participating listener to support the minority, I mentally began sifting evidence for the defense. I reflected that the person thus arraigned was notable for her modesty whenever the question of her good works or of her natural gifts arose. No impression was gained that their illustrator was possessed of undue self-esteem. On the other hand, it was to be noticed that, in any discussion where the conduct of life was the topic, she was strong in her approval or condemnation of the actors according as their behavior under the given test coincided with or diverged from her own in the same situation. In effect, the verdict reached seemed to be, "Right. I should have done that;" or, "Wrong. I should not have acted in such a manner," — and this with a fervor of declaration which rather resembled religious conviction based upon some impassioned esoteric principle than the mere assertion of individual conceit and arrogance of opinion.

In the train of these reflections came the following conclusion: that there exists an *egotism of type*, as radical as the most vehement personal egotism; an egotism in which the I possesses the unindividual individuality of a composite photograph; an egotism which is a kind of partisanship for an idea, and consequently for its fellow-partakers in the idea, and which ranges itself against the antipodal idea and those following its lead. This egotism of type appeared to me to be characterized by a

feeling as deep-seated as racial prejudice itself. Why, indeed, should we not recognize the fact of races in mentality and temperament as we recognize the usual ethnological divisions of the human family? This subtler race feeling runs high. The animus proceeding from difference of color is scarcely more flagrant.

Egotism of type usually passes unrecognized, and is seen quite as often in its affirmative phase of approval of its own constituents as in that of opposition to the dissimilar in character and action. The dominant nature hears with approbation the recital of deeds performed by another dominant nature, and in any arraignment of the latter's conduct and policy will assume the attitude of defense. At the same time, the dominant despises the acquiescent and the non-belligerent, however it may ally itself with these last for convenience and the unopposed exercise of sovereignty. The subtle admires the subtle, and holds in contempt the simplician, who is nevertheless essential in the former's scheme of operations. The demonstrative person accuses the undemonstrative either of phlegm or of shrewd calculation. The spontaneous in expression can have no conception of the reserved intense; Hamlet is not merely a Jack-a-dreams, but is anemic and cowardly, to the mind of one who acts on the impulse and summarily, not balancing considerations. A jealous and revengeful nature, when met with the charge of jealousy and vindictiveness, will cause you to see immediately (unless you are hopelessly prejudiced for mild neutrality) that the passions thus charged are the conspicuous and unfailing indices of a strong nature, while they are left out only in the make-up of the under-vitalized.

On the whole, these observations on the egotism of type, instead of confirming me in the long-received popular idea that opposites attract opposites, seemed to corroborate the very contrary of such a conclusion. Ultimate and essential likeness of character appeared to be the strong binding influence between individuals, though an outward dissimilarity, as in speech and manners, has also its distinct charm. It has been remarked very justly that, while variety is the spice of life, it is only the spice, not the substantial aliment of human nature's daily fare.

At the risk of perpetrating a *reductio ad absurdum*, I will add an instance which would seem to prove my thesis sound, not merely as fundamental truth, but as a fact of skin-deep demonstration. A lady of my acquaintance was expressing herself strongly in favor of the brunette type as more signally illustrating the traits of affection, sincerity, constancy, and whatever else is loveliest in woman. She was herself a brunette. A canvass of the question resulted in blonde declaring for blonde, brunette for brunette.

— Thirty years ago we were a Folk-Usage. dictionary-ridden people. Webster and Worcester, though often conflicting, were recognized law-givers on pronunciation, and decided questions of orthoepy as arbitrarily as the commentators on the Bible settled questions of morals. Nowadays we are disposed to look behind books for final authorities on vowel sounds and on conduct, in the "general sense of the people." The study of folk-lore and of ancient institutions has resulted in a recognition of the shadowy somethings we call the race imagination and the race consciousness, the workings of which Solon and Homer merely codify. There seems, too, to be such a thing as race pronunciation, which works out its own salvation or its own condemnation by its own laws, and changes *d*'s into *t*'s and *c*'s into *g*'s, and moves aspirates hither and thither, or expunges them altogether, without fear or favor. If we have not reached the point where we are willing to allow questions of pronunciation to be settled by a sort of manhood suffrage, at least we no longer consider the dictionaries final arbiters. In minor matters, for instance, every man is allowed to regulate the pronunciation of his own name, and the chemists and zoologists fix the usage in their own departments.

Carrying out this enlarged liberality of interpreting "usage," ought not the pronunciation of boys to be taken as the standard for words that are exclusively boys' words? New England boys have pitched quoits ever since New England fathers first landed in America, and they have universally spoken of the game as "pitching *kwails*." With cynical indifference to this ancient orthoepy, our dictionary-makers have persistently marked the word *kwails*.

A more high-handed endeavor to override a genuine folk-usage cannot be instanced, and can be explained only by saying of the compilers of dictionaries, as Macduff said of Macbeth, they "have no children." The boys meekly submit to the spelling of the dictionary as a matter beyond their jurisdiction. Ought not the dictionaries to take the pronunciation from them, the sole users of the word, and the *arbitres elegantium* in their own world? Might they not, in this case, refer to the "bright lexicon of youth," in which "there is no such word as" *kwails*? Certainly, grown-up people of kindly dispositions and modern breadth of thought should regard the amenities of life and the sacred nature of boy tradition by being very careful not to say *kwails* in a boy's hearing, however they may pronounce the word when alone. It would be but imitating the courtesy of the Speaker of the House who used to recognize one Representative as "the member from *Arkansas*," and another as "the member from *Arkansasaw*," with a high-bred deference to individual pronunciation.

Probably very few people would have the hardihood to call Pint Judy "Point Judith" in the presence of the skipper of a coasting schooner, though to speak of "Pint-Judy-pint" is a refinement not to be expected from any one not to the manner born. But very likely many of the Club would unblushingly offer to buy *whortleberries* of a New Hampshire lad, because the word is so marked in the dictionary. Strictly speaking, there is no such fruit as a *whortleberry*. It is as fabulous as the apples of the Hesperides, as juiceless as the apples of Sodom. The edible berry that grows on real bushes is a huckleberry. Of course it is spelled *whortleberry* in recognition of the fact that it grows on a *whortle*, or little shrub; but when we speak of it, why should we not mention the real thing, and not a shadowy orthoepic abstraction as dry and lifeless as sprays of fern pressed between the leaves of an old book? The consensus of those on whose land a thing grows must fix the name of a thing, especially if it be a wild thing. Botanists or orthoepists may fasten a ticket on it, but that does not become the name. As the White Knight pointed out to Alice, there is a wide distinction between "what the name is called" and "what the name is."

